JANUARY 1960

A Plan for India

By Walter Lappmann

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"A Preface to Morals" and many other books

The doyen of America's political commentators calls on his nation for a new act of international statesmanship comparable to the Marshall Plan. Free people everywhere will applaud this proposal for proving that there is an alternative to totalitarianism for raising living standards

W HAT HAPPENS in India during the next ten years will be of critical importance in the great conflict generated by the rise of Communism.

In the years immediately following the Second World War, the critical area was Western Europe. Great Britain, France, West Germany, Italy and the Low Countries

were unable, by their own efforts alone, to revive their economies. This crisis—which threatened to bring about the downfall of Western civilization in Europe—was met in the United States by two acts of statesmanship. One was the Marshall Plan; the other was the organization of NATO. These permitted Western Europe to become, by its

own hard work, the second most productive area in the world.

But during those years the Western position and influence in China collapsed. China is now a Communist country, and there is no practical prospect that the Communists can be ousted from abroad or overthrown from within. The Red Chinese Government is working with fanatical energy to overcome the immemorial poverty and backwardness of the Chinese nation. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle which rests on this fundamental thesis: that, to raise the great masses of Asia out of their lowly way of life, it is necessary to sacrifice the lives of many, and the comforts of most, of a whole generation of Chinese people.

Is this necessary? Must these people submit to an ordeal of tyranny and cruelty in order to get over the hump into the modern age? On the answer to this question depends the future of Southern Asia, of the Middle East and of Africa.

We Americans cannot answer in generalities; as, for example, by declaring that the democratic system of free enterprise is better than the Communist system. We must understand that the American system, which grew up on a rich and empty continent, cannot be duplicated in Asia. Because of that, though our material prosperity is admired and envied, it is readily exploited for Communist propaganda. For the Communists say that, in the overcrowded and backward countries,

they alone have a way of lifting the people within sight of an American standard of life. To prove their claim they point to what Russia has done. In the past 40 years Russia, a defeated and backward country which had to fight a civil war and a world war as well, has become one of the two mightiest powers in the world.

No, America is not an example that struggling peoples can follow. And unless we create an example which they can follow, the West will almost certainly lose the cold war in Asia and Africa, and perhaps elsewhere.

There will be some who say: Do we not have enough problems to worry us without taking on responsibility for solving the problems of other people?

The answer is that the United States can no more withdraw from the world community than an American family can withdraw from the community in which it lives. Least of all can a family withdraw if it happens to be, as we are in the world, the richest member of the community. It is impossible to say: I go about in my private car; why should I care about buses and underground trains? The United States cannot make itself richer and richer, and not care about what happens elsewhere, because if we did, those of us who have a conscience would have a bad conscience. And even if we did not have a bad conscience, it would be frightening to live in a world in which we had provoked

the envy and hatred of so large a part of mankind

There is, however, an even great er reason. It is that we have the opportunity—indeed, the privilege—of playing a leading part in a noble and decisive human adventure. The age we live in, this twentieth century, is the beginning of many things, and of these the most important is the uprising of the submerged masses in the under developed lands.

It is an uprising not only against forcign domination but also against their own native feudalism—and above all ig iinst their abject pover ty Wc could not control this historic movement even if we tried. But we may be able to assist in a demonstration for all the world to see of how, without the sacrifice of human rights, it may be possible to conquer poverty.

This demonstration can best be made in India Why? First, because the demonstration must be made in a big country Russia and China are big countries, and what we have to do is to demonstrate that the stand and of life can be raised decisively in a very big and a very poor country. The second reason is that if India turns to Communism, Asia will be dominated by three Communist powers—the Soviet Union, China and India.

The third reason for choosing Indian is that it now has enough technical ability, enough competence in organization, management and,

administration to use successfully an amount of foreign aid that will make possible, within the next 8 to 15 years, its transition from economic stagnation to sustained economic growth

The aim of India is to reach as quickly as possible the point of "economic take off," from which it can sustain its own further economic growth through its own surplus of capital and the normal channels of international investment. Until this stage has been reached, India will require outside aid—an estimated eight to ten thousand million dollars (Rs. four to five thousand crores).

India is now preparing a third Five Year Plan which envisages a cipital investment of 20 thousand million dollars (Rs ten thousand crores) from 1961 to 1966 One-quarter of this amount must come from such outside sources as the private-capital markets of the Western world, the World Bank and foreign governments. It is this effort to obtain one thousand million dollars (Rs five hundred crores) a year from outside sources that the United States will want to support

This Five-Year Plan is designed to develop the sectors of India's economy crucial to its further growth. The capital investment will go chiefly towards building dams to provide water, and factories to provide fertilizer. It will also go into the development of oil, steel, and non-ferrous metals and heavy machinery, and

into the further development of coal, electric power and transport. If this Plan can fulfil its objectives, India in 1966 will be within a few years of becoming an independent, self-generating economy.

Nobody can guarantee that India will succeed in reaching this goal. The odds are not unfavourable, however. And what is asked of us is not very much, considering what all the world may win. A thousand million dollars (Rs. five hundred crores) a year for the next five to ten years would be less than one-ninth of America's present investment in surplus food crops which we do not know what to do with. But if the experiment succeeds, our investment would be as good a gamble as the United States has taken since

Jefferson made the Louisiana Purchase and Seward bought Alaska.

What is the alternative to taking this monetary risk? The answer is that in all probability there will set in a great despair in India, and in this despair the Communist alternative will find little resistance. By failing to respond to India's need, we shall deprive India of choice. We shall, in effect, be asking India to sacrifice a whole generation to the totalitarian alternative we have seen at work in Russia and China. We Americans shall be saying that we cannot afford to demonstrate that a democratic solution is possible.

But if India can rise without resorting to the totalitarian method, we shall see one of the very great moments of the age we live in.

Secret Code

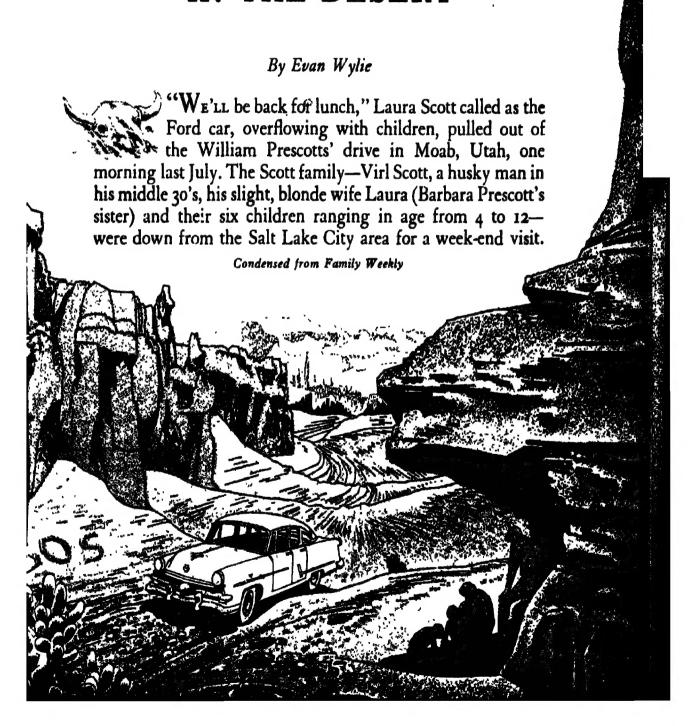
A FRIEND of mine who is employed in the engineering department of a large instrument company was looking over drawings and specifications for a new instrument which had just been ordered by one of the firm's biggest clients. Attached to the papers was the coded instruction "MIL TDD-41." Not being familiar with that particular designation, he looked it up, but was unable to find it in any of his technical journals. Finally he placed a long-distance call to the customer. "Would you mind telling me what 'MIL TDD-41' means?" he asked. "Certainly, I'll tell you," the customer said. "It means 'Make it like the damn drawing for once!"

CHEMISTS in large organizations often make a practice of pinching bottles of common chemicals, such as sulphuric acid, from the next laboratory when they need a little more in a hurry—rather than make a trip to the stockroom.

One ingenious fellow we have just heard about has worked out a plan to beat the pilferers. He has labelled his bottles in Japanese. Neighbouring chemists are completely frustrated.

Stranded in the blazing inferno of a wilderness canyon, this young couple and their six children fought desperately to stay alive

ORDEAL IN THE DESERT



Now, right after breakfast, they were setting out for Dead Horse Point, a lofty bluff which provides a breathtaking panorama of the gorges and canyons of the Colorado River.

By 11 a.m. they had reached the Point, spent an hour admiring the view and taking snapshots, and started back towards Moab. All about were scores of little roads made by uranium and oil prospectors during the boom which centred round Moab in the early 1950's. Spotting one marked "To the Neck," the Scotts, eager for still more spectacular scenery, followed it down into the canyon. Unknowingly, they were on a road to nowhere, a trail which led into as wild, desolate and treacherous a region as exists in all the United States. Here. for thousands of square miles, there is nothing but a chaos of deep canyons, lonely rock towers, dry basins and naked, burning desert. It is an area where the sun, blazing with a ferocity that sends temperatures up to nearly 125 degrees, dehydrates and shrivels human tissue in a matter of hours.

Following the rough, rocky trail, the Scotts had dropped more than 2,000 feet to the bottom of the canyon, far west of Dead Horse Point, when they heard a sharp, metallic clash coming from beneath the car. Leaping out, Virl Scott saw the car's radiator, bent backwards by a rock and gashed by the blades of its fan, spurting anti-freeze from a dozen

small holes. Before he could rip off a hub cap to catch the liquid, it had vanished into the hot sand.

Suddenly aware of the frightful heat and malevolent silence of the canyon, Scott said to his wife, "I think there's still some water inside the engine. It's too far for us to turn round and go back. We'll keep on and get out of here as fast as we can."

He had made perhaps ten miles more when, with a tooth-rattling jolt, the car struck another rock and stalled. Underneath, heavy back oil poured on to the sand. The crankcase was fractured.

So swiftly had events turned against them that the Scotts' plight seemed almost unreal. Without oil and water the car could not be driven more than a few hundred yards. Between them and Moab lay some 50 miles of burning desert. No one would know where to look for them.

Virl Scott spoke calmly to his hot, dusty, thirsty children: "Now Bryan, Virlene, Laurene—everybody listen carefully. Our car has broken down, and we're going to have to stay right here until Aunt Barbara and Uncle Bill send someone to get us. You must be quiet and brave, and do exactly as your mother and I say."

For the rest of the afternoon the Scotts crouched in the meagre shade of an overhanging rock, eyeing their green Ford car baking in the sun, realizing that whatever it contained.

might count towards their survival. As soon as a lengthening twilight shadow enveloped it, they ransacked it. There was not a particle of food, not a drop of water.

Nevertheless the Scotts got busy. As a full moon rose over the desert, Laura used wire-cutters from the tool box to cut two rugs into narrow strips, and fashioned the letters SOS in the sand.

Virl removed the spare tyre, rolled it out on to the desert, and left the inner tube and a pair of old galoshes with it, so as to have a signal fire ready to go. He took out the back seat to use as a sun screen, unscrewed the rear-view mirror for signalling, spread the hub caps about to catch any night moisture.

The Scott children, with the discipline often found in large families, helped or sat quietly watching. Only Leland, just four and too young to understand, had begun to whimper through parched lips, "Want a drink... Want to go home now."

In Moab, Barbara Prescott waited with growing anxiety. "I'm scared," she said to her husband when he came home from work at 5 p.m. "Something has happened to them."

"Oh, I'm sure they're all right," Prescott replied. "I'll go out to Dead Horse Point and round them up."

For two hours he searched. Then he drove back to Moab and called Sheriff John Stock. After an unsuccessful preliminary investigation, Stock flashed an alarm to highway

patrols and led them on a search. Finding nothing, Stock used the short-wave radio in his car to call the Utah Air Police. "We may have some people down in the canyon," he said. "I'd like to fly with you in the morning."

Says Stock: "Even we natives are afraid of that White Rim canyon country. In summer the sun and heat are so terrific in there that you don't find a living thing—not a snake, not a rat, not a toad."

IN THE moonlight, the steel cool to their burning bodies, the Scott children slept, draped over bonnet, wings and roof of the Ford. Virl and Laura made every moment of darkness count. Sighting on the North Star, they marked in their minds every ledge and rock that might provide a few minutes of shade next day.

In the desert the day comes with a rush. By 5 a.m. it was daylight. By 7 the Scotts' battle for survival had begun.

Laura and the children crept under an overhanging ledge and lay still. Down in the canyon Virl braved the merciless heat as he knelt and flashed the car's mirror futilely at high-flying jet bombers. When a small plane appeared in the northwest, he soaked his road map in paraffin from their camp stove; tucked it round the galoshes and spare tyre, and ignited it. The pyre gave off a plume of black smoke, but an errant breeze directed it into

a shadow beside a canyon wall. The plane vanished.

To counter despair, the Scotts turned to another resource. They were a steadfast Mormon family, and Virl was a member of the Mormon priesthood. "Come, everyone," he now said. "Let us pray together." Kneeling on the ground, the chil-· dren and Laura joined in as he prayed to God for the strength and will to survive the day. From then on, whenever he sensed that hysteria was seizing his family, Scott would say, "Come now, let us pray together."

Since dawn, search operations had been pressed with desperate urgency. But, as the day wore on, the desert air became so turbulent that further flying was out of the question and search parties were restricted to the ground. Over the entire effort hung one inescapable fact: if the Scotts were stranded in the desert without water, they would be dead or dving before sunset the next day.

THE Scorrs crouched motionless under their ledge, peering into the sky, straining their ears for the sound of motor car or aircraft engine.

Laura took her lipstick and coated the blistered, swollen lips of her husband and children. On their faces she patted rouge from her compact. She gave them spoonfuls of the rusty fluid-half anti-freeze, half water—that had been left in the radiator.

Absently thrusting his fingers into the earth, Virl was startled-it was cool.

"Laura! Children!" he cried. "Get down into the earth. Cover yourselves with it." The family scooped up handfuls of soil, rubbed it on their arms and faces.

As the sun's rays reached deeper under the ledge, the children cowered closer together. Virl said, "I'm taking up too much room." He went out into the scorching sun, came back with branches ripped from a bush cedar. "Peel the bark and suck the wood," he told the children. "There may be a bit of moisture."

By midday the canyon was an inferno, and the children were dehydrating rapidly. Throats parched, tongues swollen, they lay listless and still under the ledge like animals, numbly enduring.

In mid-afternoon a solitary cloud put the car in shadow. Virl Scott was roused by his children running towards the car. They squirmed into the sand beneath it and waved to

him to join them.

Scott was too weak to move. "Keep those kids in the shade," he shouted to his wife. "I'll throw stones at anybody who moves around down there!" His cracked voice had a frenzied quality to it.

As she sprawled on the ground, Laura remembered that the children had four packets of colouring

crayons in the car. She got them, read the label: "Harmless vegetable dyes—non-poisonous." She peeled the paper from a red crayon, chewed and swallowed it. The waxy flavour was not too unpleasant.

"Children," she said, "look what I've found to eat."

Dutifully the Scott children peeled the crayons and ate them. Then they ate the contents of a tube of white glue which Laura had discovered was made from a milk-products base. The sight of them gravely licking the glue from their fingers drove Laura to dry sobs. She crawled to the other side of the car

After sunset Virl and his wife conferred. "Virl," Laura said, "we may not all get through tomorrow. I want to walk down the road tonight. Maybe I'll find something for the children—some water—something."

so that they wouldn't see her.

"All right," Scott said. "But take Virlene with you. And let me give

you my blessing."

Kneeling with his wife and children in the desert twilight, Virl Scott blessed them with the ceremony of the laying on of hands. Then Laura and her eldest daughter started out.

Moonlight soon flooded into the canyon, transforming rocks, ledges and bush cedars into monstrously misshapen images. The vast emptiness of the desert lay wrapped in cerie silence. Mother and daughter trudged, stumbled, lay still on the

ground, dragged themselves to their feet and walked on. Whenever the trail forked, they piled stones to mark their way back.

It was after midnight when, footsore and much weaker, they came upon a wind sock, a length of silk on a short stake. Near by there must be an airfield! In the moonlit shadows Laura thought she saw the silhouette of an aircraft. They struggled towards it—but wings, tail, propeller turned out to be a mocking deception of rocks and moonlight.

Mother and daughter stopped and turned round. They knew they must get back to the car before the sun rose. But Laura Scott, like her husband, had pushed herself to the brink.

"My mind was' filled with confusion, and I couldn't concentrate," she recalls. "Far off I could hear the children crying. Right before my eyes I could see frothing glasses of cold lemonade, and I could smell hamburgers cooking. When Virlene said firmly, 'No, Mamma, not that way—this is the way to the car,' I just followed."

For three hours they reeled forward, fell, rested and wobbled on. The moment came when Virlene did not get up. In racking sobs she cried, "Why don't we die here, Mamma? I can't face Leland and the others without bringing them something. I want to die here with you."

Laura drew her daughter's head

into her lap and stroked it. "Come on, Baby," she said. "We'll go back to our family."

As the eastern sky lightened, they finally made it to the car. The children greeted them weakly. "Did you find anything, Mamma?" they asked.

"No, we didn't," said Laura Scott. Then, without a pause, she added cheerfully, "But I thought of something for us to do. We're going to make a fire and cook up some of that old cactus, just like a barbecue."

It was 4.15 a.m. In a grim parody of a picnic, Virl and his wife set up the camp stove, sliced the thorny cactus into strips and laid it on the grill. The children, puffy-faced and glassy-eyed, watched as the mass of gummy fibres cooked.

"How is it?" Laura asked Bryan. The boy put a strip between his swollen lips, retched, and spat it out. "Not very good, Mamma."

As daylight entered the canyon, Virl and Laura herded the family up to the ledge and prepared for a lastditch stand beneath it. With tyre irons they hacked a hole in the earth, buried four-year-old Leland up to his neck in it. Husband and wife kept scraping with all their might to deepen the space for the rest of them. Finally, Virl Scott, half blind, mumbling deliriously, thrust his face into the cool earth and lay still. Laura continued to dig, punching feebly at the red soil, dimly aware that she was probably digging a common grave for her family.

"Does it hurt to die, Mamma?" asked Laurene, ten.

"No, darling, you'll just go to sleep."

"Will we get a drink of water from the angels in heaven?"

"Yes," said Laura. "Now you just rest. Try to sleep."

LAURA SCOTT was still jabbing at the earth with the tyre iron when the silver fuselage of an aircraft flashed by, a few feet overhead. With a roar that shook the canyon, it shot over the car and disappeared. Soon another plane appeared and dropped a pencilled note: "Help will come."

But the closest place for aircraft to land was several miles away, and it was two more hours before Laura saw two men running towards them, felt water being splashed on her. Another hour, then a rescue truck appeared, laden with milk, oranges, tomato juice. There was a bumpy ride to the rescue planes, and then the family was flown to Moab.

There a doctor awaited them. He examined them carefully, shook his head in astonishment. When asked if they should be flown to a hospital he answered slowly, "No, I'd suggest home, a bath, then bed." To Virl Scott he added, "You're all in much better shape than you should be. You must have worked pretty hard to stay alive."

"We worked at it and we prayed for it," said Scott wearily. And then he fell sound asless



Science Looks At Love

By Morton Hunt

To POETS and philosophers, the idea that someone might try to unlock the riddles of love with calculating machines and mathematical equations might seem absurd.

Love, like faith in God, is supposed to lie above the reach of scientific study. Or at least it was, until the recent publication in America of a book entitled Mate Selection, written by a university professor and periodogist. Robert Winch

Professor Winch, an athletic, genial man of 48, uses the insights of psychology, the data of sociology and the rigorous proofs of statistical analysis in arriving at his "complementary" theory of love. According to his evidence, obtained in an eight year study of 25 young couples, the love of man for woman and woman for man is basically self-serving: its primary purpose is to benefit the lover, not the beloved.

Each of us, he says, tends to fall in love with someone whose personality is the complement of our own and through whom we can therefore relieve our own frustrations and vicariously live out our impossible wishes. A tough, brusque, hard-driving man may secretly long to be a cared-for child again. He cannot be this, so he falls in love with a timid, frail girl whom he can enjoy sheltering—and through whom, by proxy, he enjoys that would-be other self. She, meanwhile, has always yearned to be more aggressive and competent, and because she identifies her life with his, she indirectly achieves her wish. So each benefits and fulfils the other -and so love, though selfish in its origin, succeeds in being a mutual blessing.

Professor Winch conceives this dovetailing of psychological needs to be the essential reason for love and a far stronger force than sexual desire, beauty, similarity of tastes, etc. Indeed, this theory answers the often-asked question, "What does he see in her?" A sharp tongue in a woman will look like shrewishness to one man, delightful vivacity to another; a preoccupation with home-making may seem wonderfully feminine to one man, merely insipid to another.

The need theory also explains why many men and women fall in love with the very opposite of what they thought they were looking for. Richard always thought of his ideal

girl as "sweet and quiet"—and married Harriet, who is vivacious and talkative. Jonathan always expected to fall in love with a girl who was intelligent, ambitious, energetic —and chose Jean, a languorous, well-groomed bird-brain.

This is no mystery to Winch. Since it is true, he says, that married people tend to resemble their mates in religious affiliation, ethnic background, social class, level of education and other social characteristics, it may be thought that a person tends to fall in love with someone like himself on the level of emotional needs. But such a mate would duplicate, rather than complete, his personality.

Hence, even if a man finds such a girl, either he fails to fall in love, or the love fails to prosper. When the psychological opposite of oneself comes along, however, although she contradicts the ideal image, a mightier and more satisfying love springs up.

But mark this paradox: it sometimes happens that the man who falls in love with the opposite of what he thought he wanted soon sets about trying to remake her into the original image; and if he succeeds, she will no longer be the person he fell in love with. The man who tries to make his childish wife more competent, the woman who tries to make her easygoing husband more ambitious, may merely create a partner who will no longer satisfy his or her emotional needs.

Happily, says Winch, the reformer usually picks a partner who cannot really change so radically. He can thus play reformer year after year without loss, since his beloved never becomes what he *thinks* he wants, but remains what he *truly* wants.

Winch's findings help to make sense out of the crushes of the teenager. Because the adolescent lacks a feeling of importance as a person, his need for recognition and identity is overwhelming. The easiest way to meet it is to fall in love with someone famous, such as a film star, thus gaining a vicarious sense of fame.

As boys and girls finish school and go out to work or to university, their needs change. More sure of their personal values, they gradually cease to ascribe marvellous properties to mere physical attributes, and begin to respond to deep-lying traits of character. This is the kind of love that produces marriage.

Something akin to the theory of complementary needs had been advanced by some psychiatrists in recent years to explain many aspects of making dates, courtship and marriage. Yet it lacked what Winch calls "hard" evidence: detailed data, careful surveys, precise statistical analysis.

Hoping to put the theory on a scientific basis, Winch obtained grants from America's Northwestern University and the National Institute of Mental Health. Then, with

a small staffof sociologists and graduate students, he compiled a list of all married students at Northwestern University, struck off those who belonged to minority groups (to eliminate confusing side issues) and picked 25 couples at random for study.

Over a five-month period in 1950, these 50 young husbands and wives came in voluntarily for individual interviews. They were a varied assortment: tall men and short; pretty girls and plain ones; country- and working wives, city-bred types; teaching wives, housewives. All were childless; all had been married less than two years and therefore could still remember vividly their meeting, courtship and first months of marital adjustment. Each spoke for a total of approximately five hours, and also took two psychclogical tests.

The interviewing and testing were designed to ferret out clues to the general traits and psychological needs of each subject. These include the need to dominate, the need for achievement, the need to be deferent (to admire someone else), to express hostility, to abase oneself (or take blame for things), to take care of or be taken care of by someone, and so on. The result was a dossier of up to 200 pages on each person.

For the next two years, Winch and his staff worked on detailed analyses of the 50 individuals. Assigning each a set of numerical values (a "1" in achievement meant.

for example, that the individual had a very low need to be successful or to create something; a "5" in achievement meant the extreme opposite), the staff was able to consider the men and women as so much statistical information. By the use of equations they could then test whether the husbands' scores were really correlated with their wives' in complementary traits

When his staff had completed the psychological analyses of all 50 subjects, Winch—who had not met or interviewed any of the subjects personally—read a summary of each case history and tried matching the men to the women on the basis of the theory of complementary needs. Of the 25 marriages, he guessed 20 correctly. Statistically, there is less than a one-in-ten-million chance of getting such a score by pure luck or accident; the reasonable conclusion, therefore, would be that Winch was indebted not to luck but to a valid theory.

In the great preponderance of cases, the correlation revealed that individuals who liked to dominate, teach or direct—whether male or female—had fallen in love with people of the opposite sex who liked to be steered, to have decisions made for them, or to be instructed and criticized. They showed, too, that a strong need for recognition in one spouse was frequently linked with a small need for recognition in the other; that an easygoing attitude

temper. However, some computations showed certain complementary linkages to exist only weakly, if at all. Sociability in one spouse, for instance, seemed not to be tied up at all with reserve in the other.

The ultimate test consisted of taking a sample of correlations and measuring what proportion of them favoured the theory and what proportion went against it. Winch's group used statistical methods on a total of 388 pairs of traits and found that 256 of them showed correlations favouring the theory. This was something less than a perfect score, but tested by the formulas of probability it proves to be a result that would occur by accident only once in a thousand times.

Naturally Winch hopes that the need theory will yield practical applications Broken marriages, for example, have been studied from many angles: the part played by money, women's careers, differences in education, and so on. Perhaps most of them may prove to be more the result of the failure by one or both partners to recognize their own important needs. And perhaps understanding of the need theory could lead to elimination of a number of elements of friction.

Young people especially may gain self-knowledge early enough to help them to avoid impulsive marriages. Since the need patterns of the young adult are radically different from those of the adolescent, it follows that invenile lave is a horselessive

inadequate basis on which to choose a lifelong partner.

What implications does the need theory have for married people? Professor Winch maintains that it can give both husband and wife a clearer way of thinking about each other, about what each of them wants in marriage, and about ways in which they can satisfy each other and themselves simultaneously.

Marriages which are in scrious difficulties may benefit from the new tools that the need theory puts into the hands of professional marriage guidance counsellors. Winch's wife, Martha, has counselled troubled couples for many years. She

feels that the need theory gives a marriage counsellor a positive approach to problems. Not only does the counsellor assess the sources of frustration which loom so large to the couple in conflict; he (or she) is now enabled to look for and point out these complementary and cohesive factors which originally produced love and which can be strengthened to restore the original balance.

To sum up, the need theory seems likely to help all who love by bringing them a keener understanding of what it is that produces and sustains that most marvellous and desired of all emotions.

Special Service

A FEW years ago I received from a photographic processing firm some processed film, with a letter explaining that it had been sent to them without the owner's name and address. By projecting the film, they had been able to make out the number plate on a car appearing in one picture, had traced the car to me and sent me the pictures in the hope that I could identify the person who took them. It was my brother. —Contributed by R. J.

RECENTLY we received a bill for a pair of tennis shoes from a shoe store in the little town where our daughter is attending boarding school. The following handwritten message was added: "Charged by your daughter. She tells me she misses you all and will be quite glad to get back home. School is going nicely. The Management."

—Contributed by K. K. H.

SALLY'S mother-in-law, recently come to live with her son and his wife, has only one failing. She loves going shopping, but after a long life of thrift she wouldn't dream of paying the first price asked. Sally was deeply embarrassed to discover her mother-in-law haggling with the local grocer. The vegetables didn't look fresh! The fruit was ready to rot! Surely he wasn't going to ask such a price!

The grocer, a very understanding man, solved the problem. He always gives the old lady a good fight, and loses. Then once a month he sends ally a husband addition the difference.

Contributed by L. S.



By John Kord Lagemann

19-year-old blonde practise her skating routines. Her figure was as trim and alive as an arrow resting lightly on a drawn bow. Her skating technique had the unself-conscious grace of a soaring bird.

"Watch this!" a tense whisper came from other skaters studying her style. The girl rose above the ice, hung in the air for two and a half turns, then touched ice and circled the rink in a swooping backward arc. This is the double-axel, the most It's the search for perfection that makes life exciting—and for Carol Heiss, the figure-skating champion of the world, skating is only the beginning

demanding feat in figure skating. And this was Carol Heiss, the best woman figure skater in the world and the odds-on favourite to win the 1960 Olympics.

Carol's glorious freedom on ice is the result of a discipline as hard and sharp as the steel blades of her skates. She started with no more intrinsic ability than hundreds of other youngsters. She has often been called "lucky," but her luck has consisted of having a mother who taught her the joy of excellence, a trainer who gave her the discipline to attain it, and her own belief that being a champion means striving to the limit of one's capacities.

Carol's parents came from Munich and were married in America. Edward Heiss was a young baker; Marie—Medi to all her friends—was an exuberant, rosy-cheeked girl who loved to dance, sing, skate and paint. For Medi, life was a continual process of discovery. Once, when Carol was struggling over a school composition on American frontier life, her mother told her something that she never forgot.

"Everyone has his own frontier in the mind. On one side of it, everything is known, tried. On the other side is the part of yourself that hasn't yet been explored. All life's great adventures," she emphasized, "are on that other side."

As a little girl, Carol had adventures on the other side of her personal frontier that sometimes alarmed the neighbours. One remembers gasping every time she saw the three-year-old balancing atop a high fence and jumping lightly across the gap formed by the gate. She was even more flabbergasted by Medi's cheerful reassurance: "No, I'm not worried. Carol is good at it."

For her fourth birthday, Carol's "big present" was a pair of roller skates, and soon she could skate as naturally as most children walk or run. Ice skates for Christmas that year opened another door to adventure. From then on, Carol's private frontier expanded rapidly. When it was too warm to skate out of doors, Medi took her to an indoor rink. Soon local skating enthusiasts urged her to seek an interview with the great skating teachers, Pierre and Andrée Brunet.

Brunet and his wife were former Olympic and World Pairs Champions. Mme Brunet gave six-yearold Carol her first lessons and remembers her as a "scrawny little thing with pigtails, but all light."

Was she championship material? Mme Brunet thought so, but the final decision was up to Pierre. Pierre, however, was in no mood to take Carol on as his student. He had just lost his 17-year-old son in a car accident, and it was only at his wife's urging that he asquiesced. "When Pierre spoke to the child, a smile appeared in his eyes," says Mme Brunet. "I knew then that a new life had begun for both of them."

Carol's lessons would have cost more than her father earned. "For Carol there will be no charge," Brunet told him. "I think she possesses that spark so necessary to a champion: the spark that will not go out, no matter how much cold water is thrown on it."

But skates were expensive, as were rink fees and the ballet lessons figure skaters take to achieve grace. "I'll find the money," said Medi. Putting her talent for painting to work, she sold her designs to textile firms.

Time and sleep were even harder to budget. Besides going to school and doing her homework, Carol practised from four to eight hours a day. By 4.30 a.m. the family were in the car. The first stop was the bakery where Edward was due at 5 a.m., then to Madison Square Garden for before-school practice.

"Think, think what you are doing," Brunet would tell Carol as she tried to learn a new figure. After going through an intricate step for two or three hours and feeling that she had it off pat, it was hard to hold back the tears when Brunet said, "No, you are not thinking hard enough. Try it again and think about it."

Carol found that, while wishful thinking might convince her that she was doing well, it would never convince Brunet. "I learned that it was easier, in the long run, to be honest with myself," she told me. "In skating, when you enter a jump there is no backing out. Unless you've got everything just right, the whole thing collapses and you fall "at."

"Sometimes people speak of Carol's "gift" for skating. "They don't lize," she says, "that championips aren't won by doing what naturally, but by doing what comes hardest—over and over again until it's second nature." (This same drive for excellence has carried over to her school work, winning her a university scholarship.)

Carol trained intensively for five years before winning the U.S. National novice title when she was only 11. The next year, she won the National Junior Championship, and became the youngest member of the team representing the United States at the World Championship at Davos, Switzerland. She was placed

Her competitive spirit has never quenched her exuberant good nature and kindness. An early rival of Carol's told me about a backstage incident at the National Championship in Los Angeles when Carol was 14. "Just before I went on, Carol noticed I had a smudge on my skating boots which might have counted against me in the final scoring. Instead of keeping mum about it, Carol said, 'I've got a wonderful new boot polish. Want to try it?'"

About this time, experts were beginning to mention Carol as a future contender against the reigning world champion, another American girl named Tenley Albright. With the 1956 Olympics looming ahead, Carol worked harder than ever. The next big step was the 1954 World Championship at Oslo.

Carol never got there. In a final practice session with her younger sister. Nancy, the two collided on the ice. One of Nancy's allege the

deep gash in Carol's left leg, severing a tendon below the calf. It seemed doubtful that Carol would ever compete again.

It was months before she put on skates once more. But at the 1955 World Championship in Vienna her first international competition since the accident—she surprised everyone by coming second to Tenley Albright. Now it was clear that the 1956 Olympics and the World Championship, just two weeks apart, would be a contest between those two. The Olympics contest at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, was close, but once more Carol came in second. In the World Championship at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany, Carol won.

Ten years, almost all she could remember of life, had gone into this victory. Tired, radiant, she accepted the gold medal from the judges and skimmed across the ice to display it to her trainer.

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Brunet carefully. "But soon you will put this medal in a drawer to collect dust. Where, then, will you find the real value of what you have done today? Merely coming in first isn't very important unless the effort opens up hidden strength you didn't know you possessed."

Soon after Garmisch, Carol needed all the strength she had. Medi, ill with cancer, had only a few months to live. A week after becoming world champion, Carol learned than her mother's condition.

Medi's death that October left in Carol a tremendous emotional gap which she has tried to fill by mothering her younger sister and brother. This involves helping with their homework and, just as her mother would have done, encouraging them in their skating careers.

In skating, Carol is still looking for the answer to "What is the best" I can do?"—and that means a relentless struggle for technique. During the years of competition with Tenley Albright she learned the hardest lesson of all—how to handle defeat. Instead of crying over setbacks, or making excuses, she and her teacher analysed her mistakes. She spent hours on the practice rink

"I was lucky to have such a good opponent as Tenley," says Carol. "If she hadn't been the tops, I couldn't have learnt so much trying to beat her."

Since winning the 1956 World Championship, Carol has won three more in a row. In 1958, at the World Championship in Paris, three of the seven judges rated Carol's entire skating performance "perfect"—the first time any skater has ever won this rating from more than one judge.

Carol won her third straight U.S. crown last February. She simply wiped out the competition. Her free skating displays were so outstanding that each of the five judges awarded her first-place.

Despite these triumphs. Caroli

thinks that she still has another year or two before she reaches her peak. After she is 21, she will be past the age at which she can hope to break her own records.

Her ultimate goal is winning the Olympics in February. By then she will be ready to enter a new phase of life.

For Carol, it is not a matter of giving up skating, but of going on to something else. "I want to get an education and marry and have a family," she says. "Skating is for

now. Education and marriage are for always."

Instead of fearing the uncertainty of the future, Carol welcomes it. She told me of a letter that Medi had left behind for her. "The greatest gift of love is the gift of yourself," Medi wrote. "The way to show your love is to give everything you've got to the life ahead of you."

For Carol Heiss, it's the search for perfection that makes her life so exciting—and her marvellous skating is only the beginning.



American Ways

A NEW football stadium in Texas will have points so that spectators can plug in their electric blankets.

—B. V.

A Californian sports shop has cowboy hats for sale at 4.50 dollars and the same hats with bullet holes at 5 dollars.

—Contributed by G. A. A.

FOR THE convenience of sports car owners wishing to post letters from their low-slung vehicles, the post office at Sarasota, Florida, sawed off the legs of its kerbside letter-box. The slot is now just the right height for drivers of those zippy models.

—N. O.

In Los Angeles a used-house lot has been established. Most of the houses were originally built on land that was subsequently purchased for roads, schools, factory sites, etc. The land purchaser sells them to a house-moving company, which moves them to the used-house lot, for immediate sale.

—U. S.

If you have a reservation on one of the non-stop jet flights between Chicago and Los Angeles, you can now simply drop your luggage at a special counter, introduce yourself to the attendant at the gate and board the plane. At 30,000 feet, a ticket seller will come and collect your fare. You can even get aboard without a reservation, provided there's room. You can pay for your ticket in cash or by cheque. If in fact you can't pay, you'll have to talk it over with the police when the plane lands. —Fortune



Exclusive report on the sinister activities of the "Gentlemen of Milan" whose prosperity depends on illicit deals in death

By Frederic Sondern

slovakian freighter Lidice was steaming along the North African coast towards the Moroccan port of Casablanca. Suddenly a French destroyer appeared over the horizon, heading towards her at full speed. The Czech captain was well away from French territorial waters and

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kept steadily on his course until the warship's megaphone bellowed an order to stop. On the French vessel a gun swung purposefully. The Lidice stopped engines.

"This is piracy!" shouted the Czech captain as an armed boarding party clambered on to his ship.

The matelots brushed him aside and made for the hold. There they found what they were looking for: stacks of cases marked "General Cargo." The first case they broke open contained machine pistols. The second one contained rifles. Others were full of ammunition.

The Lidice was escorted to Mersel-Kébir and unloaded by French authorities. The "general cargo," consigned to Vietnam according to the ship's manifest, comprised 581 tons of machine guns, rifles, pistols and ammunition; its value ran to hundreds of millions of francs. The French central intelligence bureau in Paris had found out just in time that the Czech freighter was carrying this huge supply of arms to an Arab agent in Casablanca for eventual delivery to Algerian rebels.

The French took a considerable risk in stopping the Lidice. Technically, the act was piracy. The Czech Government did complain, and there were Press and radio mutters from Moscow, but no further action was taken. And many Frenchmen in Algiers lived because the Lidice's "general cargo" did not reach its destination.

The intelligence bureau in Paris was happy. But in the Italian city of Milan the arrest of the Lidice brought gloom to a number of distinguished-looking gentlemen who gather at certain sedate hotels to chat quietly over drinks in a variety of languages. Most of these wellmannered men have well-filled cards in the files of various European police forces. They are the extraordinary group of wealthy cutthroats who have made the ancient game of smuggling illicit arms one of today's most lucrative international rackets.

Their business began some ten

years ago when both Israel and its Arab neighbours desperately wanted war supplies of every kind. The governments of Britain, the United States, Sweden, Switzerland and the other arms-producing countries would not allow their munitions manufacturers to export to the Middle East for fear of international complications. There were, however, in Germany and Italy two vast arsenals of *matériel* left from the war. Although all of it was supposedly under strict Allied supervision, Israeli and Arab agents began gathering in Milan to study the situation.

The big, bustling north Italian city became, and remains, the hub of the illicit arms business for several reasons. The biggest stock of available arms was within easy reach. Big seaports were handy. In near-by Switzerland were the powerful and discreet banks which have been helping to handle the financial end of such operations, with enormous profit, for more than two centuries. (Unique Swiss bank laws make it impossible for any government agency or any court to examine the account of a depositor, Swiss or foreign.)

The "Gentlemen of Milan," as they have come to be known in the trade, quickly developed an ingenious system. They set up "salvage companies," with apparently respectable businessmen as fronts, which bought "obsolete" war matériel from the Allied authorities. The

latter, glad to clear out their expensive depots, labelled thousands of cases of perfectly good weapons "For Demolition and Melting," and sold them for a small fraction of their original cost. Little-used jeeps, half-track weapons-carriers, military trucks, even tanks were also available for those with the right connexions.

"It was so easy," as one of the chief traffickers of the time puts it, "that we had to pretend like mad to both Arabs and Israelis that it was difficult—in order to keep our prices up. We were making between 500 and 1,000 per cent profit."

As soon as a "salvage company" finished sorting, cleaning, repairing and re-packing the arms, they were turned over to one of the exportimport firms created specially for the purpose of shipping weapons out. In Rome there were a number of military attachés in the embassies and legations of various small countries who would, for a price, certify that a shipment of arms had been bought by their government. The arms were then quite legally loaded aboard a ship which declared its destination as some country neutral in the Middle East conflict. Once safely out of his Italian port, the collaborating captain would simply steam to Alexandria instead.

Then, in 1949, came the scandal of the Sherman tanks. One day an alert and honest Italian customs officer discovered 24 of these tanks, formerly the property of the Italian

army, being loaded aboard a ship bound for Tel Aviv. The Italian Government was intensely embarrassed and began to clamp down. The military attachés in Rome took cover.

At the same time, the demand for war matériel was increasing by leaps and bounds; revolutionaries from Morocco and Algeria, emissaries from Syria and Vietnam registered in growing numbers at Milan hotels. The Gentlemen of Milan had to revise their methods of operation. The cigarette sinugglers of Tangier were the answer.

The smuggling of American cigarettes has long been Italy's major racket.* Every day, cigarettes by the ton are brought across the Mediterranean in fast boats from the free port of Tangier on the North African coast and landed in small Italian ports or on lonely beaches. The smugglers who own and run these craft—swashbuckling individualists of many nationalities—work from a few select cafés on the Tangier waterfront. The Gentlemen Milan made contact easily, and a new transportation network was organized. Milan delivered the arms at a convenient waterfront; the Tangier captains, after unloading their cigarettes, took over from there.

One of the most enterprising of the Gentlemen was Henri Le Brasseur. A tall, handsome Belgian of 52, he was prepared to deal in

^{*} See "The World's Happiest Smugglers," The Reader's Digest, August 1953.

anything illicit: currency, gold, diamonds, narcotics, arms.

Scrupulously honest with his associates, Le Brasseur had a number of trusted friends in Europe, Africa and the Middle East who kept him informed of where a quick pound, dollar or franc might be made.

One morning in 1958, Le Brasseur, in his delightful villa at Juanles-Pins, had a telephone call from a friend in Milan. The Belgian should come at once.

That evening, in a splendid roofgarden restaurant, a typical big arms deal got under way.

Le Brasseur was introduced by his friend to a Mr. Q. from Algiers. After an elaborate meal, during which the new acquaintances sized each other up, Mr. Q. came to the point. He was a representative of the FLN (Front de Libération Nationale), Algeria's main anti-French organization, and he wanted to buy a thousand German machine pistols at once, for cash in dollars. He would like them delivered at sea near the North African coast to an FLN-manned boat. Le Brasseur said that he would need only 48 hours to make the necessary arrangements.

Next day a Mr. R. of Trieste, one of those specialists who always know the availability of every type of armament and its price, arrived in Milan. German machine pistols, he informed Le Brasseur, were scarce at the moment because of their popularity with all North African and Middle Eastern gunmen. However,

he had recently been able to acquire 900 in very good condition from the Yugoslav army, which was switching to its own armament. He also had 600 British Sten guns from the same source. He would sell these weapons for 45 dollars apiece (he had paid the Yugoslavs ten dollars apiece), and deliver them in ten days via a Yugoslav boat at a certain point off Sicily. Le Brasseur and Mr. R. shook hands—the equivalent of a written contract among the Gentlemen of Milan. Later, in another room, the Belgian shook hands with the Algerian. Seventy dollars apiece for the guns was Le Brasseur's price, and it was eagerly accepted.

The handling of the exchange of money follows a set procedure. Next morning Le Brasseur, Mr. Q. and Mr. R. drove to Switzerland and visited a bank at which they were all well known. The Algerian bought a bank draft for 105,000 dollars (Rs. 5 lakhs)—his payment to Le Brasseur for the guns. Le Brasseur bought one for 67,500 dollars—his payment to Mr. R.

Both drafts were then solemnly cut in half with scissors. Le Brasseur kept one half of the 105,000-dollar draft, Mr. Q. the other. Mr. R. kept one half of the 67,500-dollar note, Le Brasseur the other. On delivery of the guns, the halves would be rejoined. Meanwhile, no one could touch the money.

For fear of last-minute cheating, the main contractors—usually with armed henchmen at their sidessuperintend a big delivery themselves. Accordingly, on the date which had been set, Le Brasseur, Mr. Q. and Mr. R. flew from Milan to Palermo, Sicily. From there a limousine took them to a cove near Marsala, where a comfortable boat was waiting. At exactly 3 a.m., at a specified latitude and longitude in the Sicilian Channel, three boats converged. Their lights flashed pre-arranged recognition signals, and the Yugoslav, Algerian and Italian vessels were laid alongside one another.

Le Brasseur, Mr. Q. and Mr. R. produced credentials which satisfied both the Yugoslav and Algerian captains, and the transfer began. Every now and then one of the cases would be opened and its contents checked: As the last case went into the Algerian's hold, the halves of the Swiss bank drafts were taped together and handed over.

Two days later Le Brasseur was dead. His smart Giulietta sports car, which he drove fast but skilfully, had crashed into a tree. Police investigating the accident had reason to believe that its steering mechanism and brakes had been tampered

with. Although there were no further positive leads, the assumption is that Le Brasseur had arranged one shipment too many to the Algerian rebels. Of late, Arab, Israeli, French and other patriotic groups have organized sabotage and killer units to intercept one another's movements of supplies. Police records show that car sabotage, shooting, stabbing, and even a poisoned arrow have liquidated a whole series of well-known Mediterranean contraband runners in recent months. The technique is always highly professional and efficient. Not a single assassin has been caught.

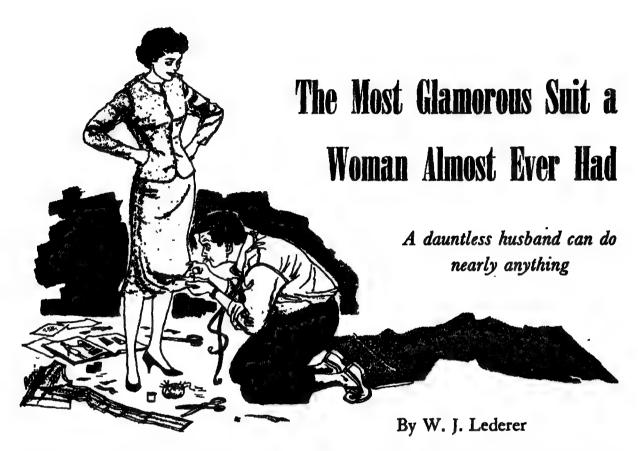
Neither these liquidations nor the French Navy's 100 or so small-lot seizures of arms shipments during the past year—none comparable in size to the *Lidice* affair—have substantially dented the traffic, however. The Gentlemen of Milan look forward to a prosperous future.

"I am not a cynical man," says one of the Gentlemen. "I am simply a merchant. People seem to like to fight. Why shouldn't we make a profit out of the idiots?"

And so they do.



Before we sat down to our Christmas dinner, my wife spoke of our many blessings. First on her list came our six healthy children. An hour later when we were at-the table all was pandemonium. Noticing that my wife's eyes were closed, I asked her what was the matter. "Nothing," she said, "I am just praying for patience to endure my blessings."



ONCE UPON a time my wife Ethel and I had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. During the occasion Ethel kept staring at the Duchess in a strange manner.

The moment we were alone, Ethel blurted out: "That wonderful suit the Duchess is wearing. It's absolutely superb! Those simple, classic lines—that elegant brown gabardine—I must have one exactly like it!"

"It would look lovely on you," I said. "But it probably cost a million dollars."

"I'm going to get a suit like the Duchess's," said Ethel.

She began saving money. When

Sugar Brown

we travelled to New York she insisted we should go by bus. She washed and ironed my shirts. She begged the neighbours for their old newspapers, which she sold to a scrap dealer.

In about a year she had saved 250 dollars. The grand day had arrived. She insisted that I should accompany her to one of the top stores in Washington, where she explained what she wanted: a simple, classic, English-cut, brown gabardine suit.

The salesgirl brought out a pushrack of clothes. Some of the suits had little bustles at the back; others had piping on the lapels; a few had slanted pockets. Not one had the basic simplicity of the Duchess's outfit.

After three-quarters of an hour of trying to sell us some kind of natty styling, the salesgirl gave up and passed us on to the assistant floor manager. The struggle was renewed. The assistant floor manager insisted that Ethel's dream suit was a silly thing—that she should buy an up-to-date, properly styled garment. Finally he turned us over to the buyer, a haughty woman with a jewelled lorgnette and a gravel voice.

"My dear," said the buyer, "I know exactly what will be stunning on you." She left and returned with the original push-rack of clothes.

By now I was getting impatient. "Look," I said, "I guess you just don't understand." Taking pencil and paper from my pocket, I drew a picture of the suit which we had seen on the Duchess of Windsor. "This is what my wife wants."

The buyer drew herself up behind her lorgnette. "I believe I recognize you, sir. You're the one who wrote the story that men can do anything better than women can."*

She handed back my sketch. "If you want your wife to wear an unstyled British sack, sir, I recommend that you go home and make the awful thing yourself!"

No woman was going to bully me. "All right," I said loudly. "I will."

"The Skipper Surprised His Wife," The Reader's Digest, July 1949.

Ethel and I walked out in a huff. In the lift, I cooled off a little and began to ponder the situation. By golly, I thought, making Ethel's suit isn't a bad idea. Maybe I can get another magazine article out of it!

The editor of a national magazine thought it would make a fine article and told me to go ahead. He wanted, along with the text, pictures showing the suit at its various stages, plus a colour photograph of Ethel wearing the completed product, for the cover.

For six weeks I attended a tailoring class held by one of the best couturiers in Washington. There I learned the basics of making a pattern, of cutting, putting in the lining, sewing, making buttonholes and all the other abracadabra. Then I went to New York and purchased five yards of the finest, most expensive brown gabardine.

I bubbled over with happy zeal. Ethel would have the best-tailored, most glamorous suit in the world, and it would be a personal triumph for me. When the article was published I would go back to the shop and find the haughty buyer. I would be sweet and modest. I would just hand her a copy of the magazine and quietly walk away.

I must admit that Ethel, though patient, showed little enthusiasm for my tailoring. What with the fees. paid to the couturier, the trip to New York, the price of the gabardine and the expense of needed equipment, I had now spent 350

dollars. I soothed Ethel by telling her we'd get 1,500 dollars for the article, and with that money and her wonderful new suit we could go to New York for a gay holiday.

Before long I completed the pattern, and transferred it to muslin. Then, with pins in my mouth, tailor's chalk in hand and three cameras in the background, I carefully hung the muslin garment on Ethel. There were a few adjustments to be made. I made them. Everything was dandy. We took about 50 pictures.

"Now, Ethel," I said seriously, "there's one thing on which you must give me your complete co-operation. I will now cut the cloth and start sewing. Since I'm not very experienced, I estimate that it will take me about two months to produce the final glorious suit. I can't make any mistakes with this kind of gabardine—every needle hole will show."

"Yes," she answered sweetly. "What is the important thing on

which you want my co-operation?"

"Once I make the suit," I said slowly and distinctly, "it cannot be altered. So please, pretty please, for two months watch your weight. Don't gain or lose an ounce until after the suit is finished and we have taken the cover photograph."

After a moment of silence, Ethel chuckled. The chuckle turned into a tornado of laughter. Then tears of mirth streamed down her cheeks. She put her arms around me and hung on for support.

"What's so darned funny?" I asked.

Ethel wiped her tears away, kissed me and said, "My poor gabardine suit!" She kissed me again. "I suppose I ought to tell you—I've just found out that I'm pregnant."

That was ten years ago. Ethel still hasn't got her classic, English-cut, brown gabardine suit. Instead we have a nine-year-old son—and Ethel happily maintains that the swap was a good one.



Noteworthy

THANK-YOU note from a nine-year-old: "I love the book you sent me at Christmas. I have been reading it day and night and am now on page ten" (G. B. V.) . . . Another youngster's effort read: "Thank you for the fire engine. It's almost as good as the one I really wanted" (S. S. B.) . . . Then there was the small boy who wrote: "Dear Aunt Ruth, I want to thank you for all the gifts you have sent me in the past, and all you intend to send me in the future. Love, Eugene" (Mrs. K. Z.)

By Wilfred Funk

THESE word pairs, though somewhat similar in sound, are all different in meaning. Tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) diverse—A: differing essentially. B: confused. C: entertaining. D: irritable.
- (2) perverse—A: distraught. B: persistent. C: unreasonable. D: unfortunate.

- (3) edifice (ed' I fis)—A: pride. B: imposing building. C: strength. D: beauty.
- (4) orifice (or' I fis)—A: religious ceremony. B: sacrifice. C: mouth-like opening. D: holy office.
- (5) invest—A: to bless. B: profit. C: secrete. D: endow.
- (6) divest—A: to scatter. B: strip or deprive. C: delay. D: balk.
- (7) extrinsio—A: severe. B: inborn. C: coming from without. D: free from entanglement.
- (8) intrinsic—A: essential. B: metallic. C: shallow. D: incidental.
- (9) paediatrics (pē di at' riks)—Branch of medicine concerned with A: diseases of the bones. B: women's diseases. C: ailments of the feet. D: children's diseases.
- (10) geriatrics (jer i at' riks)—Branch of medicine that deals with A: old

- age. B: heart disease. C: ailments of the liver. D: diseases of the blood.
- (11) collusion—A: violent contact. B: conspiracy. C: decision. D: obstruction.
- (12) illusion—A: daze. B: indirect reference. C: false impression. D: temptation.
- (13) proponent—A: advocate. B: objector. C: competitor. D: one who explains.
- (14) component—A: assistant. B: adversary. C: companion. D: necessary part.
- (15) avail—A: to grow weak. B: assist. C: grow strong. D: defeat.
- (16) countervail—A: to affect. B: argue. C: offset. D: revoke.
- (17) impiety (im pī' ě tǐ)—A: reverence. B: wastefulness. C: impudence. D: wickedness.
- (18) propriety (pro pri' ě ti)—A: proper behaviour. B: dignity. C: wisdom. D: ownership.
- (19) arrogate (ăr' o gate)—A: to brag. B: question. C: take or claim presumptuously. D: insult.
- (20) derogate (der' o gate)—A: to cross-examine. B: detract. C: argue with. D: deny.

Auswers to -

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) diverse—A: Differing essentially; unlike; as, diverse nationalities. Latin diversus, "turned in different directions."
- (2) perverse—C: Unreasonable; wrong, erring or obstinate; as, a perverse child. Latin perversus, "turned the wrong way."
- (3) edifice—B: An imposing building; as, an edifice of outstanding architectural grace. Latin aedificium, from aedis, "house," and facere, "to make."
- (4) orifice—C: A mouth-like opening; aperture; as the end of a pipe or tube. Latin os (oris), "mouth," and facere.
- (5) invest—D: To endow; clothe; as, to invest an official with power. Latin in, "in," and vestire, "to clothe."
- (6) divest—B: To strip or deprive; as, to divest one of all authority. Latin divestire, "to undress."
- (7) extrinsic—C: Coming from without; external; not inherent; as, extrinsic influences. Latin extrinsecus, "on the outside."
- (8) intrinsic—A: Essential; belonging to the nature or essence of a thing; real; true; as, the *intrinsic* value of gold. Latin *intrinsecus*, "inward."
- (9) paediatrics—D: The branch of medicine concerned with children's diseases. Greek pais, "child," and iatrikos, "healing."
- (10) geriatrics—A: The branch of medicine dealing with old age and its diseases. Greek girat, "old age," and iatrikos.

- (11) collusion—B: Conspiracy; secret agreement for a deceitful purpose; as, to be in collusion with smugglers. Latin collusio, "secret understanding."
- (12) illusion—C: False impression; misleading appearance; as, an *illusion* of spaciousness. Latin *illudere*, "to deceive."
- (13) proponent—A: Advocate; proposer of a plan; as, the *proponent* of a new housing scheme. Latin *proponere*, "to set forth."
- (14) component—D: A necessary, integral or constituent part; as, "Sensitivity is a component of genius." Latin componere, "to put together."
- (15) avail—B: To assist or aid, as in accomplishing a purpose; as, "Eloquence will avail you little." Latin a-, "to," and valere, "to be strong."
- (16) countervail—C: To offset; counteract; to thwart with equal power; as, "One force countervails another." Latin contra, "against," and valere.
- (17) impiety—D: Wickedness; ungodliness; irreverence towards sacred things. Latin impietas.
- (18) propriety—A: Proper and conventional behaviour; as, a model of propriety. Latin proprietas.
- (19) arrogate—C: To take or claim presumptuously; as, to arrogate dictatorial power. Latin arrogatus, "taken for oneself."
- (20) derogate—B: To detract, as from reputation; as, "The charge cannot derogate from his honour." Latin derogatus, "diminished; repealed in part."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct		excellent
18-16 correct		good
15-14 correct	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	fair
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Tiny medical instruments and communication devices, developed for experiments in space, herald an exciting new era of diagnosis and treatment for us all

Already a Health Bonus from Outer Space

By Dr. Hugh MacGuire with Allen Rankin

named Able and Baker rocketed at 10,000 miles per hour, 300 miles out of this world, tiny medical instruments attached to their bodies radioed back to earth pertinent information about their heart behaviour, temperature, pulse, breathing rate, oxygen intake. Doctors at the Cape Canaveral launching site could tell, second by second, just how the trip was affecting the two small voyagers.

Today some of the medical instruments developed for such outerspace experiments are being used to explore inner space—the mysterious universe of the human body—and already they are saving lives. Just as soon as medical research can put to work all the communication devices

proved practicable in the exploration of space, we can almost certainly enter a new era of diagnosis and treatment that will make previous medical techniques look like primitive guess-work.

One of the principal triggers for this coming revolution is the transducer, a device which picks up one form of energy and translates it into another. Telephone receivers and radio microphones, which pick up sounds, change them into electrical signals and relay them, are examples of transducers.

To detect minute physical changes in monkey or man hurtling through space in the tight quarters of a rocket's nose-cone, the new medical transducers and other devices had to be shrunk, some to microscopic size. They also had to be made infinitely more sensitive than any available before. For example, riding in a cabin the size of a shoe box, the one-pound monkey, Baker, wore on her body half a dozen instruments, none larger than a matchbook, each containing transducers or electrical pick-ups. These did the same job that roomfuls of medical-examination equipment used to do—and they did it better.

At a recent demonstration I saw and tried out some of these new devices. First, a stainless steel disc about the size of a trouser button was strapped against my chest. Instantly the lecture auditorium was filled with a sound like the booming of a bass drum—the beating of my heart, picked up by a tiny microphone inside the disc and broadcast to a near-by receiver and amplifier. At the same time, electrodes taped to my body flashed pictures of my heart behaviour to a near-by television screen. An incandescent ball of light blazed periodically across the screen, leaving in its wake the familiar, squiggly lines of the standard electro-cardiogram.

Other instruments, already being manufactured, will soon begin to make medicine better and easier for all of us. For instance: the familiar bulky rubber sleeve that is slipped on your arm and pumped up to measure blood-pressure has been miniaturized into a neat little pneumatic cuff, about the size of a sticking plaster, which slips on and off

your finger like a ring. It connects with a radio which broadcasts its findings and automatically registers them. It can be worn at work or play and, if tuned to a receiving unit at a doctor's surgery, can show what your blood-pressure really is under normal conditions.

There is also a cup-sized breath mask which draws a graph of breathing. The transducer in this instrument consists of gossamer wires which converge towards the centre of a metal cylinder like the spokes of a wheel. Breathe in and the wires bend one way; breathe out and they bend the other. Doctors can study a patient's respiration in the peaks and troughs of recorded lines. This new mask may well replace the more unwieldy mask or mouthpiece-and-nose-clip now used in basal metabolism tests. Since patients can wear it without discomfort while they sleep, it may be possible to obtain a more normal "at rest" picture of their metabolism. An even newer pick-up, no larger than a bead, which fits near the mouth or nose and measures breathflow in terms of electrical impulses, can make the metabolism test even easier.

The most common medical tool in hospital or home is the mercury-type thermometer, which takes three minutes to record your temperature. Space science has developed a "touch" thermometer, containing a pinhead-sized disc of extremely heat-sensitive ceramic,

which, taped to the subject's skin, can record temperature changes within half a second. Another handy model resembles a ball-point pen. When merely touched to the skin, it registers temperature instantly on an electronic gauge. It is so sensitive that it registers even the chill of fright or the momentary flash of anger. In operating theatres this device allows continuous monitoring of temperatures in various parts of the body during an operation.

The rocket doctors have developed an equally speedy device to register emotional strain. The aeronaut wears metallic half-socks, or spats, which press a positive and negative electrode against the instep of each foot. When the subject becomes anxious, the sweat-salt that dampens his foot causes an increase in the electric current between the two metal poles. Thus doctors can detect subtle degrees of emotional change.

The device that probes deepest into inner space is the new intracardiac catheter microphone. Mounted in the end of a small catheter (a slender tube), this tiny mike, about as thick as a grain of rice, is inserted into a blood vessel in the arm and pushed upwards and inwards until it reaches the innermost chambers of the heart! Its metal-sheathed ceramic pick-up reacts to every slightest murmur in the heart-caves and sends forth proportionate radio signals. Surgeons have recently picked up with it small sounds never

before so distinctly heard from the human heart—sounds helpful in locating heart lesions, valvular difficulties and heart malformations.

The combined use of such radio ears and fingers was dramatically demonstrated on May 6, 1958, when Captain Norman Lee Barr, the U.S. Navy's head of space medicine and surgery, broke all records for longdistance diagnosis. In his office in Maryland, Captain Barr picked up a telephone and ordered a naval aviator, swinging in the open basket of a halloon 40,000 feet up and nearly 1,200 miles away, to come down immediately. Transducers attached to the balloonist's body had flashed to Barr, via radio and telephone, a combination of instrument readings which told him that the aviator was developing a critical high-altitude reaction called Wolff-Parkinson-White syndrome. The lightning diagnosis probably saved the balloonist from being dangerously incapacitated.

Such a performance means that doctors, continents apart, may soon be able to confer on the diagnosis or condition of a patient with virtually as much accuracy as if they were all in the same room with him. Similarly, when the big medical centres install the necessary receiving equipment, any doctor who has a few transducer "buttons" will be able to present a patient's true inside condition to specialists, by radio or telephone, and obtain quick advice.

Until now, doctors have been

it limited to making brief "spot checks" of patients. When one comes to the surgery for a check-up, the doctor can only guess at what has been happening inside him in the year or so since his last visit, or what will go on happening after he leaves. Now space-age pick-up devices, which the patient can wear almost as easily and comfortably as a button on his lapel, give doctors the means of staying with him, even inside him, for as long as is desired. While he goes about his business, these minute electronic ears continuously listen and record their findings for later reference. This may constitute one of the greatest break-throughs in medical history.

The day is not far off when transducers may be used as a protection and comfort by chronic but active heart patients as they go about their work and play. These people could wear at all times a tiny heart microphone whose messages would be radioed constantly to a computing machine at a local medical centre. In the event of impending trouble, the computer would flash danger signals to warn the patient's doctor.

These new communication methods offer an entirely fresh approach to medical research. We've learnt a lot about separate organs, separate diseases, but we've had no way of knowing how the whole body operates with all its parts functioning together. Consequently, we still know little about what constitutes normality—health.

Today, delicate instruments can pick up, record, transmit or display 18 different body functions in the same split-second. As more transducers are developed, we shall be able to register literally hundreds of previously unknown medical factors in the period of one heartbeat. Electronic computers can record all these factors, plus myriad subtle changes and inter-relationships within the body, and analyse, file and index the information for future reference. By linking the computer's brain to the eyes, ears and fingers of transducers, we may be able to find out what constitutes health. When we do, we should be able to detect quickly any signs of abnormality creeping into the body. We may learn to knock out diseases before they get started.

Taxi!

TAXI DRIVER had his own explanation for an excessively rainy weekend: "You throw things at the moon, you've got to expect they'll throw something back" (UPI). . . An embittered cabby, jammed in city traffic, turned to his fare and grimly told him: "I've got the only solution for this traffic chaos. Get the Mayor to call out every car and truck in the city one day and, when they've got everything locked tight, pour concrete over the lot, and start from there" (M. B.)

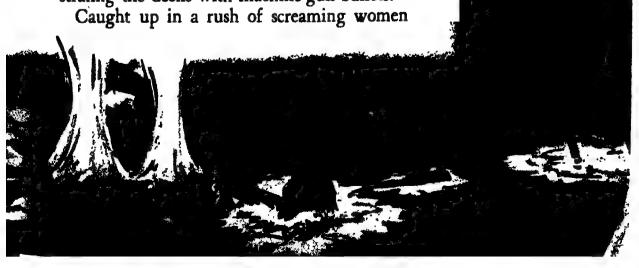
Drama in Real Life

The Many Miracles of Patsy Li

By Martin Abramson

N THE MORNING of February 13, 1942, the S.S. Kuala steamed south across Malacca Strait, her decks crowded with people fleeing from Singapore, which was about to fall to the Japanese. Silently the passengers watched and waited: they knew they were not yet out of danger. Other evacuation ships from Singapore had been sunk by Japanese dive bombers.

Then they heard it—the drone of oncoming planes! Mrs. Ruth Li, a well-to-do young Chinese woman, clasped her year-old baby, Lottie, to her breast and held six-year-old Patsy by the hand. Within seconds, bombs turned the *Kuala* into an inferno. Fighter planes roared over, strafing the decks with machine-gun bullets.



and children, Ruth Li was jammed against the rail. She helped Patsy on to a swaying rope ladder and then started down herself, clutching her baby. But as they neared the bottom, she heard Patsy scream. The over-loaded lifeboat had pulled away without them.

A piece of wreckage floated past the listing hull. Ruth told Patsy to swim over, grab it and hang on tight. Her own hold on the rope ladder was weakening now, as the frightened people above kept crowding down upon her. Another explosion shook the ship. Struck by an avalanche of falling bodies, Ruth Li went under water. When she surfaced, her baby was gone. Patsy Li was nowhere in sight.

After a while a lifeboat loomed up and strong hands hauled Ruth Li aboard. "Wait!" she pleaded. "My babies are out there somewhere." But the boat pulled steadily away, out of the perilous waters where soon everything would be sucked under by the sinking ship.

That same day the lifeboat was beached on a small, uninhabited island, and a week later the castaways were rescued and taken to a little village in Sumatra. Ruth Li decided to return to Singapore. "My baby is lost," she said, "but I am certain Patsy Li is still alive. I must go home and wait for her."

The risks were great, but Ruth Li managed to cross the Strait of Malacca and slip back into Singapore. With both home and possessions

destroyed, she became just one of the faceless people among the occupied city's anonymous millions a woman old beyond her years, plagued by insomnia and chronic depression. When the war ended in 1945, she saw other families reunited, children returning from distant orphanages and sanctuaries. But Patsy did not return. Ruth had only her spark of faith that, somewhere, her daughter was still alive.

Then early in 1946 she received a letter from her sister Katherine in New York. With the letter was a cutting from the New York Times. Since the sisters had been unable to communicate during the war, Katherine knew nothing of the Kuala tragedy; the Times story seemed to her merely a curious coincidence of names. It told of a little Chinese girl named Patsy Li, who had been picked up by U.S. Marines during the battle on Guadalcanal in November 1942. She had been cared for by a chaplain, Father Frederic Gehring, who later placed her in an orphanage run by French nuns on the island of Efate, in the New Hebrides.

As Ruth read the cutting, her eyes blurred. At once she wrote a letter to be forwarded to Father Gehring via the U.S. Navy. "This child is my Patsy," she exulted. "How she ever reached Guadalcanal, 4,200 miles away, doesn't matter. I know she is my child!"

When the letter reached Father Gehring, aboard a troop transport

in the Pacific, the hefty, blue-eyed priest uttered a prayer. "Merciful Father, help me! How can I tell this poor woman that the girl cannot possibly be her child!"

His letter to Ruth told the story of "his" Patsy Li. One night, during a lull in the fighting on Guadalcanal, several natives had approached a Marine outpost, carrying a little Chinese girl. The child had been found in a ditch outside a village whose inhabitants had been killed by the Japanese because of suspected collaboration with U.S. troops. The child's head was horribly gashed and her body was afire with malarial fever. A doctor did what he could, and left her in the chaplain's care. For days she hovered close to death, while Father Gehring kept a prayerful vigil. Then the crisis passed; the fever subsided, and her wounds began to heal.

She tagged along after "Father Freddy" everywhere—a sad-eyed silent child who never smiled. Father Freddy, a former missionary in central China, called her Pao Pei, meaning "Little Treasure." At first she wouldn't speak a word, and didn't seem to understand the Mandarin dialects Father Freddy spoke. But there were times when he felt certain that she understood some of the English she heard.

One night a Marine had said, "Padre, we ought to give this kid an English name." So Father Freddy changed Pao Pei to Patsy, then added: "And for a last name, let's

call her Li. Li was my name in China before the war."

Father Gehring felt that Patsy Li should not stay in the front line, so at the first opportunity he arranged to have her flown to the orphanage on Efate. When he kissed the little girl good-bye, she kicked and screamed and clung tight to his legs. The heart-breaking scene was witnessed by Foster Hailey, a war correspondent, who sent the story to the New York *Times*.

Thus, Father Gehring concluded his letter, the child had been named only by chance. He was deeply sorry that the coincidence had raised false hopes in a mother's heart.

But Ruth Li's faith was unshaken. "This is my Patsy Li," she declared, and started making arrangements to visit the orphanage on Efate.

The meeting between Ruth and "Patsy Li" took place towards the end of 1946, in the residency of the Assistant Commissioner on Efate. When the child was brought in, Ruth Li rushed towards her with open arms. But then her heart sank. The dull-eyed, sullen-faced child shied away from her. And she bore no resemblance to the beautiful little girl Ruth had lost four years earlier.

When the child left, Ruth Li's spirit cracked. Bernard Blackweil, the commissioner, tried to console her. "Don't be hasty," he urged. "Stay a while and get to know the child better. You must be absolutely certain before you leave."

Next day, when the sisters brought Patsy to the residency for another visit, Blackwell called Ruth's attention to the vaccination mark on the child's left arm. "That means she wasn't born on Guadalcanal or on any of these islands," he said. "We don't have smallpox here, or smallpox vaccination."

"My Patsy was vaccinated when she was eight weeks old," Ruth said, "and in exactly that spot." She recalled a scar left by a sty on her daughter's eyelid. Sure enough, this Patsy Li's eyelid bore the tell-tale scar! Then one of the nuns mentioned a birth-mark on the girl's right thigh, and Ruth's hopes plummeted; her baby had been born without a blemish.

But the French doctor who had treated Patsy said emphatically: "That is not a birth-mark. It is a powder burn." Ruth wasn't fully convinced. Also, she kept hoping that the child would remember her.

The doctor urged her to be patient. "This child has suffered much, enough to transform her appearance and block her childhood memories. We must give her time, madame."

For several days Ruth wrestled with her doubts, while Patsy remained stiff and cold, showing no signs of recognition. To make things easier for the child, Ruth arranged for some playmates to come with her from the orphanage for her daily visit. She drew some comfort from the fact that Patsy remained withdrawn even from them.

Then Ruth had an inspiration. She had with her a precious memento: a postcard Patsy had written to her aunt in 1941, while she was learning to write English. She had always printed in big block letters that had one distinctive fault—the E's were reversed. The cherished postcard's message: "DAR AUNT KATHARINA. WA ARA ALL WALLHOW ARA YOU? I LOVA YOU. PATSY."

Ruth seated the children round a big table and gave them pencils and paper. "Now," she said, "let's try to write some letters. First, Patsy Li will write these words in English: Dear . . . Aunt . . . Katherine. . . ." With each word she breathed a silent prayer.

Obediently, laboriously, Patsy Li set the message down on paper. When she finished she looked up with a puzzled frown. Ruth stared at the paper: the words were printed in block letters—and every E was reversed!

That night Patsy remained at the residency with Ruth. Long after the child was asleep Ruth lay awake beside her, aware of every little movement, occasionally reaching over to touch her face or her hair. Towards dawn Patsy turned and, mumbling in her sleep, placed an arm round her mother's neck. The last shred of doubt vanished from Ruth's mind. Exhausted but happy, she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

An expert later certified that both specimens of handwriting had been

done by the same hand. Then, when the story of Patsy's identity was published, missing pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place. A survivor of the *Kuala* wrote that he had seen a child of Patsy's description picked up by a lifeboat. Another survivor declared that the little girl had later been taken aboard a freighter bound for Guadalcanal.

THE STORY OF Patsy Li does not end there. She returned to Singapore with her mother. Slowly, in familiar surroundings, her own personality unfolded and earlier memories came back. She talked long and affectionately of her Marine guardians and began writing to Father Gehring. The priest's warm replies gave Ruth an idea. In 1949, when Patsy was 13, her mother wrote: "Father, I would like Patsy to study medicine and finish her education in America. Would you help her?"

Father Gehring, now out of uniform and serving as director of the Vincentian Mission in Philadelphia, was delighted to make the arrangements. He passed the word to his old Marine and Navy friends, and by return of post received cheques, money orders, savings bonds. On Christmas Day 1950 Patsy Li arrived in the United States, and later entered a girls' school in Virginia.

Two years ago, smiling, attractive Patsy Li of Singapore was "capped" as a student nurse. And on June 7 last year she marched proudly across the campus of Catholic University in Washington, carrying the diploma that awarded her the degree of Bachelor of Science. Awaiting her under the shade of the trees were two people who were prouder still—Father Freddy Gehring and Ruth Li, recently arrived in America, where she plans to stay.

"No child alive has been so blessed as my Patsy," says Ruth Li. "No mother has been more fortunate than I. God in His wisdom has seen fit to bestow on us many miracles."

Four O'Clock Millionaire

THE same sleek limousine stands in front of the same exclusive club every afternoon. Promptly at four, a down-at-heel old tramp lurches by, nods to the chauffeur at the wheel and announces loftily, "I won't be using the car this afternoon, Fergus. A walk home will do me good."

"Very well, sir," says the chauffeur respectfully, touching his cap.

One afternoon a reporter demanded of the chauffeur, "That can't be your boss—or is it?"

"My boss?" echoed the chauffeur. "I don't even know who he is. But he always says the same thing. It obviously makes him feel good—so why should I mind?"

—B. C.

Truly free "exchange" with the outside world would mean the end of the Soviet system

Why Khrushchev

Carit Raise

the Iron Curtain

By William Jorden

ussia's easing of trade and travel restrictions with the West poses the question as to whether the Soviets are slowly lifting the Iron Curtain.

Is there yet real evidence of a meaningful policy change?

To answer the question, we should have in mind what the Iron Curtain is—beyond its purely physical and military implications. It is the sum of all the methods used by the Soviet leaders to control information about their country that reaches the outside world, and to ensure that the Russian people hear nothing, see nothing and read

nothing that might run counter to the values and beliefs which the Kremlin has been trying for 42 years to inculcate in them.

Every word about the Soviet Union that reaches us in our newspapers or on the radio, if it came from Moscow, has passed the scrutiny of the Soviet censors. In addition, the Soviet authorities carefully regulate the raw material of news. Most of it comes from official publications. The Soviet Government controls the travel of journalists and insists on acting as middleman for all interviews and other official contacts. Vast areas of the country are

closed to foreigners. Ordinary tourists are under controls worked out by Intourist, the official travel agency. They see what has been selected for them to see; they have no way of making meaningful contacts with the Russian people.

For the Russians, controls are far more rigid. The Communist Party runs all the newspapers, publishing houses, radio and television stations. The most elaborate system of radio jamming known keeps the people from hearing news or "propaganda" from the outside world. For the average Russian the barriers to going abroad are almost insurmountable.

Traditions of secrecy and suspicion are as old as Russia herself. In 1852 an American diplomat in Russia wrote: "Secrecy and mystery characterize everything. Nothing is made public that is worth knowing." Russians have never known real freedom. The written word was controlled by censors from the time of Catherine the Great to the collapse of tsarism. We sometimes forget that giants of Russian literature like Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy all struggled against the pencil-wielders in the censor's office. The secret police, too, were always important in tsarist rule. The Communists who suffered arrest and imprisonment under the tsars merely adopted and refined the police system, using it against their enemies with far more efficiency and immeasurably greater cruelty.

Parallels between tsarist and

Communist Russia can be carried too far, of course. At its worst, repression under tsardom was not carried to the extremes it reached under Stalin. Men like Lenin and Stalin who plotted to overthrow the established order suffered amazingly light penalties compared with those they later meted out. On another plane, can there be any doubt that Dostoevsky was freer to write as he pleased than Boris Pasternak is today?

Why do the Soviet leaders find it necessary to insulate themselves and their people so thoroughly, now that they have risen to a position of imposing power and influence? Those who know the Soviet Union well, including the Soviet leaders themselves, realize how much of a facade has been erected to conceal reality. Soviet claims to have found a system for providing the average man with a decent standard of liv ing take on a new meaning for anyone who has seen the generally low standard that prevails throughout most of the U.S.S.R.

More important than keeping foreigners from seeing too much of Soviet life is the necessity for the Kremlin leaders to prevent their own people from knowing the reality of life in other lands. The average Russian thinks his living conditions are not quite as good as those of Americans, but he has no conception of how different they are. Nor does he realize that he enjoys far less of the good things of life than do the people of almost every country in Europe, including some Communist countries.

I met a farmer in the Ukraine who proudly showed me his new home, three modest rooms for four people. I could understand his pride when I compared his quarters with those of the average Russian. Yet he saw nothing strange in the fact that he had no refrigerator in which to keep his food, no bathroom, no car, no radio, nor that he had to carry from a well all the water he used. I kept thinking how surprised he would be to visit the average wellequipped Western farmhouse, and what a shock it would be to him to see how little he had, compared to a farmer in Denmark, Holland, France or even in satellite East Germany.

Unfortunately the average Russian has never been outside his homeland. Those few who do go outside generally look for evidence they can cite on their return to prove the official Soviet claims about the superiority of its system. It is part of the price for being selected.

Freer contacts with other peoples would probably reduce many of the suspicions deliberately stimulated among the Soviet people by their leaders. That would make it more difficult for the regime to maintain its periodic campaigns of vigilance and fear, designed to make the people forget their grievances against the system.

But of all the many reasons put

forward to explain the quarantine doctrine of the Soviet Government, probably the most important is that the leaders of the Communist world know they could not win in any open contest with the political ideals that prevail in the West. The Bolsheviks lost the only free election ever held in Russia after the Revolution and they have never exposed themselves to that kind of test again. In the rest of the world, no well-informed people has ever deliberately chosen to saddle itself with a Communist regime on a national scale.

The Soviet Communists are simply not interested in any real exchange of ideas or in any large-scale traffic in information, except of a technical nature from which they expect to benefit. The prospect of Russians discussing the merits of political opposition or free elections could only generate terror in the minds of the Kremlin leaders. They long ago declared war on all "bourgeois ideas" and "survivals of the past," and there is no reason to think they are now prepared to admit such ideas, let alone help in their introduction.

Developments which some have taken as evidence of real relaxation in Moscow can be misleading. In handling the flow of foreign tourists, the effort is to impress them, not to promote broad contacts with the Soviet people.

The purpose seems clearly to create the impression of relaxation without the finality. It is a façade to

conceal from the unwary the unchanging structure and purposes of the Communist world. We will know that the Kremlin is sincere about free exchange with the West when a citizen of Moscow or Kiev can walk down the street and buy a foreign newspaper; when he can tune in his radio to London or New York without jamming and without fear; when he can go to a travel agency and buy tickets for himself and his family to Paris or Chicago.

Elimination of the Iron Curtain would mean the end of the Soviet system as we know it today, and that is a price which the Kremlin will never willingly pay.

Hidden Assets

Advice from architect Edward Stone: "Don't be too worth while. Always keep a few character defects handy. People love to talk about your frailties. If you must be noble, keep it to yourself." --N. R.

Bank Notes

WHEN I was a teacher of book-keeping, I frequently lectured my students on the importance of keeping their personal accounts in order. An overdrawn account was inexcusable, I said. Then one day the inevitable happened and I received a notice from my bank to say my account was overdrawn. Pencilled lightly across one corner were the words: "Greetings, teacher!"

Contributed by E. M.

THE other-day a woman came into the bank where I work accompanied by her small daughter, and wanted to cash a cheque which had been made out to her by her husband. The cashier knew her husband but not her, so he asked for identification. A thorough search of her handbag produced none.

Then she had an idea. Everybody calls her little girl the image of her dad. Lifting the child to the top of the counter she asked anxiously, "Will she do?"

The cashier took one look, laughed and promptly cashed the cheque.

--J. L. C.

A HUSBAND reports that one night while he was trying to read his evening paper his wife was struggling to balance her cheque book. Her sighs and groans made it impossible for the poor man to concentrate and he was about to take his paper to a quieter spot when she announced she had found her mistake.

The husband expressed his relief. "What was it?" he asked.

"I just forgot to deduct last month's mistake," she said triumphantly.

-Contributed by D. B.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A STRIKING example of the intellectual's preoccupation with the things of the mind concerns the great philosopher Immanuel Kant. After considerable internal debate, he decided to get married. When, however, he called at the young lady's house, he found to his intense disappointment that she had left town—20 years before.

-From a speech by Viscount Hailsham

COMEDIAN Ben Turpin began his Hollywood career as a prop man for a producer who was notoriously tight-fisted. One day, when the shooting was finished, the producer saw Turpin lift a bouquet of flowers from the set, hide it under his coat and slip out of the door. Greatly angered, the boss-man decided to follow him.

Turpin hurried along until he came to a cemetery. There, after looking about stealthily, he climbed over the fence and approached one of the graves. Now he stopped, removed his hat and, taking the flowers from under his coat, placed them on the mound.

Watching this scene, the producer felt his anger melting away. He was still deeply moved when he met Turpin some time later. He confessed that he had followed him, and apologized. "That was a beautiful thing you did, Ben," he said, "and from now on when we use flowers on a set I want

you to take them to the cemetery."
"Of course I will," replied Turpin.
"That's where I get them."- E. E. Edgat

When poet Robert Frost was at college, the fact that he was an individual with an inner life of his own almost banned him from a students' club. A friend told him that one thing stood in the way of his acceptance: he took long walks by himself in the woods. Being forewarned, he knew how to answer the club committee when they asked him how he spent his time in the woods. Instead of admitting that he was writing poetry, he answered, "Gnawing the bark off trees!"

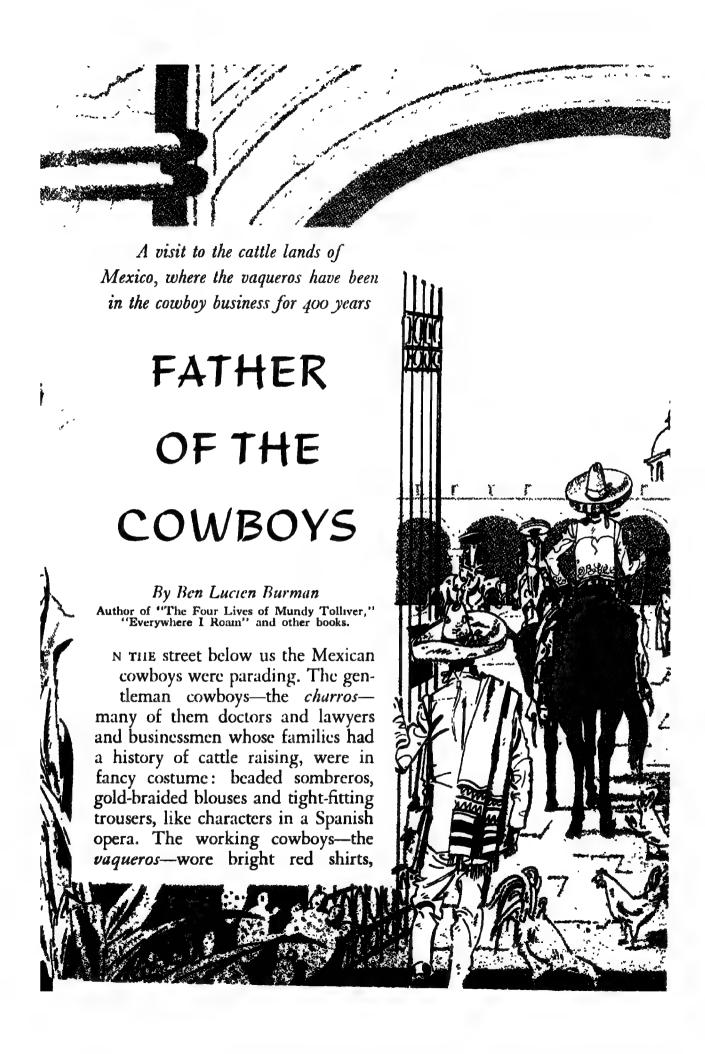
He was accepted. —R. A. B

GENERAL de Gaulle has a caustic tongue, which even his closest associates have learnt to fear. There was, for example, the minister in Algiers, who arrived for a conference on a sweltering hot day dressed in Bermuda shorts. De Gaulle gave him a long, long stare "Monsieur," he said witheringly, "where is your hoop?"—NANA

ADMIRAL Sir William Fisher, commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean in the '30's, was a man of imposing presence who fully realized the importance of his position. One Sunday he was reading the lesson in a church in Malta. When he finished, he glared round the congregation and strode back to his pew. As he passed, a small girl was heard to whisper, "Mummy, is that God?"

Eventually, the story got back to the cars of the great man. His only comment was, "A very pardonable mistake."

—Contributed by M. B.



leather chaps and shiny, nickelled spurs.

"We Mexicans are crazy about cowboys," said my friend Rodolfo, standing beside me at the hotel window. He turned on the radio. The walls echoed with the wailing lament of a Mexican cowhand, similar to any I could have heard, in English, on any radio north of the Rio Grande.

Rodolfo grew thoughtful. "It's a queer thing. Everybody is crazy about cowboys, yet hardly anybody knows anything about the Mexican vaquero, the father of them all. If you are interested, I'll take you where you can find out about him."

For years I had wanted to see the Mexican cowboy, to whom the romantic figure of the old Wild West owes so much. It was the Spaniards from Mexico who introduced long-horned cattle, round-ups and branding to the American West. Many Wild West words are Spanish in origin, such as lasso, bronco, rodeo. During my stay I was astonished to learn that the rodeo, which I had thought originated in Wyoming or Texas perhaps 50 years ago, was first held in Mexico in 1538.

We headed northwards from Mexico City. Along the new super-highway we drove, past Querétaro and San Luis Potosí, across the stony mountains that form the jagged backbone of Mexico. Here we left the super-highway. The country flattened into bleak, arid

plains, dotted with mesquite and cactus. At last we came to a sandy trail where a pick-up truck was waiting for us. As we climbed in, I noticed that the genial little Mexican driver had a pistol strapped to his side. He caught my glance, and his nut-brown face wrinkled in a grin. "Mi rociador de perfume (my perfume-sprayer), Señor," he said. "We are going into wild country, far from tourists. There are pumas and wolves and cattle thieves. One never knows, Señor."

The vehicle began winding over a broken road which eventually became only a track leading across huge rocks and down deep gullies. There was no sign of humanity—only prickly pear and century plant and queer-shaped Joshua trees. After five jolting hours, a clump of trees showed ahead, and the little Mexican grinned at me again. "The hacienda, Señor," he said.

On top of a low rise was an immense red-walled structure which resembled a medieval fortress, its military appearance heightened by gun holes along its parapets. As we drove through a shadowy archway into the bright sunlight beyond, it was as if we had dropped back several hundred years in history.

We were in an immense quadrangle, as large as the central square in many Mexican towns. Near the entrance were the ranch owners' vast apartments, including a dininghall that could seat 50 people. Beyond these were the kitchen and

storehouses, the servants' quarters and stables. At one corner of the enclosure was a beautiful church, and next to it a little school. Cowboys, wearing huge sombreros and weather-stained serapes, were moving about the courtyard and, through a gate that led into another enclosure, I could see the houses with pretty little gardens where they lived with their families.

The owner was off on business in Texas, but the superintendent came forward to greet us, a genial rolypoly individual with a face red from drinking tequila. After seeing us installed in bedrooms like those of a Spanish palace, he drove us in a jeep to a near-by cactus wilderness where a great herd of cattle was grazing. Near them a solitary cowboy sat on his horse, motionless as a statue. Wrapped in his serape, he reminded me of some of the Arab riders I had seen in the Sahara. I mentioned this to Rodolfo.

"You're closer to the truth than you think," he commented. "We Mexicans learned how to ride from the Spaniards, and the Spaniards learned from the Arabs who ruled Spain for so many years."

Driving on, we saw a group of vaqueros sitting round a fire, warming some meat and tortillas, and laughing at something a burly older man was saying. The superintendent introduced the man as the caporal, a sort of cowboy sergeantmajor, and asked him to tell me why they were laughing.

The *caporal*, who bore the name of Big Lupe, turned to me and chuckled. "I was telling of the new vaquero who came to work here, Señor. We have many covotes, and they have been killing the young calves. I told this man we were paying a bounty of two pesos for each coyote tail that he brought to the hacienda. Last week he came to me with eight tails, but he did not look happy, and I noticed that he bore many scratches. 'I wish to give up this work with the tails," he said. 'It is too hard. When I hold the coyotes and cut off the tails they do not like it. And before they run away again they always give me a good bite or a scratch."

When the vaqueros finished eating, we borrowed two of their extra mounts and rode along while they rounded up some stray cattle. In a moment Big Lupe spurred off towards a huge bull suddenly visible in the brush a few hundred yards away. As the cowboy came nearer, the bull, enraged, charged at him fiercely. Big Lupe swung his horse away with all the grace of a performing equestrian, the bull's horns so close they almost touched his horse's flank, Half a dozen times he repeated the manoeuvre, shouting, whirling his lasso, all the time driving the bull closer to the gate of a corral. The bull made a final lunge at him, then darted through the gate.

My friend Rodolfo watched with admiration. "They're as expert as

bullfighters, these cowboys. And every bit as brave. They don't know the meaning of fear."

Riding farther on, Big Lupe suddenly reined in his horse and, snatching the *machete* hanging from his saddle, leaped to the ground and began whipping at something in the brush. An instant later I saw it was a large rattlesnake striking at him viciously. He dispatched the poisonous reptile, standing so close to its flashing jaws I was terrified he would be bitten. Then casually, as though he had been collecting firewood, he sprang back on to his horse.

"Big Lupe can smell a snake," said an unusually dark-faced vaquero as we rode on again. "He can also smell a cow when it is half a mile away. I am like this also. It is the Red Indian in us."

"My horse can also smell them," declared a lean cowboy called El Gringo, probably because of his blue eyes and fair hair. "Many do not know this, but some horses can follow the track of a cow or a wild animal like a dog for hunting." His pale face lit up with pride. "It is something to ride along, following a lost cow, and you feel your horse grow tense and you know he has picked up the trail. And when there is danger you listen, and your horse's ears straighten and his heart starts beating faster, and you know he is listening also. When your heart beats as one with your horse, then you know it is good to be a cowboy."

"It is easier to find a good woman than a good horse," said the darkfaced one.

When we returned to the hacienda, I heard the deafening noise of a loudspeaker coming from a little brick building which served as the hacienda grocery. Walking to it, I saw an old-fashioned horn gramophone squawking out a cowboy song. Inside I could see the grocer standing behind the counter while a grizzled cowboy looked over half a dozen worn gramophone records. Now the music stopped, and the grocer stepped forward to say a few words over the loudspeaker.

"This is the hacienda jukebox," explained the rotund superintendent. "For 20 centavos the groceryman will play the record the cowboy chooses. This price includes the dedication which he has just read over the microphone so that everyone in the *hacienda* can hear. 'I, Tony García, respectfully dedicate this song to Carmencita Valdés.' So tonight in their homes all the women will say to their husbands, 'Have you heard? Tony García is courting Carmencita Valdés.' And makes Tony very proud."

Next morning a long ride in the truck took us to another ancient, fortress-like hacienda, devoted to the raising of fighting bulls. The caporal there, called Chucho, a little man with a bright face furrowed deep with age, escorted us to a pasture where a score of the enormous animals were grazing. Opening the

pasture gate, he politely invited us to enter.

I glanced worriedly at the huge animals, menacing as storm clouds, and Chucho laughed. "Do not be afraid, Señor," he said. "When there are many fighting bulls together this way, they are like so many sheep. It is when there is only one by himself that they are dangerous."

I followed him gingerly. In a moment we were in the midst of the black monsters, walking so close that I could have stroked their glossy sides. To my amazement they either paid no attention or moved away. Then a cowboy came with a sack of feed, and spread it on flat stones set in the ground so that each bull had his own special table. The bulls began to munch the grain noisily.

I was about to make a comment, but Rodolfo put a finger to his lips. As we moved off a little, he spoke in a low tone. "It's best to be very quiet. They're as temperamental as film stars, these bulls. If we talk, they're apt to get irritated and forget their rule about attacking only when they're alone."

From a high stone corral near us there arose a loud shouting. We went through the gate and saw perhaps 50 of the fighting bulls, with their cows and calves, milling around wildly as a dozen cowboys herded them towards a cattle chute. There a white-aproned vet waited with a syringe to give the animals an inoculation.

"Vaca! Vaca! (Cow! Cow!)" the

cowboys shouted as they dodged the charging horns. All the time they bantered with each other as though these bulls were a herd of squealing pigs instead of creatures so fierce they had become a symbol of death. For, like the other Mexican cowboys I had seen, and their Wild West counterparts, these fearless men possessed a profound love of laughter.

For weeks I drove about with Rodolfo visiting other haciendas, all the way from the Rio Grande to Mexico City. Then we turned southward, past the snow-covered craters of Popocatépetl and The Sleeping Woman (Iztaccíhuatl). The sun was growing ever hotter, the country more and more tropical. Beyond Oaxaca with its famous pyramids we made our way, the people becoming ever more primitive, the mountains ever more mysterious.

Finally we came upon a beautiful valley, only 100 miles from Guatemala, known as one of the finest cattle regions in all Mexico. This was in the state of Chiapas, the most remote, the least changed part of the country. A hacienda loomed ahead, our final goal. As we drew near, a stately, white-haired old man who might have stepped from the pages of a Spanish novel came forward to greet us.

There was little work going on, he pointed out, because it was Sunday and a religious holiday was in progress. We sauntered over to a house where a vaquero sat polishing a fancy saddle. We talked about the

problems of the cattle in this jungle country, so different from the desert areas where I had been travelling. The ants, for instance, which will carry away all the feed in a corral unless a ditch is dug round it and filled with water.

"But sometimes even this is not enough," the cowboy said. "There is a long red snake here—we call it a coralillo—that lives in a hole with the ants. When the ants wish to cross a ditch to eat the feed, they call on this snake and he comes out and stretches his body over the water like a bridge. I have seen this with my own eyes many times. Perhaps this is the way the snake pays his rent to the ants, Señor."

From the hacienda church came the pealing of a bell and the sound of chanting voices. The cowboy listened. "It is sad you are not here for the blessing of the animals, Señor. On the 12th day of January. On every horse and steer and cow and calf we put a pretty collar. Even on the dogs and cats and chickens. And then we lead them to the church, and the priest sprinkles them with holy water so that no harm may come to them during the year. It is a beautiful thing to see."

Rodolfo and I ate supper with our host and his family in a heavily-timbered dining-room, the table loaded with chicken and steaks, *enchiladas* and tacos, and a never-ending parade of steaming tortillas. Afterwards, as we sat on the veranda in the twilight, the blind son of one of the cowboys came with a guitar and began to sing. Cowboys drifted over with their families and sat down on the veranda steps to listen. Soon another guitarist joined the first; then from somewhere a marimba appeared, played by two men whose faces might have been taken from a sculpture on an Aztec pyramid.

The party began to grow lively. Two children came forward and danced. Some of their elders followed, shyly at first in the presence of strangers, then fierily as their reserve vanished and they caught the throbbing beat of the magic rhythm that is Mexico.

The party broke up suddenly. We climbed into our car and set off through the dark mountains. When we reached the modern hotel at Tuxtla, I turned on the luxurious console radio in my room. From it there issued the usual plaintive song of a vaquero, lamenting his lost love.

I thought of all the cowboys I had seen in Mexico, and the cowboys of South America and Australia and of the Wild West. The world is crazy about its cowboys. And in our mechanized age of chaos it is easy to understand why.

FTER a difficult day with the children a young mother says, "I like to take the car and go for a drive; I like to have something in my hands I can control."

—Lawrence Fitzgerald



"The Sleeping Gipsy" by Henri Rousseau, Museum of Modern Art, New York.

mmortal nnocent By Malcolm Vaughan

'Douanier" Rousseau, who painted happily in poverty in Paris while the neighbours laughed at him

N A ONE-ROOM lodging with but a one window, above a plasterer's shop in a cheap quarter of Paris, Henri Rousseau lived from hand to mouth in serene contentment. To pay his rent and buy food Rousseau did artistic odd jobs for his

neighbours. He wrote letters for those who couldn't write. He taught diction to the corner grocer, elocution to the grocer's son, violin to the milkman's daughters, mandolin to the baker's wife.

Every hour that Rousseau could

call his own he spent painting pictures. He couldn't sell them; they were self-trained raw art, and in those days—towards the close of the last century—they looked so childish that they aroused only amusement.

Henri Rousseau was a gentle creature. Small-statured, round-shouldered, a friendly little man, he caught you by the fervour in his eyes. Despite his impoverished air he vibrated happiness, as if he kept inside him the secret of the joy of life.

Everything about him was simple-hearted innocence. You noticed it in his naïve talk, in the childlike pictures he painted, and in his innocent reactions to people. When he first exhibited "The Sleeping Gipsy" (reproduced on page 59), men and women gathered in front of the picture and laughed in derision. Rousseau mistook their unconcealed laughter for approval and delight.

Rousseau himself thought so highly of "The Sleeping Gipsy" that he offered it to the town of his birth, Laval in Mayenne, believing, as he said, that the townsfolk might want to "possess a remembrance" of him. He wasn't offended when the town refused. As usual, he was touched with pity for those who didn't appreciate his paintings. He had no doubt about his place in history.

No one laughs at Rousseau's pictures now. Their rich, interlinking

patterns of bright colours have been compared to Persian painting. His celebrated "Sleeping Gipsy" was bought for 25,000 dollars by the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Such a price would have astounded Rousseau. Throughout his life he rarely possessed as much as 25 dollars at one time. Born in 1844, the son of a poor tinsmith, Henri often had to earn his bread after school hours. Always longing to paint, he couldn't afford art school. Shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, during which he served in the French army, he landed a small job as a toll-gate employee on the outskirts of Paris.* From day to day he seldom had more than the bare necessities.

He was about 40 when he determined to turn to painting. He painted with such hairsplitting care, meticulously working from the top to the bottom of his canvas, that a picture took him two to three months to complete.

If luck was with him and he sold the picture he would get seven or cight dollars for it—hardly enough to pay for canvas and paints. No matter! He'd give a party. Rousseau loved people. He'd invite as many as could crowd into his room neighbours, pupils, toll-gate workers—and there would be a gay evening of music and singing. If there was a newcomer among the guests, Rousseau proudly pointed

^{*} It was this post which earned him his nick-name "Douanier"—Customs officer.

out his paintings round the walls, explaining details that might not be clear.

When he could sit at his easel from dawn till dusk he was serenely content. In this almost saintly calm, he created again and again outstanding pictures such as "The Toll House," "Banks of the Oise," "Summer, The Pasture." In his later years he launched the culminating achievement of his career, a series of magnificent jungle scenes: lions stalking their prey in tropical thickets of jewelled colours, a tiger attacking a buffalo, a gorilla leaping upon a native spearman, snakes being charmed by the musical piping of a dark-skinned girl.

Rousseau's jungle animals he saw at the Paris zoo. His tropical foliage came from leaves and fronds and grasses he picked up at the botanical gardens and pressed in books till he needed them. The different motifs he wove together into a mood of his own—a fantasy, in short, an art that was his unique creation. Throughout most of his life he was thought too childlike to be a good artist; his neighbours continued to take his painting lightly even after art critics, connoisseurs and celebrities began arriving at his room with words of praise. Today we know that few artists in history have ever worked so creatively in so much artless innocence.

Two years before Rousseau's death, Picasso arranged a banquet for him, inviting all the modern artists in Paris to meet their peer. Toast after toast was drunk. In the midst of the speechmaking, Rousseau fell asleep, tired out with joy.

He died in 1910 and was buried in a pauper's grave in a cemetery outside Paris. Later, friends contributed the money to give his remains a decent burial plot.

"Dear Sir . . . "

When her favourite local newspaper had to cease publication for 17 days because of a printing strike, an irritated housewife telephoned the editor. "You knew beforehand that this was going to happen," she said. "Why didn't you print a lot of papers in advance?" --w. C. O.

THE EDITOR of a well-known dictionary received an irate letter from a woman customer. "There is no excuse," she wrote, "for a dictionary the size of yours leaving out the word 'phsychology!"

* * *

Fragment of conversation: "You know, television programmes are getting simply terrible these days. Sometimes we even have to turn off our set."

—Contributed by G. M. V.

Report on a new British drug that is dramatically effective against the fungi which cause such itchy and painful troubles as ringworm and athlete's foot

4 Dill for Skin Illiserie

By J. D. Ratcliff



KIN DISORDERS seldom
take a life, rarely put
people to bed. But
they discomfort
and disfigure—and

prompt a high proportion of visits made to doctors' consulting-rooms. In this area a new drug, griseoful-vin, is working curative wonders on a group of problems that formerly had dermatologists stumped. An antibiotic (taken in the form of a pill) which attacks fungi that lodge in the skin, it looks like the weapon supreme against such ailments as ringworm, athlete's foot and similar fungus infections which have, until now, resisted treatment.

Griseofulvin is produced by moulds of the same family that produces penicillin. Discovered in

Britain in 1939, it was tested against bacteria—no good. Later test-tube studies, at the Glaxo Laboratories and at Imperial Chemical Industries, showed it to be unusually effective against a number of plant fungi. Sprinkled round fungus-infected crops, it was taken up in the plants' sap and stamped out the disease. The antibiotic was far too expensive for general agricultural use, but research continued.

Last year, in an experiment at the University of Glasgow, Dr. J. C. Gentles shaved guinea-pigs' flanks and rubbed in fungi of the type that cause so much skin misery among humans. Soon the animals had redhot infections, and Gentles began administering pills of griseofulvin. The drug behaved in a striking

fashion. Within 96 hours the raw, red areas were healing.

Would the pills work as effectively on human beings? A well-known London actor had a severe fungal infection of the foot which had resisted conventional treatment. The . disease had spread from the toe webs up the foot to his ankle. Pain and itching had become so intolerable that he was about to give up his part in a successful play. Then his doctors gave him griseofulvin. Within three days after the actor started taking the white pills, the itching and burning disappeared. In a fortnight healing was complete. Doctors, who had never had a really effective remedy against skin fungi, besieged Glaxo for the new antibiotic.

The dozens of skin fungi are wily performers. Microscopically small plants, they lead a parasitic existence, subsisting on keratin, which is the layer of dead cells that makes up the outer skin, hair and nails. In skin, fungi have a zone only a tiny fraction of an inch thick in which they can survive. If they dip too deeply into the body they are destroyed by natural body defences circulating in the blood; if they rise too near the surface they are washed away. Yet this precarious mode of life offers certain protections. Hiding beneath a hard-to-penetrate protective sheath of dead outer cells, the fungi often persist for decades, unharmed by medicinal salves and unguents rubbed on the skin's surface.

At times fungus infections start as a small, inflamed red pimple, then grow outward, ring-fashion. Old-time observers thought there was a thread-like worm under the skin—hence the name ringworm. Such infections are particularly troublesome in the groin area. Other common areas of infection are the scalp, nails and feet.

Since the fungi hide in dead tissue where no blood circulates, griseofulvin can't get at them directly. Apparently the drug becomes incorporated in living cells which later die and are pushed upward. Thus, by the back door, griseofulvin reaches the zone in which the fungi live. It does not appear to attack the organisms directly and kill them. It somehow interferes with their ability to reproduce. With this faculty lost, they are pushed to the surface and discarded.

The record of griseofulvin's performance to date shows almost uniform success. The first doctor to report—Dr. Gustav Riehl, of the University of Vienna—found griseofulvin immensely superior to anything previously available. Mexican doctors reported on an initial 20 patients whose fungus infections had persisted up to 30 years. Score: 100 per cent success. A year ago, Dr. David Williams, of King's College Hospital, London, reported similar results.

Now several thousand people , have been treated with the new antibiotic. One 67-year-old woman had

been tortured from the age of five by ringworm of the scalp. Scaly skin and patchy baldness had failed to respond to an arsenal of medications. Three weeks after treatment with griseofulvin, itching disappeared and new hair started growing. Full recovery followed.

Another striking case was that of a commercial artist who had contracted a fungus infection of hands and nails during the Second World War. Despite treatment over a 14-year period, he was disabled to a point where work was almost impossible. His response to the new drug was immediate. Skin cleared and healthy new nails grew.

Griscofulvin has no power against

such skin diseases as acne, psoriasis, or deeply planted fungus infections. But from present evidence it is active against the fungi which cause 95 per cent of the superficial infections.

Under griscofulvin treatment, ringworm of the skin usually clears in a fortnight; of the feet (except for severe cases) in a month; of the scalp in six weeks. Infected fingernails and toenails may, require several months to be replaced.

Enticing possibilities lie ahead. The griscofulvin molecule is simple. Chemists can take it apart, rebuild it to new patterns, and possibly open the door to attack on a wide range of diseases.

Forms of Expression

When a medical student, applying for a scholarship at his university, was asked why he needed assistance, he wrote: "My wife and I are now separated, and this has left me as my sole means of support." W. S. J.

Asked why she refused to take tranquillizers prescribed by her doctor, a woman said: "The last time I was taking them I found myself being friendly to people I wouldn't even speak to otherwise."

---Contributed by M. L. H.

A young man applying for a teaching position, in response to a query about marital status, wrote: "Eligible."

—C. K.

ON HIS application for credit one department-store customer wrote: "I've got credit accounts with every department store my wife has ever entered."

--Contributed by W. T. M.

THE FORM sent in by a woman applying for a teaching job had a very flattering picture attached with this note: "I haven't got a recent photograph of myself, but am enclosing one of my daughter. We look very much alike."

—Contributed by A. L. P.

What Shall I Tell My Daughters?

By Phyllis McGinley

dent creatures; they never really believe their children will grow up. Parenthood is such a hand-to-mouth existence, such a series of skirmishes that they can only live like soldiers in the field from day to day. Babies must cut molars, tots start off to school, little boys break windows, and little girls their hearts at dancing class. Each peril has to be faced as it is encountered, and every event is an emergency for which there can be no real preparation except love and common sense.

And then suddenly a mother looks about her and her children are children no longer. This is a curious moment, compounded of exhilaration, panic and surprise. Until now, even the most desperate situation

has always had this consolation—that however inadequate her hand, it was there to be reached for. She could interpose herself between the child and life. Now that must change.

Our daughters (for I must speak of the gender I know best) must climb the rest of the way very nearly unaccompanied, and it wrings the heart. For perhaps they have not quite recovered from adolescence. They still worry about their complexions, and they take a gentle suggestion as a personal affront. They are still unsure of themselves. But the boys they bring home speak condescendingly to adults in manly voices. Next year or the year after will bring a job. It will also bring love or its facsimile.

What shall I, what shall any

mother give them for an amulet against the dangerous journey they must take alone?

Surely no one would be naïve enough to think that little biological chats about conception and bodily structure are sufficient. Our daughters have known for a long time just how babies are born, and have accepted, we hope, their theoretical knowledge of sex gravely and sweetly. But the tides of spring run strong. To the confusion of new voices and circumstances and the competition for popularity will be added the pulse of their own blood. Curiosity, even, will have its urgent pull. What memorable word can we teach them that they can repeat like an incantation if the tide should become a threatening flood?

I have read and talked and thought about the problem deeply, and I know what I, for one, shall do. It's an iconoclastic thing, not mentioned at all in the pamphlets and tomes I have dipped into. But it seems sanest. I shall remind my daughters simply that there is such a thing as right and wrong. I shall commit the dreadful heresy of talking about sin.

Now sin has always been an ugly word. In the last half-century it has been made not only ugly but passé. People are no longer sinful; they are only immature or underprivileged or frightened or, more particularly, ill. No doubt it has been helpful to some unfortunates to find themselves so considered. But my

children would believe themselves mortally insulted to have their misdemeanours classified as illnesses. In our household we have never been afraid of the word "sin."

Most of the books I've dipped into deplore sexual experiment. They point out the physical dangers, the emotional involvement, the inconveniences and distresses of furtive passion. But not once did I come across a reference to right or wrong in regard to the great act of love.

Some writers have set down superbly reasoned appeals for chastity. But how strong is reason against a tidal wave? I think conscience proves a superior shelter. My daughters shall be told that there exist a moral law and an ancient commandment, and that they do wrong to flout them.

I should like to argue the whole-someness of treating extra-marital relations as sinful. To begin with, sin implies a turning away from goodness, and the young love goodness with all their hearts. We all know what idealists they are, how they hate injustice and cruelty, hypocrisy and cant. To take away their delight in virtue, to tell them that temptations are merely urges towards immature behaviour, is to give them stones when they pant for bread.

In the second place, it is confusing. We have all argued too much with our children in this generation. It has been drummed into our ears that we must explain the



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reasons behind every taboo. I remember my elder daughter once listening to my careful dissertation on why some action was not to be tolerated. Finally she burst out, "Oh, Mother, why don't you just tell me *not to* for once and stop explaining!" Just so. It is simpler to treat sex morally than reasonably.

Moreover, believing in sin is a kind of tactful armour. A girl might find, in a given situation, that it was better to tell a young man that he was doing wrong than that he was being a social dunce. His self-esteem would suffer less.

Because I am against sin, it does not follow that I am also against sex, or that my girls will get that impression. On the contrary, they will believe, I hope, that it is one of the moving graces of the world, far too magnificent a gift to be carelessly handled. They will understand, when I mention the moral standard, that it is for the sake of protecting this magnificence that mankind has slowly, strugglingly, been building for several thousand years. Fashions in morals fluctuate; but right and wrong do not alter, nor do their consequences.

So what shall I tell my daughters about chastity before marriage? I shall be sensible and point out the social penalties attached to any other conduct. I shall touch on the possible pregnancy, the untidiness, the heart-break. I shall also say that love is never merely a biological act but one of the few miracles left on earth, and that to use it cheaply is a sin.



Borderline Cases

A LAWYER who bought a new house wanted to fence in his back garden, but he was a little short of cash. However, he had an idea. Some time before he moved, he sent his dog-kennel out to his new place and had it installed in the back garden. It was a big dog-kennel, which indicated that a big dog would soon be making his appearance in the neighbourhood.

When the lawyer moved to his home, he had only to fence the bottom of his garden, and get a long gate for the front. His neighbours had already fenced in the other two sides.

—H. P.

TWENTY of the 27 tenants in our block of flats own hi-fi sets. The landlord, hearing complaints about the late-night music, sent a stern message: "No hi-fi music after 10.30 p.m."

The furious hi-fiers banded together. Each bought the same record and at exactly 10.30 the next night 20 sets, turned on full blast, played "Taps."



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By Wolfgang Langewiesche

HAT is this thing, magnetic tape? What can it do that its name should pop up so often? Technically, it is merely a kind of gramophone record. On the familiar disc, the needle slides in a groove and the sound waves are recorded in the wriggles of that groove.

Magnetic tape is a ribbon of tough plastic coated with iron-oxide particles. The sound vibrations are represented by stronger or lesser magnetization of this coating. As the tape slides underneath a pick-up "head," it plays the sound track.

Tape has advantages over the gramophone record. It is of higher fidelity, can play back even the tiniest shading of sound. It can be played 10,000 times, does not get scratchy, and can be posted in an

envelope without breaking. On tape everybody can make his own recordings. It's easy. Recorder and player are the same machine. Push a button, and the tape starts taking down what it hears. Push another button, and the tape plays it back. If you don't like what you have recorded, you reel the tape back and do it again: the new recording erases the old. Or you can snip out what you don't want with scissors and splice the rest together. All this adds up to more than merely a new type of gramophone record. This is a new tool, the most powerful one for the conveyance of ideas since the invention of printing.

The ease and cheapness of making a tape recording open up a whole new service: the dispensing

of information automatically. At the control tower of London Airport, technical visitors are taken to a gallery overlooking the operational hub of the terminal, and hear a 12-minute lecture about what is going on. This talk, pre-recorded by an air traffic control officer, comes over loud-speakers from centrally located tape equipment. At least one British firm now uses tape to record its board meetings; the microphones are installed in the boardroom ceiling. A number of wedding photographers now supplement their service with complete tape recordings of the ceremony. Some companies equip executive offices with microphones so that letters can be dictated to tape recorders in the typing pool. As reels are filled they are typed up and the executives presented with letters prepared by unseen typists.

In America, the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company is making experiments with tape publishing—recording books on tape. Not many are available yet; mass-produced discs are still much cheaper.

One drawback of the spoken book has been that speech is so slow. People can listen almost twice as fast as a speaker can speak. But you can't just run the tape faster: speech becomes a high-pitched cackle. This problem, however, has now been solved. Professor Grant Fairbanks, of the University of Illinois, puts a tape through a "time compressor" which speeds up speech 50 per cent

or more without pitch-changing. It does this by taking out tiny bits of speech, a fraction of a second at a time. The ear never misses them.

Tape is bringing on a revolution in language teaching. Languages have long been taught with gramophone records; there is a pause after each phrase while you repeat it. With language tape, during each pause you record your own version. Afterwards you play the tape and compare your pronunciation with that of the tape voice. In the end the machine erases your part of the tape but not the master voice; so the same tape can be used over and over again.

A classroom designed to use this tape has been installed at Macalester College in St. Paul in the United States. It has 25 individual booths, each surrounded by sound-deadening material, each with a window looking forward at the teacher. Every booth is equipped with playback machine, recorder, microphone and ear-phones. Students can practise without a teacher; the room can work day and night. And each student can talk for about 25 minutes per hour. In an ordinary language class he might talk for one minute.

Tape can do much more for language teaching. Fairbanks, the time-compressor man, can also slow down speech. This puts a foreign word under the microscope. One listener who had taped Chinese, slowed to varying degrees, could not really catch the sounds fast enough,



nor could his tongue make the unfamiliar sounds. But, stretched out to quadruple length, they became suddenly quite clear and strongly invited imitation! The listener walked away mouthing Chinese words.

Magnetic tape, recording electric impulses, will take anything that can be converted into such impulses: heartbeats, brain waves, engine vibrations, cosmic rays, strains in aircraft wings, blood pressures. Tape, therefore, has become a great new tool for scientists and engineers.

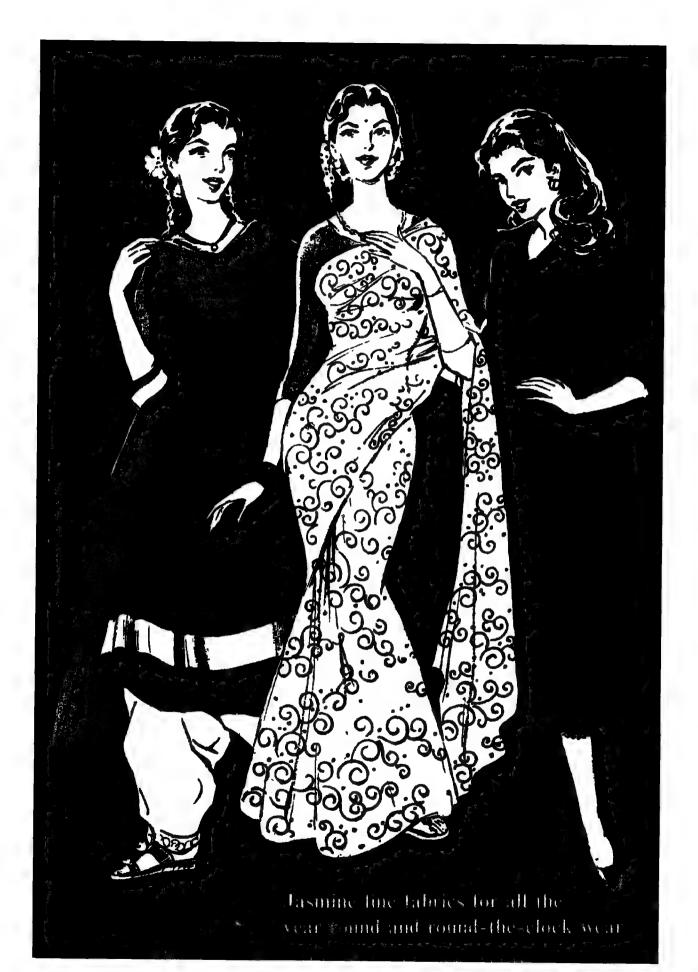
For instance, much of what we know about missiles we know by tape. Cape Canaveral, America's rocket base, produces miles of magnetic tape—with information on it. Each missile reports its temperatures, vibrations, stresses, pressures. Tape on the ground records the signals. "Telemetering," this is called. One tape can now keep track of hundreds of instruments simultaneously! The tape goes back to the factories and helps to make better missiles.

A small example: missiles vibrate. All the devices inside them must be vibration-proof. To test a device, engineers mount it on a "shake-table" and rattle it. Question: just what sort of vibration should the table make? Back and forth? Round and round? How rough? Until recently, engineers had to guess. Now they tape the missile's vibrations in actual flight. Back at the factory, this tape then plays back the vibrations

on the shake-table, much as another tape might play music on the loud-speaker. The shake-table rattles realistically, and there are fewer failures in flight.

Tape can also carry figures and letters. You write on tape with typewriter-like machines, putting small magnetized spots on it according to one code or another. A few dots, in various combinations, give you all the letters of the alphabet, all the numerals. This is an earth-shaker of a fact: it links tape with the most fateful machine of our time—the electronic computer. Tape is what computers feed on. Once information is on tape, the electronic computer can do anything. People still think of computers in connexion with abstruse and highbrow calculations. But their biggest use may be in quite simple calculations that have to be made in overwhelming numbers. "Data handling," this is called, and all the data can be put on tape.

It is amazing to watch a computer work with tape. For instance, you have one tape containing the names of all your employees, along with various data, wage rates, etc. And another containing this week's dismissals, engagements, promotions. You run them both into the computer. The machine now makes a "two-tape merge": it shuffles the new names and facts into correct alphabetical or systematic place between the old ones, eliminates data no longer pertinent, and



out comes a new, up-to-date tape.

Now you feed into the computer a tape containing the formulas for each employee's deductions, and another showing how long each one has worked. The Thing now calculates what each man gets, taking into account hours worked, hourly rate, overtime, bonuses, insurance contributions, income tax deductions and other relevant adjustments. Out comes a tape showing the total of take-home pay. Making up the weekly pay-roll at one British factory used to involve more than 60 people for a total of about 1,600 hours. Now the computer, tended by three experts, does it from prepared tape in 12 hours.

Magnetic tape may revolutionize our libraries. It's not the books that will go on tape, but the catalogue. The aim is to help us find in our libraries all the information that is actually there. American industrial mathematicians recently spent 15 man-years vainly trying to solve a certain problem. The solution had been printed in a Russian journal five years earlier and reprinted in an English one. A steel executive says it is cheaper to spend thousands of pounds on an experiment than to search the libraries to find out whether someone has already tried it. But now there's promise in an American library-search machine, in experimental operation at Western Reserve University.

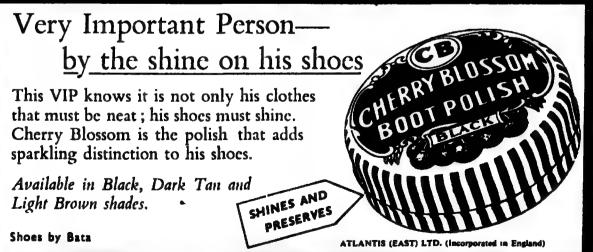
The machine was developed by Professors James Perry and Allen Kent. Here's how it works. First, an engineer writes an abstract of a book or article. It might say in part: "Titanium sheet can be given added tensile strength by rolling." This is translated semi-automatically into machine code which goes on to the tape. A 'reader's enquiry is similarly coded and fed into the computer. The computer then runs through the tape. When it comes to a group of the proper symbols, it types out the catalogue number of the book or journal.

A transistorized version of this search machine, now being constructed, will go into use early next year. It will scan 100,000 abstracts per hour and can search them for 15 questions at a time.

Magnetic tape can also run machines. In essence, the tape says to the machine: "Go to position x17y3; now to y4." The machine obeys. In this way, tape can do complex jobs that exceed human skill. A tape can tell a machine to carve out of a solid block of aluminium a piece of aeroplane wing complete with outer skin, inner ribs and beams—all in one piece. This kind of construction, with no rivets, welds, or joints of any kind, is the strongest and lightest now possible.

You can make a duplicate of a tape, post it to some other factory, and it will turn out exactly the same product. Until now, you would have had to send shipments of jigs and dies. So tape offers the advantages of mass production without the heavy





initial investment for tooling-up. In the long run all sorts of things will be cheaper to make because of tape.

The latest triumph of tape is the recording and reproduction of the television picture. It is better than film because it is almost indistinguishable from the live show, and because there is no waiting for development. For television news, tape is ideal. Events are recorded when they happen, shown when convenient. And there are other uses.

Football teams will be able to videorecord the first half of a game, run the picture over at half-time and analyse their play.

And so the process of discovery goes on. Man's mind had a wonderful new toy. But like radio and television, like paper and pen and print, tape can never be better than the mind that uses it. What are we going to say on tape, explore on tape, show on tape? There is the challenge. What is on our minds?



Case Histories

I was in an army hospital in Berlin with such a serious case of pneumonia that a nurse was stationed at my bedside night and day. It was no help to my morale when one morning a famous lung specialist, followed by a group of student doctors, swept into my room and proceeded to give a lecture on my interesting symptoms. After he had finished, each student listened to my chest with a stethoscope. Then they all swept out again. All, that is, but one young doctor who lingered on for a moment. "If it's any consolation," he said, looking at me sympathetically, "I found you quite okay."

ONE SATURDAY morning a young doctor was summoned to the home of a society woman whose usual doctor was away. She explained that the night before she had fallen down while at the concert hall and injured her leg.

"You know those two steps going down to the left from the orchestra?" she asked.

"No," replied the doctor, "I'm afraid I don't."

"Were you at the symphony concert on Friday night?" she asked.

"No, I wasn't."

"Have you been to the concerts this season?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, have you ever been to the concerts?" she persisted.

"I'm afraid I never have," the doctor said.

The woman stiffened. "In that case," she said, "you are obviously not the type of doctor I want."

—Contributed by C. D. J., M.D.

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spent a night in a hotel on the edge of the Grand Canyon. Early in the morning we were awakened by the chatter of female voices. We looked out of our window and saw that a bus full of women had stopped in front of the hotel. As we watched, the first one off the bus ran to the rim of the canyon and looked over the wall. Then she turned and wildly beckoned to the others. "Come on, girls," she shouted. "It's open!" Contributed by Virginia Rose

A woman who runs a nursery school was delivering a car-load of kids home one day when a fire engine zoomed past. Sitting on the front seat was the brigade mascot, a Dalmatian dog. The children immediately began discussing the dog's duties. "They use him to keep the crowds back," said one five-year-old. "No," said another, "he's just for good luck." A third child brought the argument to an end. "They use the dog," he said firmly, "to find the fire hydrant!" —H. C.

ONE EVENING, after scanning the society page of our local paper, I teasingly asked my husband if he thought any girl on it was prettier than me. "No, honey," he said, "there's not one there as pretty as you."

"That's why I love you," I told him. "You're so kind and sweet and loyal." "Yes," he said. "And cowardly," —Contributed by Mrs. N. A. H.

"You must help me, doctor," said the patient to the psychiatrist. "I can't remember anything for more than a few minutes at a time. It's driving me crazy."

The psychiatrist asked gently, "How long has this been going on?"

"How long has what been going on?" replied the man. —J. P. S.

George telephoned his home to talk to his wife. The phone rang and rang—and finally the little woman answered it. "Oh dear," she moaned, "you got me out of the bath. Please ring back in 20 minutes. I'm dripping wet, and I didn't even have a chance to grab a towel, trying to get to the phone."

George said all right, and hung up. Then he re-dialled his phone number, hurriedly whispering instructions to one of his pals in the office.

The pal took the phone. Again the wife—who couldn't have had time to get back to the bath—answered with a rather annoyed "Yes?"

The pal said, "Is George there . . . oh, Look at you! AND ALL WET, Top!"

A loud scream at the other end of the line was cut off by an equally loud click.

—B. D.

or .*



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KARIBA DAM: MASTER OF THE ZAMBEZI

By Gordon Gaskill

'S URELY WHEN the Lord made Kariba, He must have had a dam in mind," the Rhodesian engineer remarked. We stood together on the rocky ramparts of the narrow gorge named Kariba — meaning "mousetrap"—and looked down on the great new dam that has recently been thrown across it. In December 1958, the world's mightiest mousetrap snapped shut and caught a mighty mouse—Africa's 1,700-milelong Zambezi River.

One of the most dramatic projects of its kind, the Kariba Dam will impound more water than has ever before been stored anywhere. To fill its vast lake will take virtually the entire flow of the great Zambezi for at least three years, perhaps as long as seven. The lake will stretch 175 miles up the Zambezi Valley, reach a maximum width of 20 miles and a maximum depth of 390 feet. Its shoreline, counting all indentations and its 150 islands, will be almost 3,000 miles long.

Kariba is an ideal dam site: a chasm some 1,800 feet wide, about 300 miles downstream from the famous Victoria Falls. People have dreamt of putting a dam here ever since David Livingstone discovered the gorge in 1856. Flanking hills of

solid rock provided good anchorage for the ends; lying ready to hand were gravel and sand for concrete; as a bonus, an important tributary of the Zambezi, the Sanyati, flowed in only a mile or so above and could be trapped at the same time. Finally, the great upstream valley was undeveloped bush country—already Government-owned—and thinly inhabited except for a few thousand primitive Africans who could be easily and cheaply moved to lands which were as good or better.

When the last of its giant generators is installed, Kariba Dam may well produce more hydroelectric power per year than almost any other station in the world—perhaps at the world's lowest cost. This power may revolutionize the lives of millions of Africans. Says one observer, "This is the greatest single step ever taken towards the industrialization of Africa."

Rhodesia is the world's thirdlargest producer of copper, an industry which demands vast and steady amounts of power. The famed Copper Belt once depended entirely on coal-fired thermal electric plants but, with growing production after the war, the supplies of coal lagged ominously behind. In desperation whole forests were cut down to supply wood to heat the boilers, and electric power was imported from the Belgian Congo at fat prices often £107,000 (about Rs. 14.25 lakhs) a month. Finally, in answer to anguished cries from the Copper

Belt, the Government of Rhodesia decided it was high time to harness the great Zambezi.

Engineers calculated the firststage cost of a dam, with six great generators installed, at about £80,600,000 (Rs. 106.4 crores)—an enormous sum for a small country like Rhodesia. Although her area is more than five times that of the United Kingdom, her population is only about 7,600,000. Of these, 7,300,000 are African natives who live the most primitive lives and play only a small part in the economy. The "active" part of Rhodesia's population is a tiny handful: some 287,000 white "Europeans," perhaps 31,000 Asians and a few thousand of the more progressive Africans, In proportion to its economy, no nation has ever undertaken a greater project.

Undaunted, Rhodesia raised £34 million (Rs. 45 crores) in loans within her own borders. From British funds carmarked for colonial development came f_{18} million (Rs. 24) crores)more. This still left morethan f_{1} 28,600,000 (Rs. 37 crores), and for that Rhodesia applied to the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (better known as the World Bank). The Bank sent out a survey team to see whether Rhodesia had over-estimated future demands for power—from the Copper Belt and elsewhere. The team reported that Rhodesia had underestimated the prospects, and in mid-1956 the World Bank

flashed the green light for Kariba.*

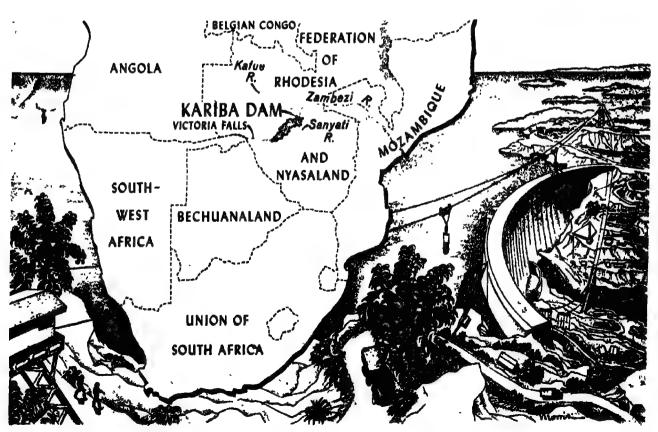
Even before the financing was assured, however, Rhodesia had, with pioneer daring, started work—a confident gamble that saved nearly one year of construction time. Great bulldozers smashed towards the site through virgin bush, hacking out two heavy-duty roads over which would pass some 600,000 tons of supplies. Here, in one of the most remote hinterlands of the world, engineers created, almost overnight, a town whose population soon grew to nearly 10,000—Rhodesia's sixth largest. Hundreds of solid kouses were built, plus a modern 90-bed hospital, schools, churches, cinemas, football fields. tennis-courts.

• Not a penny of general Rhodesian tax money will be spent on Kariba; all loans are to be repaid (by 1981) from eventual power sales.

swimming pool and a fine hotel.

The town is amazingly cosmopolitan: within a few minutes a man may hear himself called Mister, Monsieur, Senhor, Signor of Baas. Street signs are in English, Italian and basic Bantu. But it is largely Italians who are building the dam itself. The lowest bid was submitted by Impresit, an association of four large Italian contracting firms. Other smaller contracts went to British, American, French, Portuguese, Swiss and Swedish firms. The original Kariba designs were partly French, and it was the great French dam expert. André Coyne, who stamped them with his final okay.

The Rhodesians were astounded by the almost fanatical energy of the Italians, who seemed to work round





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the clock. And these Italians adapted themselves quickly to life at Kariba. Since their cherished wine cost too much there, they philosophically learned to like beer and whisky. But not water. "Water!" snorted one, "Mamma mia, there may be crocodiles in it!"

Heat, of course, was an obstacle. The Zambezi Valley at Kariba is low and humid. One day somebody tested the water coming from a cold tap, and found it was 102°. Workers burned their hands on metal tools heated by the blazing African sun, and took to carrying them about in water-filled buckets. They consumed tons of salt tablets and oceans of salted lime juice.

Disease was another enemy. Kariba lies in the heart of a country heavily infested by the tsetse fly, whose bite can cause sleeping-sickness. To kill the flies, aircraft soaked the bush in a 15-square-mile area round Kariba with poisonous smoke. Each vehicle entering Kariba in the daytime (the flies don't stir at night) must go into a dark shed for spraying. By such strict controls, not a single Kariba worker has yet contracted a serious case of sleeping-sickness. And malaria, once the curse of such areas, is almost non-existent now. The few who get it have disobeyed the order to take the once-a-week preventive tablet.

Yet another obstacle was a crying shortage of properly qualified native workers. Thousands were willing to work, but they had no experience with even the simplest tools. I watched one "class" being taught how to use a shovel, which they called a *foshol*. Half the class fosholled sand over a small wall; the other half fosholled it back. A second class was being introduced to the ladder. "They think it's a wonderful new invention," my escort told me.

An African instructor lectured about a strange and god-like thing called electricity. Like all gods, he said, it could be both good and bad. Pointing dramatically to a coil of electric wire, he said, "This, my brothers, looks like a nyoka (snake), and it is indeed like a nyoka. If you pick it up when it is alive, it will bite you, and you will die very quickly."

In such classes, Kariba has trained a valuable new pool of labour that will be a permanent boon to Rhodesia. Thousands of natives have learnt to drive trucks and bulldozers, run pumps and compressors, do basic building, plumbing and clerical work.

Of all obstacles, none was more daunting than the great Zambezi itself. The Batonga tribesmen in the upstream valley laughed in derision when word first filtered through the bush that the white men were talking of "building a great wall" across the Zambezi, creating a lake that would drive them from their homes. Stop the mighty river that had run, unchallenged, since the world began? Absurd!

For a time it seemed that they might be right. The Zambezi suddenly went on a freakish three-year spree which threatened Kariba with disaster. For more than 50 years the Zambezi's flow has been measured, and Kariba's designers deduced that its highest flood level would be about 220,000 cubic feet per second ("cusecs")—slightly above Niagara's average of about 212,000 cusees. Yet, for the sake of prudence —for "the flood that may come only once in 6,000 years"—the engineers designed four flood-gates which would pass 224,000 cusecs.

The Zambezi rebelled against statistics. In 1956 it hit not only the usual flood peak, but later a freak second one, delaying some work for months. In 1957 it rose far above any recorded levels, to a "fantastic" 290,000 cusecs, flooding out the coffer-dam.

These episodes paled to nothing in the 1958 flood season, when the Zambezi effortlessly reached 290,000 cusecs, then kept climbing, climbing—to an incredible 575,000 cusecs! Helpless, Kariba's builders watched the river smash first the vehicle bridge, then the foot-bridge, and finally wash away all roads in the working area.

Total disaster was averted—but narrowly. Because its entrances were hastily blocked, only a few drops of water crept into the "cathedral," the vast area carved out underground to house the giant turbines, generators and transformers. Engineers hastily added two more flood-gates so that, if there is ever again such a spree, Kariba can handle it.

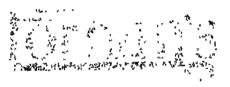
The Rhodesian Federal Power Board quickly authorized extraordinary funds to repair the huge damage. Impresit rushed in more workers, more equipment. When reporters asked a Power Board spokesman if the disastrous floods would delay the first power from Kariba (planned for early this year) he was able to say, "Not one day!"

How would they move the 55,000 Batonga tribesmen, Rhodesia's most primitive people, whose lands would be inundated by the new lake? For the most part, the Rhodesian authorities cajoled them into moving. They did this over a three-year period, with great tact, concentrating first on convincing a chief that the move was necessary and for the best, then hoping he would convince his followers. The technique usually succeeded. (In one case the Government was so relieved that it gave the chief a new overcoat and each of his wives a new blanket. The chief, pleased and proud; vowed to wear the coat night and day, heat or no heat, and to be buried in it!)

Long before moving time, doctors and farm experts picked the best sites for new Batonga villages, bull-dozers cleared bush for garden areas, engineers built kraals for oxen and cleared some 700 miles of track and rough roads. Planes sprayed 120 square miles around the new sites,

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to keep down the tsetse fly. The Batonga have better medical care today than ever before.

But, for all their forethought, the Rhodesian planners could do little about one aspect of the great manmade flood about to drown the valley. And, ironically, it was this one aspect that made Kariba famous throughout the world.

The valley—virgin Africa—was rich in elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, lion, leopard, antelope, monkeys and a bewildering variety of lesser beasts and snakes. When the Zambezi's waters began to rise behind the dam, in December 1958, many strong swimmers like the buffalo and elephant, trapped on everdiminishing islands, swam off at once to safety. But a surprising number of animals seemed paralysed by the incredible sight of a great river "running backwards" and lingered too long. They stripped the islands of every bit of greenery for food. Then they began to starve. (Observers saw some baboons and monkeys frantically turning over every stone, hunting for grubs and worms.

When news of the animals' plight reached the outer world, there was a burst of sympathy and indignation, especially in Britain. Thousands of pounds were raised for Save - the - Kariba - Animals funds, which bought rescue boats, outboard motors and other equipment. Some people cabled offers to fly to Kariba at their own expense to help save drowning animals.

The Rhodesian Government felt it had to turn down all outside volunteers. As one game warden explained: "These people have no idea what it's like to go out there and wrestle with a zebra or a black mamba." Reproached for its rejection, Rhodesia adopted a more tactful policy, agreeing to accept any volunteer who had special insurance against death or injury from wild animals.

Meanwhile, the Rhodesian game wardens and native helpers swung into their own "Operation Noah's Ark." There were no precedents, no books to guide them. How, for example, to catch a swimming baboon? They found the answer at the cost of slashing bites: approach baboon from rear, grasp head with left hand, tail with right hand.

They had to compile their own tables of how far various animals, tired and frantic, might be expected to swim: bushbuck and waterbuck, about 1½ miles; baboons, 400 yards; monkeys, 200 yards; guinea fowl, 100 yards; night apes and squirrels, barely ten yards. Some zebra would not try to swim at all; others could do about 600 yards. Impala and wart-hogs rarely tried to swim; they had to be netted on their disappearing islands and carried to safety.

No big "cats" have had to be rescued. Many of the lions, leopards and cheetahs had already moved inland for the rainy season when the dam was closed, and the few that



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A policyholder and his

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Some policyholders may prefer that their claim moneys be paid as a lump sum. Others may prefer it in the form of a monthly income for a guaranteed number of years. What

is the advantage of the latter mode of payment?

In very many cases a policyholder would have insured his life to meet the day-to-day requirements of his dependents should he die before his Policy matures. If that be the case, the need would be for a regular monthly income rather than for a lump sum. There is also the danger of a lump sum being wrongly invested or soon spent. The need for a regular monthly income may also arise where the policyholder survives the maturity date. In all these cases the policyholder can direct the L.I.C. to pay the claim money in the form of regular monthly income. He can do so either at the commencement or during the currency of his Policy.

His premiums

• When to pay

As a service to its policyholders the L.I.C. sends out premium notices to remind them of their premium due dates. Sometimes the Premium Notices fail to arrive in time on account of postal delays or other similar difficulties. One of these difficulties is the inaccuracy of addresses, as policyholders who change their addresses sometimes fail to inform the L.I.C. of this change. Policyholders moving to a new place affold inform their I.I.C. Office of their new address. What is more, they would be well advised to

In any event, premium payments should not be made dependent on the receipt of Premium Notices. They should be given priority of expenditure in the same way as School and College fees, renewal of car and radio licences, etc. A Life Insurance premium is not just another payment—it's the soundest investment an individual could make.

Where to pay

Besides the usual L.I.C. offices where premiums may be paid, a large number of Banks all over the country have been authorised to collect premiums on behalf of the Corporation. A list of these 'authorised' Banks and their branches may be obtained from the

office of the Corporation which has issued the policy.

Policyholders with bank accounts, however, can always instruct their banks, whether 'authorised' or not, to make premium payments on their behalf. All that the account-holder need do is to provide the Bank with his Policy number, the name of the Unit or L.I.C. office which issued the Policy, the amount of premium, the mode of payment (whether monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly) and its due dates. The Bank will then take care of his premium payment.

* How to pay

When remitting premiums either through a Bank or directly to the L.I.C., the policy-holder should return the Premium Notice along with the payment. If for one reason or other the Premium Notice is not on hand, premiums should be remitted along with a letter stating Policy number, the due date of payment, the name of the Unit or L.I.C.

Life Insurance

office which issued the Policy and, finally, the mode of payment. If these details do not accompany the premium payments—either on the Premium Notice or in a letter—the issue of premium receipts may well be delayed.

His policy

It does occasionally happen that a policyholder is approached by an Agent to make his existing Policy 'paid-up' and to substitute it with a new one. In such cases, the policyholder should consult the L.I.C. or Unit Office, where his policy is standing, as to whether such a substitution benefits him. In the majority of cases, it does not.

His claims

Claims arise in two ways: maturity and death. The Corporation is anxious that claims be settled smoothly and with promptness. This can best be done when the policyholder

has fulfilled all the earlier requirements mentioned in this article.

When the Policy is about to mature, the policyholder will receive certain forms from the Corporation with detailed instructions as to the formalities to be completed. The early payment of his claim will depend on the speedy completion of these formalities. In the case of a death claim the Assignee or Nominee should inform the L.I.C. of the demise and the Corporation will guide him as to the formalities to be followed. It is quite obvious that every policyholder should tell his Assignee or Nominee where he keeps his Policy and keep him informed as to the details of the Policy—just in case a death claim should arise. The policyholder should see that his life insurance is up-to-date in all respects. And the Life Insurance Corporation stands by him in offering the prompt, considerate and personal attention which is his due.



LIFE INSURANCE

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were trapped on islands proved strong swimmers, and left early.

"Reports that animals have been drowned in their thousands appear to be highly exaggerated," R. C. Woollacott, district commissioner on the site, wrote to me last summer. "The game rangers are on top of the situation, and nature itself solves a good chunk of the problem.

"Waterbuck take to the water readily, and when swimming long distances to the mainland they help each other instantly when in need. In one case a cow carried her calf a mile and a half, the calf resting its forelegs on its mother's hind quarters. Adult animals assist each other in the same way, changing over when the one that is doing the swimming tires.

"Last week a herd of impala dived into the water almost as soon as the rangers arrived at their island. It seems that they had been swimming from one island to another—short distances—as each island disappeared, and their natural fear of the water had been lost. They were easily guided to the mainland." Meanwhile, Operation Noah's Ark will continue until the lake is full.

Landlocked Rhodesians are, of course, delighted to have a large inland sea. Kariba Yacht Club is already organized. Sites are being picked for summer resorts and for centres for tourists attracted by the game reserves that have been set aside. The lake is being stocked with fish, and a yield between 10,000 and 25,000 tons per year is predicted.

Huge as Kariba is, economists believe that by 1971 all its vast power will be committed and that Rhodesia must think about building a second "mousetrap." Already plans are being laid. Another site, nearly as good, and able to produce nearly as much power, lies on the Kafue River, a large tributary flowing into the Zambezi not far below Kariba.

Penny Wise

On a special mission to China some years ago, economist Edward Campion Acheson was at a dinner where the conversation turned to how all countries recognize the same basic truths in their proverbs. The Chinese had no difficulty at all in translating "Big oaks from little acorns grow" into "Dust amassed makes the mountain," and "He who hesitates is lost" into "The timid planter winnows no rice." One adage, however, stumped the experts. No counterpart could be found for "Penny wise, pound foolish."

Early the next morning, however, an eminent Chinese philosopher who had been at the party phoned Dr. Acheson. "On reflection, I believe we have got a parallel maxim," he said. "We in China say, 'He who retires early to economize on candles begets twins.'"

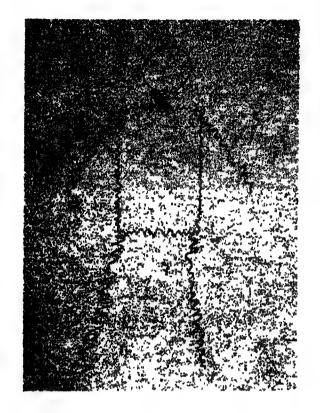
-D. C.



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Without love and attention, human existence becomes mechanical and meaning-less—as Joey's moving story bears witness

In this early self-portrait, Joey depicted himself as a robot made of electrical wires

By Bruno Bettelheim

JOEY WAS a mechanical boy—a child who had been robbed of his humanity. Not only did he believe that he was a machine but, more remarkably, he created this impression in others.

His delusion—which is not uncommon among schizophrenic children today—was fascinating

Austrian-born Bruno Bettelheim is professor of educational psychology and principal of the world-famous Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School for disturbed children at the University of Chicago. and frightening. Joey functioned as if by remote control, run by machines of his own powerfully creative fantasy.

Normal children may retreat into realms of imaginary glory or magic powers, but they are easily recalled from these excursions. Joey was not able to make the return trip.

At the Sonia Shankman School it is our function to provide a therapeutic environment in which such children may start life again. During Joey's first weeks with us we

watched absorbedly as this fragilelooking and imperious nine-year-old went about his mechanical existence. Entering the dining-room, for example, he would string an imaginary wire from his "energy source" -an imaginary electric point-to the table. There he "insulated" himself with paper napkins and finally plugged himself in. Only then could Joey eat, for he firmly believed that the "current" ran his digestive apparatus. So skilful was the pantomime that children and staff members spontaneously avoided stepping on the imaginary wires for fear of interrupting what seemed to be the source of his very life.

For long periods, when his "machinery" was idle, Joey would sit so quietly that he seemed not to exist. Yet the next moment he might be "working" and the centre of our captivated attention. He would turn himself on and change noisily through a sequence of higher and higher gears until he "exploded," screaming, "Crash, crash!" and hurling items from his ever-present apparatus—radio valves, light bulbs, even electric motors or, lacking these, any handy breakable object. (Joey had an astonishing knack of snatching bulbs and valves unobserved.) As soon as enough objects had shattered, he would stop his screaming and jumping and retire to mute, motionless non-existence.

Our maids, inured to difficult children, were exceptionally attentive to Joey; they were apparently moved by his extreme fragility. Occasionally some of the apparatus (contrived from gummed tape, cardboard, wire and other paraphernalia) that he fixed to his bed to "live him" during his sleep, would fall down in disarray. Usually the maids would pick up such things and leave them on a table for the children to find. But Joey's machine they carefully restored: "Joey must have the carburettor so that he can breathe." Similarly they were on the alert to pick up and preserve the motors that ran him during the day and the exhaust pipes through which he exhaled.

At first Joey's only reply when addressed was, "Bam." Unless he thus neutralized whatever we said, there would be an explosion, for Joey plainly wished to close off every form of contact not mediated by machinery. Even when he was bathed he rocked back and forth with mute, engine-like regularity, flooding the bathroom. If he stopped rocking, he did this like a machine too; suddenly he went completely rigid. Only once, after months of being lifted from his bath and carried to bed, did a small expression of puzzled pleasure appear on his face as he said softly, "They even carry you to bed here."

Joey's preoccupation with machinery made it difficult to establish even practical contacts with him. If he wanted to do something with a teacher, such as play with a toy that had caught his vague attention,

he could not do so. "I'd like this very much, but first I have to turn off the machine." But by the time he had fulfilled all the requirements, he had lost interest. Even certain colours were dangerous and had to be strictly avoided in toys and clothing because "some colours turn off the current, and I can't touch them because I can't live without the current."

Joey was convinced that machines were better than people. If he lost or forgot something, it proved that his brain ought to be thrown away and replaced by machinery. If he spilt something, his arm should be twisted off because it did not work properly. Even Joey's feelings were mechanical. Much later in his therapy, when he had formed a timid attachment to another child and been rebuffed, Joey cried, "He broke my feelings."

How had Joey become a human machine? Schizophrenia often results from parental rejection. Joey had been completely ignored. He created machines to run his body and mind because it was too painful to be human. His despair that anybody could like him made contact impossible.

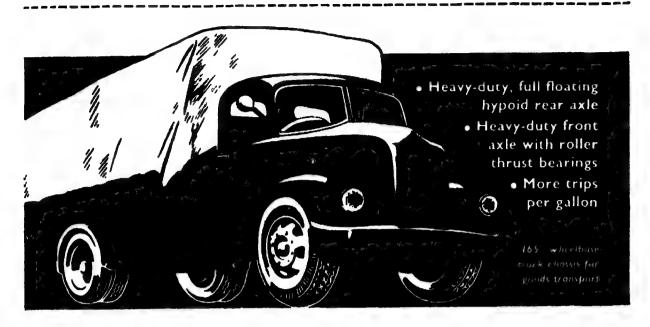
From interviews with his parents we learned that the process of rejection began at the very moment of his birth. "I had no feeling of dislike," his mother said. "I simply did not want to see or nurse him." Her total indifference seemed much more remarkable than the actual

mistakes she made in handling him. He was left to cry for hours when hungry, because she fed him on a rigid schedule; he was pot-trained with great rigidity so that he would give no trouble. These things happen to many children. But Joey's existence never registered with his mother. He was not touched unless necessary and never cuddled or played with. When she told us about his birth and infancy, it was as if she were talking about some vague acquaintance, and soon her thoughts would wander off to something else.

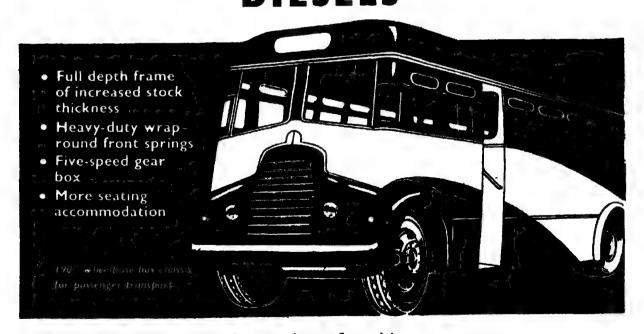
Joey's father was equally unready for parenthood. He was an airman, moving from base to base. When he left for overseas duty, the mother took Joey, now 18 months old, to live with her at her parents' home.

On his arrival the grandparents noticed that ominous changes had occurred in the child. Strong and healthy at birth, he had become frail and irritable; a responsive baby, he had become remote and inaccessible. When he began to master speech, he talked only to himself. At an early date he became preoccupied with machinery, including an old electric fan which he could take apart and put together again with surprising deftness.

When Joey was not yet four his nursery school suggested that he enter a school for disturbed children. During three years there he slowly improved. Unfortunately a subsequent two years in an ordinary school destroyed this progress. Joey



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began to develop compulsive defences which he called his "preventions." He could not drink, for example, except through elaborate piping systems built of straws. Liquids had to be "pumped" into him, in his fantasy, or he could not suck. By treating him mechanically his parents had made Joey into a machine. Three months before entering the Orthogenic School he made a serious attempt at suicide.

What deep-seated fears and needs underlay Joey's delusional system? We were a long time finding out, for his "preventions" effectively concealed the secret of his behaviour. During his first year with us we had to accompany Joey every time he went to the lavatory; he had to take off all his clothes. He had to touch the wall with one hand, in which he also clutched frantically the vacuum tubes that powered his elimination. He was terrified in case his whole body was sucked down. It was our efforts to help him with this problem that led to his first recognition of us as human beings. Our readiness to accept his toilet habits gave Joey the confidence to move his bowels without mechanical aid. It became the first physiological process he could perform without vacuum tubes.

Later on, a change developed in Joey's fantasies. He drew endless

pictures of himself as an electrical papoose—totally enclosed, suspended in empty space, run by unseen power through wire-less electricity. We came eventually to understand that at the heart of Joey's papoose fantasies was the wish to be entirely reborn. His new experiences in the school suggested that life, after all, might be worth living.

Eventually Joey began to create an imaginary family at the school: the "Carr" family. Why the Carr family? In pictures he now drew of a car, he was still enclosed as he had been in his papoose pictures, but at least the car could move. This was Joey's way of exploring the possibility of leaving the school, of living with a good family in a safe, protecting car.

Years passed before Joey could finally trust us and begin to break through his prison. It was a painfully slow process, but Joey gradually ceased to be a mechanical boy and became a human child. When he was 12, he made a float for a school parade which carried the slogan: "Feelings are more important than anything under the sun." Feelings, Joey had learnt, are what make for humanity; their absence makes for a mechanical existence. With this knowledge Joey entered the human condition.



HE WORLD situation is so mixed up because the wolves continue to ask for guarantees against attacks by the lambs. —Celai Nasri in Weltworks, Zürich

WILD WISDOM

Edited by Mary Devoe

running jet engines on a test bed before installing them in aircraft. They were set on a mount so that the exhaust would go into a field behind

the taxiway.

One cold day we noticed an old cock pheasant standing on a rise of land about 75 yards away, directly in line with the exhaust. He kept turning, to allow the warm exhaust to penetrate his feathers. When he was fully warmed, he walked out of sight over the rise.

Every cold day thereafter we could expect our pheasant friend to come and get warm in the exhaust. On very cold days he sometimes came twice.

.-L. H. H.

ONE DAY I placed a pot of food within reach of our chained watchdog and returned to the house. Not long afterwards there was a frenzy of barking.

Rushing to the window, I saw Shep standing on his hind legs, straining

mightily against his chain.

The cause of the commotion was a mangy-looking fox, which was warily and slowly circling the chained dog, keeping just out of reach. Round and round they went, the dog keeping pace with the fox, until the chain holding the dog was wound tight round the post to which it was fastened. Then the fox, with what seemed a superior smile, snatched up the pot of food in his teeth and vanished into the undergrowth.

--J. D.

BILLY was a new fawn when my brothers found him, so they carried him home to feed him from a bottle. He grew and thrived on our farm, and became an amusing and playful pet. In time, however, he became so large that Mother banished him to a pen.

Eventually he broke out of his pen



and sought the freedom of the woods. When there was no sign of him after the deer-hunting season, we mourned him as dead.

Some years later, Father, as logging superintendent of a timber company, was making his monthly inspection of company camps. One night, when he was eating a picnic supper with the workmen, a great buck appeared at the edge of the clearing and moved majestically towards him. It came close to Father, nuzzled his shoulder, licked his cheek. It was Billy, old and tired. Billy finished the rounds of the camps with Father, following him like a dog. When they reached home, Billy instantly entered his pen. There he remained, leading a quiet life until he died. -A. S.

A FRIEND who shares my interest in attracting birds had been having trouble with squirrels pilfering the food from his garden feeding station. One day, in a hardware shop, he bought a feeder that appeared to be the solution to his problem. Its circular tray was so balanced that if anything heavier than a songbird perched on it, it would instantly tilt and dislodge the invader without spilling feed from the central compartment.

My friend hung this ingenious device from a tree in his garden and watched happily for days as one squirrel after another scurried out on the limb, dropped down on the feeder tray and crash landed in frustration as the tray tilted him to the ground. Satisfied that he had finally outwitted the squirrels, my friend ceased watching.

Several days later, however, he noticed that the new feeder was being emptied with suspicious rapidity. He refilled it and took up his vigil again. Soon two squirrels climbed out on the limb, crouched side by side for a moment, then sprang at the same instant to opposite sides of the feeder tray. Split-second timing equalized their weight perfectly and held the tray steady as they breakfasted at leisure.

—G. H. S.

WHILE walking along a creek on the northern end of Prince of Wales Island in Alaska, I came upon two large black bears standing at the edge of a pool. They were so intent upon what was in the pool that they did not notice my approach. Curious, I found a place of vantage and settled down to watch.

After a few minutes both bears walked to the lower end of the pool, where the water ran out over a stretch of shallow rapids. There, at the centre of the rapids, they started digging in the gravel bottom. When they had dug a fairly large hole one bear sat down in the water at its edge. The other returned to the main pool and jumped in, thrashing and beating the water into a froth. Instantly, salmon fled out of the pool and over the rapids, looking for refuge. In the confusion some of them jumped into the hole the bears had dug; whereupon the bear sitting there raked them out on to the bank with powerful swipes of his paw. When they had enough salmon on the bank, the bears retired to a wellearned salmon dinner, looking very pleased with themselves.

HE TROUBLE with being a parent is that by the time you're experienced you're unemployable.

—H. L.

When it's time for a long, refreshing drink.



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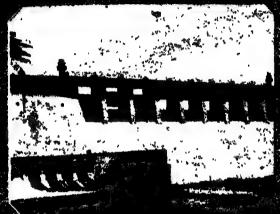
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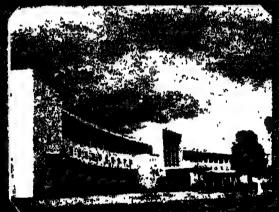
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THE UNION THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS

By Irwin Ross

hen the board of directors of the Merrimac Hat Company met last July and declared a handsome dividend, it was considered front-page news by the New York *Times*. Commenting earlier on this company, the *Times* had said, "Karl Marx must be turning in his grave." The reason: Merrimac's principal owner is a trade union. And thereby hangs a tale.

The Merrimac firm, America's largest manufacturer of women's fur felt hat bodies, has been in existence for over a century. In the first five months of 1958, however, it lost 150,000 dollars, and in November it closed its doors. For Merrimac's 325 workers, many of whom had spent a lifetime in the trade and had no other skills, this was a calamity.

When no purchaser could be found immediately, Alex Rose, president of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, made a startling proposal: that his union should buy

the factory. Merrimac was no economic weakling; its 1958 losses were largely due to temporary factors. Why shouldn't the union risk a novel experiment in defence of the interests of its members? As Rose said, "A union can't live just by the old formulas."

A new company was set up. The union bought 300,000 dollars' worth of shares; another 100,000 dollars' worth were taken by two business firms which deal with Merrimac; 70,000 dollars was subscribed by Merrimac employees (99 per cent of them invested) and other local people.

The union, occupying six of the nine seats on the new board of directors, retained Merrimac's old management, headed by president Hans Rie, but reduced the size of the executive and administrative staff to cut costs. Before the factory reopened last February, the union assured competitors that the firm would get no special advantages in

wages or working conditions. Normal collective bargaining prevails, and Merrimac has to meet industrywide standards. The workers still work; management still manages.

Business has been excellent. From February to June, Merrimac made a profit of nearly 70,000 dollars. To diversify its markets, the company began to make a large quantity of men's as well as women's hat bodies. Renewed popularity of velour hats also boosted sales. Net result: the workers' jobs are safe, and they can also anticipate a good return on their investment.

The United Hatters Union has a mere 38,000 members, but it makes up in daring and imagination what it lacks in numbers. What really distinguishes this union, however, is its broad-angle vision of its responsibilities. "Our workers can prosper only if the industry prospers," says Rose. "Any industry problem is our problem."

Over the last five years, for example, the union and its members have lent 539,017 dollars to employers in temporary difficulties. Not all the rescue operations have been successful, but the union has had to write off only 95,000 dollars in bad loans.

Another industry problem in which the union has lent aid is advertising. In recent years, growing numbers of men and women have dispensed with head-gear. The union has often told the industry that the long-term solution is to persuade

Americans that it is downright unfashionable to appear without a hat.

Finally, during wage talks in 1954, the union waived its demand for an additional contribution by management to the workers' retirement fund in return for a one per cent wage bill tax which employers would contribute to an advertising campaign fund. Similar agreements were made with millinery manufacturers throughout the country, and wholesalers, jobbers and suppliers also joined in.

The campaign was designed to get hats seen in all media—films, television, magazines, newspapers. At one point pictures of Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Roosevelt, attired in stylish bonnets, appeared on the cover of a leading Sunday magazine supplement. Elsa Maxwell and Marilyn Monroe were also photographed wearing hats.

The Hatters have come a long way. Wages, once low, have steadily improved; today skilled operators, blockers and cutters often earn an annual wage of 4,500 to 7,000 dollars. Equally important, the average member of the union now enjoys medical insurance plus retirement and disability, maternity and, in many schemes, death benefits.

Alex Rose stated his union's remarkable position in the industry last July when he summed up the success of the Merrimac venture. "What the union has done," he said, "has been to provide continuity, capital and confidence."



The Most Unforgettable

Character I've Met

By James Harkins

ville was going strong in America, I knew a young performer who used to write me marvellously witty letters as he shuttled around, hopping on to early morning trains for one-night stands and split weeks. From Mason City, Iowa, he wrote: "These jumps will help me rise in show business. I had to rise at 3.45 to leave Cedar Rapids. I have to

rise again at 6.45 to leave here for Clinton. Rip Van Winkle must have played a season out here, and took the 20-year rest to get acquainted with a mattress." From Illinois: "This theatre is so far back in the woods, the manager is a bear."

You knew this man as Fred Allen. When I first met him he was Freddy James, 20 years old and living in a four - dollar - a - week, windowless room in a boarding-house just off New York's Broadway. These quarters were later responsible for one of Fred's jokes: "The halls were so dark the mice had a seeing-eye cat to lead them around."

In those days—1914—my wife and I were doing really well in vaude-ville and Fred was having a rough time. It wasn't that he wasn't good; he was too good, too bright for most audiences of the day. A lot of theatre managers sacked him out of sheer bewilderment. Once he went on-stage in a friend's act as the rear end of a horse, just to hear applause.

I'd say to him, "Freddy, you're too sophisticated. Take a few of my sure-fire gags." He'd grin and answer. "Naw, there must be some intelligent people around. I'll wait until I find them."

He billed himself originally as Freddy James, The World's Worst Juggler. Actually, he had been juggling-and not badly-since he was a kid. But when he learned that he would never be a really great juggler, he decided to be a comedian and to use his juggling just as a comic device. Ultimately he added a ventriloquist's dummy (when he claimed to throw his voice, ushers in various parts of the theatre would speak up) and a banjo to his act. He was very funny indeed, and gradually audiences began to appreciate him more.

Hoping to make the big time, he changed his name to Fred Allen (he had been born John Florence

Sullivan, in Massachusetts, in 1894). He did this primarily so that he wouldn't be confused with the Freddy James who had worked so cheaply. To live up to his new name, he abandoned his old white-face make-up, small bowler, big shoes and comedy suit, and bought a tailor-made suit and snappy hat. With all this and new, rouged cheeks he had, as he later said, "so much class that I trespassed on the pretty."

On his first big-time two-shows-aday date in New York, however, he was fired before the evening show. Back in the small-time again, he added a sign to his act:

Mr. Allen Is Quite Deaf.
If You Care To
LAUGH OR APPLAUD
Please Do So
LOUDLY.

In time, as Fred added new jokes, new tricks, new visual effects, more and more theatre managers took an interest in him. Even if he wasn't in the big-time, he was making good money as a top star in the smalltime. Finally, Jake and Lee Shubert signed him for The Passing Show of 1922, in which he wrote a lot of his own material and some for the stars, too. When the show went on the road, Allen had a good-sized part. One day the two railway carriages in which the troupe was travelling were shifted by mistake to a siding and left there to bake under the hot sun—for ever, apparently. Jake and Lee Shubert's whole cast was about

Today a plaything in a child's hands...But it has already played its part in a cycle of events that will change his future...this fragment of a crate which brought to

played its part in a cycle of events that will change his future... this fragment of a crate which brought to the project site a great conveyor belt or lengths of high pressure hose or, perhaps, Dunlopillo

for the new workers' hospital—all of it helping to build something big and grand. The project? One of scores going up in each Five Year Plan with the promise

people of some

of a better life for the

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ready to quit when Fred put on his pyjamas, got another young comic to get into his, and the two men paraded through the carriages, down the steps, and knelt in the hot cinders, praying:

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I die before I wake,
You tell Lee,
I'll tell Jake.

It was during his theatre days that Fred met Portland Hoffa, the prettiest chorus girl in *The Greenwich Village Follies*. They were married in 1927. Fred wrote a vaudeville act for the two of them—it was automatic for any true vaudevillian to put his wife immediately into his act—and they eventually played the Mecca of vaudevillians, New York's Palace Theatre.

Vaudeville, sadly, was on its last legs, shoved out by talking pictures. Fred's brand of sophisticated wit was catching on in New York, however, and when, in the autumn of 1932, he learned that the new Broadway show he'd been promised wasn't going to open, he wrote a radio show and sold it. Now he had found scope for his many talents. And Portland became a comedy star in her own right, thanks to a voice which sounded on radio, Fred used to say, like "two slate pencils, mating."

I, on the other hand, was trying to support a wife and four children by putting on marathon dances in the hinterlands. On Sundays, for an extra 35 dollars, I would take the train to New York from wherever I was and compère an amateur hour on a radio station. One October Sunday in 1934, as I was leaving after the programme, I was told I was wanted on the telephone. Fred's wonderful flat, nasal voice said: "Uncle Jim, how would you like to go to work for me?"

Those were the Depression days when so-called "old friends" cut you dead on Broadway for fear you'd ask to borrow a dollar. I hadn't asked Fred for anything. He had been hunting for me, and found me on the radio show.

Five minutes later I was in Radio City, and we were shaking hands on a deal which lasted until Fred's death 22 years later. I ended by being a trouble-shooter for him, taking care of all possible loose ends so that he would be free from detail.

Among my responsibilities were the hundreds of "clamping the denture" letters, as Fred called requests for money. I'd label them "BITE" in red pencil, and whenever Fred had a spare moment he would study them. Since he'd been through bad times himself on the road, almost anybody who'd ever been acquainted with him knew he was good for a touch.

Fred was the most open-handed man I have ever seen, and the quietest and most decent about it. Each morning he would fold 25 or 30 new dollar bills into squares not much bigger than postage stamps and drop them into his coat pocket.





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Then, on his way to work, he would hand out these little squares to the down-and-outs who were al-

ways waiting for him.

Once a rather seedy-looking character stopped him in the street and said, "Mr. Allen, I hate to ask you, but 30 dollars would save my life. I'm out of a job, and I'm being thrown out of my hotel because I owe that much room rent."

Fred looked him over carefully and said finally, "It wasn't Mr. Allen 35 years ago when we played the Gem in Peoria. In those days it was Freddy and Jack." He pulled a 100-dollar bill from his wallet. Jack protested that he needed only 30 dollars. Fred said, "If I give you 30, you'll be just as badly off as before. Now what kind of job do you want?"

Jack said he was finished in show business; what he wanted was some kind of job in the open air. Fred arranged, through our current sponsor, an oil company, to get Jack work at a filling station in New Jersey. But Fred's interest didn't end there. Each week he made a point of telephoning the station to say, "This is Fred Allen. May I talk to my old friend Jack West, or is he too busy?"

Fred had two deep-seated prejudices: organized charities and company vice-presidents. He had a stubborn suspicion that the money paid into the big organized charities didn't go to the deserving poor, but only paid for the fancy offices where

the "molehill men" sat. A molehill man, according to Fred, was a "pseudo-busy executive who comes to work at 9 a.m. and finds a molehill on his desk. He has until 5 p.m. to make this molehill into a mountain. An accomplished molehill man will often have his mountain finished before lunch."

He demolished vice-presidents with one memorable phrase: "The average vice-president is a form of executive fungus which attaches itself to a desk."

In the early days of radio, there were a lot of vice-presidents about—"treading bedlam," according to Fred, until some performer supplied a script. Then, just to have something to do, they cut it to ribbons. One night, after an encounter with what he considered some particularly stupid blue-pencilling, he confided to the audience: "Come around some night before the show starts. At seven o'clock the vice-presidents line up outside the door and, at a given signal, go up-carpet to spawn."

The vice-presidents, having rather under-developed bumps of humour, got their backs up and determined to cut Mr. Allen down to size. One vice-president, whom I'll call Mr. X, was particularly determined—to his ultimate misfortune.

We did our "Allen's Alley" programmes in a big studio with a large audience. If the show was particularly good and the laughter went on longer than we had anticipated, we

without a shadow of doubt



would have to struggle to finish on time. Sometimes we didn't make it. Whereupon Mr. X, instead of giving us an extra few seconds, would chop Fred off in the middle of a word. This annoyed Fred; so, as a "public service" one week, he started his next show with the end of his previous programme to give the listeners an idea of what they had missed the preceding week.

One day Fred received word that Mr. X had blue-pencilled one whole page out of his script, and that if Fred used that page he would be cut off the air. Fred used the page—and was off the air for one minute and ten seconds in the middle of the show.

The radio station's switchboard was choked with calls asking what was wrong. Newspapers began to ring up. Mr. X at first insisted that there had been "mechanical difficulties." When word seeped out as to what had really happened, he finally said he had shut Allen off the air because of "objectionable material." So I leaked this "objectionable material" to the Press. Part of it went like this:

Portland: Why were you cut off last Sunday?

Allen:

Who knows? The main thing in radio is to come out on time. If people laugh, the programme is longer. The thing to do is to get a nice dull half-hour. Nobody will laugh or applaud. Then you'll always be right on time,

and all of the little emaciated radio executives can dance around their desks in inter-office abandon.

Portland: Radio sure is funny.

Allen: All except the comedy programmes. Our programme has been cut off so many times, the last page of the script is a Band-Aids

At a shareholders' meeting a few days later, the president of the network—the National Broadcasting Company—was asked about the incident. His answer was short and to the point: "It was a mistake. The person who made it is no longer with us."

Fred didn't gloat, nor did he rest on his laurels. He wrote a modest letter to the thousands of people who had written to him, and added this prickly postscript: "All NBC vice-presidents have been ordered to acquire a sense of humour immediately. Until each vicepresident can learn to laugh, a hyena is being placed in his office to react audibly to anything funny that may come up."

I think Fred Allen was one of America's greatest humorists. His wit was especially effective in dealing with awkward or exasperating situations. One day in Radio City a big jerk grabbed Fred's arm and, in an intimate gesture which made Fred cringe, picked a piece of imaginary lint off his lapel.

Fred said icily, "Put that back!"

When he was in Hollywood, Fred wrote to us: "All the sincerity out here you could stuff in a flea's navel and still have room to conceal eight caraway seeds and an agent's heart." When Hedda Hopper, the columnist, asked him to stay there over Christmas for a big party, he told her: "Hedda, at Christmas the Wise Men went East."

We had a conference room at NBC with nothing printed on the door. As a result, our sessions were invariably punctuated by a succession of people Fred used to call "peepers," who would open the door, look in and leave without a word. One day the telephone rang, but there was nobody at the other end. Fred commented: "Probably one of the peepers who couldn't make it today."

In June 1949 Fred went off the air. His health—he had very high blood-pressure and was on a salt-free diet for years—prevented him from making what I am sure would have been a unique imprint on television. But it didn't prevent him from poking fun at it. He worked out an idea for a television quiz show. The panel would consist of doctors, the contestants would wear hospital gowns, and the programme would be called: "What's My Disease?"

Fred lived for his work, for the friends he made through it, and for Portland. He and Portland were together constantly. She would cook dinner for the two of them, and Fred would wash the dishes afterwards while she dried. Later, while he worked, she would sit and knit, not saying a word. When he was finished for the night, the two of them would go for a walk-sometimes 20 or 30 blocks—until he was ready for sleep. Fred dedicated his book. Treadmill to Oblivion: "To Portland, who stayed in a closet until I finished writing this book."

On March 17, 1956, he was close to finishing a second book. At about 3 a.m. he put aside his work and asked Portland if she wanted to take a walk with him. It was cold and windy, and she begged off. He dropped dead just round the corner from their flat.

Nearly four years have passed since then, yet I can still feel him walking down the street beside me, making those wonderful wry cracks in that nasal voice. Once, pointing to some rolls of telephone cable, he said, "Dental floss for Martha Raye, Jim," I feel like the luckiest guy in the world because I had the privilege of knowing Fred Allen and Freddy James, and loving both of them.

Brazil, rioting football fans have been known to seriously injure referees with whom they were displeased. To protect himself, one Brazilian referee recently bought an old army tank. He parks it just off the field during games and takes refuge whenever the fans show signs of disagreeing with his decisions.

—O Estado de São Paulo

Humour in Uniform

-☆-

Behind the flight operations desk, where pilots with furrowed brows struggle with triplicate and quadruplicate forms concerning weather, cargo, passengers and aircraft conditions, hangs this sign: "When the weight of the paper work is equal to the cargo capacity of your aircraft you are cleared for take-off."

—B. R.

THE WEDDING took place in the chapelat the naval air station, and after the ceremony the young pilot drove through the gate with his new bride. The veteran Marine sergeant at the gate snapped to rigid attention, saluted smartly and announced, "Sir, your liberty has just been cancelled."

-LARRY VICKERY

THREE YOUNG students were driving back to West Germany after a visit to Berlin. When they approached the Soviet check point before re-entering the American zone, three tough-looking Russian soldiers came out of the guardhouse and motioned them to stop. With their hearts in their mouths, they obeyed.

A sergeant stalked over to the car and, in rudimentary English, demanded their passports. They obliged, and the sergeant went into conference with the other two soldiers. Soon he returned and growled into the car window, "Which one is Jones?"

A badly frightened boy answered, "I am Jones." The Russians looked him

squarely in the eye, grinned and said, "Happy birthday!" —CLARK TYLER

WHEN I was chief of staff of the U.S. 5th Corps in Frankfurt, Germany, my small daughter Barbara went to the school which was attended by children of all officers and other ranks.

One afternoon a little fellow stopped me just outside my house and asked, "Does Sergeant Bell live here, sir?"

I said no, but he persisted. "You must be mistaken, young man," I said. "I don't think there's a Sergeant Bell in all Frankfurt."

He thanked me and left. A few minutes later Barbara came home.

"Did you tell a boy that you were the daughter of Sergeant Bell?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Daddy," she replied. "His father is a lieutenant and I like him and I didn't want him to think that I outranked him."

-Major-General Raymond Bell

Just before my discharge from the Waafs, I attended a required lecture on "Readjusting to Civilian Life." After a 45-minute discourse on the problems we would face, the lecturer asked if there were any questions.

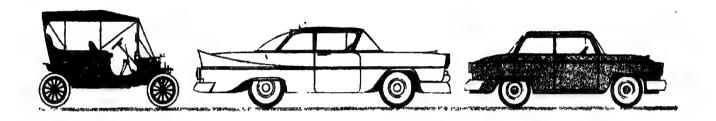
"Yes!" cried a bewildered voice. "How can I re-enlist?" —Mrs. F. M.

On a recent flight with several Air Force pilots aboard, a passenger plane bounced badly on landing. One of the Air Force men quipped to the stewardess: "Make sure the pilot logs all three of those landings."

"You'll have to forgive him, sir," she said sweetly. "He's only just got out of the Air Force and still has a lot to learn."

—O. N. B.

Detroit Changes Down



By Don Wharton

ATE IN 1957 a General Motors executive in Detroit received a cable from the firm's Australian headquarters, seeking approval for several large appropriations for machine tools. This cable was a complete fake—fabricated to convey the impression to snoopers that General Motors was tooling up for a new small car in Australia. Actually, General Motors was then secretly working on the Corvair, the new "compact car" which, along with the Ford Falcon and the Chrysler Valiant, is now reaching the U.S. market.

The spurious cable was part of

Britain, principal supplier of small cars for the American market, has a new and formidable rival. Detroit, home of the mammoth car, has turned its massive resources to the building, marketing and ballyhooing of its own compact model

what was probably the most extensive cover-up programme ever staged by Detroit's car manufacturers. Unable to hide the fact that a tremendous amount of special work was going on, General Motors chose to make it appear that the GM activity was connected with its small

Australian car, the Holden. All work on the new car went by the code name Holden. There was continual correspondence to and from Australia about the progress of "the Holden project." When bids were asked for certain tools and parts, the suppliers were instructed to quote prices f.o.b. San Francisco—as if the items were to be shipped abroad.

All this hocus-pocus is understandable. Huge stakes are involved in the entry of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler into the "compact car" field, where selling-points -smallness, lightness, cheapness and economy—will be just those that have made British and Continental cars so successful in America. But few people outside the industry may realize that, altogether, the investment in the new cars probably exceeds 450 million dollars. (Just one bumper die for the Falcon cost two million dollars.) Or that, for the first time in automotive history, all the major manufacturers have simultaneously gone into quantity production of a new type of car, each with a new engine.

These new cars represent the third revolution in the American motor industry. Revolution I came in 1908, when Henry Ford built the Model T, which provided basic transport at low cost. By turning out a car anyone could buy, Ford put a nation on wheels.

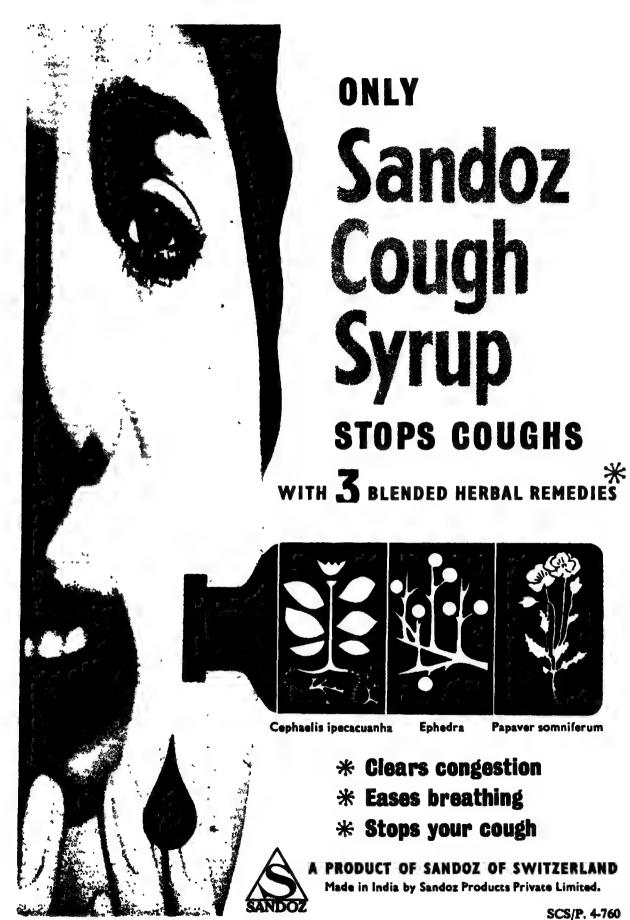
Revolution II—actually an evolution—was the concentration of the major manufacturers exclusively on

Big Cars. The product got longer, wider, more powerful, with more extras and higher price tags. This revolution reached its climax when the "low-priced three"—Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth—became almost as big, powerful and costly as the others.

Revolution III finds the Big Three producing two types: smaller, compact cars as well as the big ones. The major producers are now aiming at consumers who primarily want economy, along with reasonable comfort and performance, as well as at consumers who primarily want size and power.

What led to the Big Three's decision to develop economy cars?

One common explanation is that these manufacturers were awakened suddenly by increased sales of foreign cars—in 1957-58 when a total of 247,412 British cars was imported -and of the American Motor Company's compact Rambler, and thereupon worked feverishly to produce smaller cars of their own. This glib answer doesn't square up with what went on behind the scenes in Detroit. True, the sale of foreign cars in the United States climbed from 98,000 in 1956 to 377,000 in 1958 (and to 289,000 in the first half of 1959). And Rambler sales went from 70,000 in 1956 to 186,000 in 1958 (and to 176,000 in the first half of 1959). But the fact is that the major manufacturers were charting the smaller-car market before these sales increases took place, and were trying to



judge when the market would be big enough for them to enter on a mass-production basis. Many of their major decisions and much of their development work on economy cars came before these dramatic sales increases.

A well-known publication recently cited the immediate popularity of the Lark, a smaller car introduced in the autumn of 1958 by Studebaker-Packard, as a major factor which "inspired the Big Three to get into the compact-car market." Before the Lark was on the market, however, Ford was ordering dies for its economy car and General Motors was building a new assembly plant. The Big Three kept their new-car plans secret primarily because they feared that premature talk would hurt sales of their current models.

Two fundamental economic developments had been observed for some time by car manufacturers. One: the gap was widening between the prices of American-made cars and consumer incomes. Car prices were going up much faster. The other: the gap was widening between prices of American-made and European-made cars.

Car company economists came to the conclusion that these two gaps would get still wider. One reason: motor industry wages were increasing in Europe as well as in the United States, but European production volume was increasing so fast that it could offset the higher wages. America's wasn't. In 1958, for the first time, more cars were manufactured outside the United States than inside it.

It was back in June 1952, when imported cars were not getting even one per cent of the American market (they got eight per cent in 1958), that General Motors assigned 65 engineers and technicians to begin two types of "smaller car" studies: one on configuration, one on materials. At that time, Ford had a small-car project with the code name "X600." The Ford Company built and tested engineering prototypes that year, decided against domestic. production and brought the car out in 1954 in France as the Vedette. Meanwhile, Chrysler was also designing and building experimental small cars.

The configuration group at General Motors, working quietly in the new auditorium of Detroit's huge GM Building, decided on a rear engine and built five test cars. The materials group, put to work in a near-by unused bank, did the exploratory work out of which came the company's decision that it must have an aluminium foundry. The result is the aluminium plant which General Motors opened on the St. Lawrence Seaway last spring.

Late in 1954 Chevrolet's general manager held a meeting in the auditorium, listened to the engineering reports and made a decision to build ten representative models combining the best ideas. By the autumn of 1957 the key decision was made to

build prototypes of a new car: exact proposed production models. Sixty days later the GM executive committee decided to be ready to bring the car out in the autumn of 1959. Funds were made available for all the necessary tooling-up, including construction of a new assembly plant at Willow Run. Altogether, this was a decision in the 100-million-dollar range.

To throw industrial spies off the track, the prototypes were built with some fake characteristics—for example, a grille to make the car look as if it had a front engine. Also, fake fins and extra rear lights were put on. Then the car was taken for tests which included motorways and mountain climbs. One car was tested in 30-degree-below-zero weather in northern Minnesota and in 120-degree heat in Arizona. It towed the equivalent of a trailer some 250 miles across the Mojave Desert in Southern California.

Chrysler's Valiant was road-tested in remote sections of northern Michigan—after the new equipped with false bonnets and rear ends, were hauled to the test areas at night in a removal van. Ford dispensed with disguises, simply left the name plates off its Falcons, and sent them out on the public roads for daytime tests. It reasoned that they'd be mistaken for some new foreign make. One was driven across country to San Francisco, another to Florida; another spent days on the winding back roads of Kentucky. Usually these test cars were parked at night with trusted dealers, but several times last summer, when photographs of the new cars were being avidly sought, a Falcon was parked overnight at a motel in Kentucky.

Earlier, Ford's security measures had been more stringent. The basic document out of which came its decision to manufacture a compact car was a report of which only half a dozen copies were made, for trusted hands. As soon as the decision was reached, all copies were ordered to be torn up and then burned.

All work on the Falcon carried the code name "19XK Thunder-bird" which, as hoped, led to false rumours that Ford's new car would be a six-cylinder, stripped-down version of its Thunderbird. The 100 key men working on the project had special waste-paper baskets with padlocks, so that no data could leak out through discarded scraps of paper.

At Chrysler, after the go-ahead decision, the job of getting out the new car was turned over to a 200-man team of body, chassis, electrical design and production experts who were housed in a specially leased building 2½ miles from the company's engineering centre. Their project was called A-901, and they had to have special passes to get into the building. As a result, many Chrysler employees didn't know there was such a team, and many

who did assumed it was working on a secret military project.

The three new compact cars are all original models, not scaled-down Fords, Chevrolets and Plymouths. Each engineering team sought constantly to simplify design and reduce weight. Thousands of conventional parts and assemblies were re-designed. For example, Ford engineers found a way to make the Falcon door-frame with two parts rather than 12, the door with 12 parts rather than the usual 21.

The naming of the new cars is a story in itself. The Corvair got its name the way many racehorses have —by combining syllables from the names of sire and dam. Corvair derives from the two Chevrolet series, Corvette and Bel Air.

Falcon was selected partly because it goes neatly with Ford's Thunder-bird. One newspaper reported that both Ford and Chrysler had decided to use the name Falcon, and that Ford won by 20 minutes' prior registration with the Automobile Manufacturers' Association. Both companies deny this. They say that, until Ford registered it, Chrysler had Falcon on a list of possible names, and thought it was theirs because of prior use on an experimental car.

Chrysler reports that at one time it had a list of over 2,000 possible names, some suggested by men

working on the secret project, others produced by experimenting with all possible combinations of certain letters. This list was narrowed down to 100, then to 20, eventually to five: Revere, Chelsea, Columbia, Liberty and Valiant. Then interviewing teams pumped consumers for their reactions to each name, what it connoted, which ones suggested the image of a car rather than a packet of cake mix.

How many of the news cars will be sold? The lowest estimate I have been given by any executive in Detriot is 1,100,000 during the first year. Larger sales than that are predicted by George Romney, the dynamic head of American Motors, who fervently preached the doctrine of the compact car while increasing sales of the Rambler tenfold in five years. Romney expects the sales of Corvairs, Falcons, Valiants, Ramblers and Larks to total two million during the 1960-model year. By 1965, he predicts, the compact car will take more than half the American market, outselling both the Big Cars of U.S. makes and Small Cars from abroad.

It is certain that this year will be vitally significant for the motor industry—not least for those British firms who must face this new competition in their most important overseas market.

congratulated my son on his 13th birthday and asked him how it felt to be a teenager. He replied, "All right, I suppose, Dad—except for the reputation.

An eye-opening report on the fears and hatreds, tensions and violence that are building up in the Commonwealth's most segregated country

Turmoil in South Africa

By David Reed

The white people of South Africa, outnumbered by nearly four to one, are convinced that they are in a fight for their lives. A minority of three million living among 9,600,000 black Africans, nearly 450,000

Asians and 1,400,000 Cape Coloureds (people of mixed origin), they live in fear that they will be swamped politically, culturally and every other way if anything approaching equal rights is ever given to the non-white majority.

This is why the government of the Union of South Africa is pushing through a programme deliberately designed to cement white supremacy and wipe out what little racial integration ever existed.

"Racial classification" of all South Africa's 14,500,000 people is under way, and once a person has been thus classified he and his descendants.



must live for the rest of their lives in that racial compartment. Boundaries, fixed and rigid, will keep the races completely separated.

Segregation Speed-Up: Unlike anywhere else in Africa, white

settlement in the Union dates back some 300 years. As many as ten generations of whites have been born there and if things got difficult they would have nowhere else to go. Thus, in the latest elections (only whites can vote), the National Party -which stands for total apartheid* (separation of races)—was returned to power with the biggest parliamentary majority it has ever had: 103 out of 156 seats. The United Party, regarded as somewhat more "liberal" but also favouring a rigid colour bar, got 53 seats, while the newly formed Liberal Party, which

Prenounced "spart-hite."

stands for racial integration, failed to win a single seat.

In tightening up on segregation, the government has the full support of the Prime Minister, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd. Chosen by a National Party caucus after the death of Prime Minister Johannes Strijdom, Doctor Verwoerd is described by his friends as a "dedicated man," by his enemies as a "fanatic." But on one thing both sides agree: the young, energetic Doctor Verwoerd will in all likelihood push apartheid much faster and farther than his ageing predecessor did.

Even if nothing were done, South Africa would still be the most segregated country in the world. In Johannesburg there are not only separate buses, trams, restaurants, cinemas and hospitals, but most public buildings have separate entrances and lifts for coloured people. South Africa's public beaches have 500yard "buffer strips" between hathers of different races. The idea of integrated schools has never even been discussed. There is only one place, it is said, where *apartheid* really breaks down: at the cash register. Non-whites are welcome in department stores and shops.

City of Gold: It is in Johannesburg that South Africa's racial problems are focused most sharply. A booming modern metropolis, it is "Goli" to African tribesmen—"City of Gold." Its money, bright lights and excitement attract them. Despite stringent "influx controls," the city's negro (Bantu) population is rising rapidly; there were nearly 550,000 by the last count, compared with about 400,000 whites and 75,000 people of other races.

The government is building homes for negroes at a fast pace, yet the supply never keeps up with demand and negro shanty towns have sprung up all round. Lack of training, and resistance from white labour unions and the government keep most Johannesburg negroes in the lowest jobs. According to one survey, 87 per cent of the negro families have incomes below the "essential minimum."

The crime rate in the slum areas is one of the highest, if not the highest in the world. Murder is such a common occurrence—895 reported killings in 1955, the most recent year for which figures are available—that it scarcely attracts attention. Says one white police colonel: "There's no law in the native townships once the sun goes down. Anarchy just breaks loose."

The black African areas are lorded over by zoot-suited gangsters, armed with pistols and flick-knives. Extortion, robbery and assault are rampant. On pay nights the young hoodlums go up and down bus queues, robbing people by "mass production"—in one hand a hat for "donations," in the other a knife. Crime has reached the point where the government has broken a long-established policy: it is issuing guns to selected negro police. Even so,

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(OLD INDUSTRIAL PROVERB)

these police must travel in groups of

three or four for safety.

Johannesburg's whites, too, are being terrorized by the black African gangsters. Day-time robberies of white messengers carrying money are routine occurrences, and many white residences have been entered. In defence, whites have taken out licences for 100,000 weapons—an average of one fire-arm for every four whites in the city, women and children included.

Pass-Books and Men for Hire:
Meanwhile, life for the black Africans is becoming one of the frying pan and the fire. "If it's not the gangsters, it's the pass law and the police," says one negro feacher.

The pass laws are necessary, whites say, to keep Johannesburg and the other cities from being overrun by unskilled tribesmen who would only aggravate the crime rate and other social problems. As the law stands, each South African man has to carry an "identification book." The black man must have in it a special permit to live in the negro areas round Johannesburg, a pass to come into the city to work and still another if he has to remain in the city at night. Each month the negro's employer must endorse his book. If an African leaves his passbook at home, or if any of his permits are not in order, he can be arrested. Snap checks on passes are carried out practically every day. Often the penalty for a violation is a fine of about £4 (Rs. 54)—half a

month's wages for many negroes—or a fortnight in jail.

Some of those arrested never appear in court. An official meets them at the police station and tells them that they will not be prosecuted if they contract to work for three to six months on a white man's farm. No record is made of the agreement. "The pass violator just disappears, and his family is unable to trace him," one man says.

For his labour, the pass violator is paid about 25 n.p. an hour. Items such as clothing and the cost of transporting him from the police station to the farm are sometimes deducted from his wages. Some blacks find they owe money to the farmer at the end of the period and have to sign a new contract to pay him off.

Forced Moving: Overshadowing all other measures in the drive for total apartheid is the Group Areas Act. Racial areas have been mapped out in the ten cities that come under the Act (which covers 80 per cent of the population). Actual movements into these areas are beginning, and when completed hundreds of thousands of South Africans of all races will have been put into new homes.

So far, the black Africans have been affected most by the population shift. Nearly 50,000 have already been moved from Sophiatown—a negro slum district in Johannesburg now mostly earmarked for whites—to a new housing development outside the city. The programme began when 2,000 polication and 80.



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NORTHERN RAILWAY



on behalf of INDIAN RAILWAY

removal vans appeared one morning in Sophiatown. The men entered the homes ordered to be vacated, and carried out the furniture. Demolition squads climbed on roofs and smashed them in with pick-axes.

The black Africans offered no resistance. In fact, some who had been paying exorbitant rents to negro landlords rode away with their furniture, shouting and singing. But in the process the negroes are losing what rights they had to own land. Sophiatown was one of the few places where they could acquire land in freehold. In the new development they may only rent.

In the long run, the Indian population will be most affected by the Act. Johannesburg's 25,000 Indians, for example, are under orders to move within the next year or two to an open-prairie area about 20 miles from the heart of the city. The majority of these Indians are merchants who depend on whites as well as the other races for their business. In the move many will have to vacate their shops as well as their homes. The Indians complain that this will mean economic ruin. Said one of their leaders: "We'll lose all the business goodwill we've built up for three generations." Also, in many areas Indians are not permitted to go into farming, and most trades and professions are closed to them.

To Preserve "White Skin": Another measure in the apartheid speed-up is the government's attempt to stamp out the creation of any more half-castes. Under the Immorality Act, a white person who has sexual relations with a non-white can get up to seven years in prison. A similar penalty is provided for the non-white partner. The male can get, in addition, up to ten lashes.

Lashing is no light punishment. The offender is stripped, and a blanket is strapped over his back to protect his kidneys. A jailer then lashes the man across the buttocks with a heavy cane. Every stroke lays open the flesh. If a prison sentence is to follow, the man is taken to the prison hospital. Otherwise, he arranges for his own doctor to take him home and treat him.

"It comes down to one thing," explains a senior official, tapping his forearm. "We want to preserve this white skin."

In the race-classification programme, a person is generally classified by his appearance and by whatever race he is accepted as belonging to. Thus some persons known to be partly non-white in origin have been classified as white. In other cases, however, persons have been "downgraded."

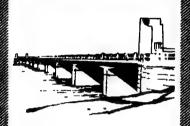
It is the Cape Coloureds who are most affected. Of mixed white and non-white origin, they are being classified largely by the colour of their skin. A government official, whose job it is to determine race, cited a case where one man was classified as white and his brother as a Cape Coloured. "The first man looked white," he explained, "but



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Five Reasons for Apartheid

Wentzel du Plessis, South Africa's Permanent Representative to the United Nations, explains what he considers to be the positive aspects of his country's apartheid policy in these terms:

"1. It reduces the possibility of friction and correspondingly assures

harmonious coexistence.

"2. It assures to the white man as well as to the Bantu (negro) his continued and unhampered existence in a country to which both rightly lay claim and to which both rightly belong.

"3. It removes from the white man the threat of ultimate political domination by the numerically superior Bantu and from the Bantu the threat

of continued economic domination by the white man.

"4. It assures to the Union of South Africa political stability, with economic viability, in so far as these are not disturbed by outside interference such as Communist penetration and subversion.

"5. It assures to the Bantu the interest and assistance of the more experienced and competitively stronger white race in his development to maturity.

"The South African government and people are criticized by a section of world opinion which does not properly understand and often does not want to understand either our circumstances or our motives. We are not insensitive to world opinion. But world opinion, which has the freedom to criticize, does not have the responsibility to govern. We do."

- U.S. News & World Report

his brother didn't look white at all."

Once a man is downgraded to Cape Coloured, he must move out of a white neighbourhood. He can never marry a white woman, must send his children to a non-white school and can never hold a job reserved for whites.

Should a man be downgraded from Cape Coloured to black African, he must move to a negro area, send his children to black schools.

It is expected that the job of issuing racial identification cards will be completed in a few months.

Development Plan for Tribal Areas: As yet another move towards

total segregation, the government is planning to accelerate a vast programme of "separate development" in the tribal reserves. Millions of pounds are to be pumped into these areas. Agriculture is to be modernized, and small industries are being encouraged to move near the reserves to create jobs for tribesmen. Local government is also being introduced.

The Nationalists hope to build up the reserves to a point where the flow of black Africans to the white man's cities will be reversed. "We'd have our world, and they'd have theirs." says a government official.

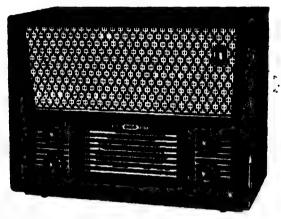


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The programme is running into opposition, however, from both negroes, and some top businessmen. A negro journalist comments: "We feel it's just a device to keep us backward." And a white industrialist says: "It's a pipe dream—like trying to mop up the Atlantic Ocean. Whether we like it or not, the native is a part of white South Africa. We need his labour. We can't get along without him."

Communism on the Rise: Although the Communist Party is banned in South Africa, and there are penalties for being a member of it, Communists and fellow travellers have infiltrated the leadership of both the African National Congress (the chief negro political organization) and the South African Indian Congress.

White Communists are described as the brains behind the movement. They are about the only whites in the country who have thrown in

their lot with the non-whites, and so far their efforts seem to have paid off.

Says one negro leader: "As far as we are concerned, both Britain and the United States are imperialistic countries. We are prepared to follow the Soviet bloc." And a bitter young Indian with leftist leanings asks, "What Western government ever does anything about what happens to us here?" As things stand now, there is no middle ground. The black Africans feel that their numbers give them a democratic right to rule the country. The whites say they will never consent to being governed by a race they regard as hundreds of years behind them in development. They will not even consider the matter of granting political rights to non-whites.

In the months and years ahead, the prospect is one of mounting hatreds and tensions—along with a steady growth of Communism.

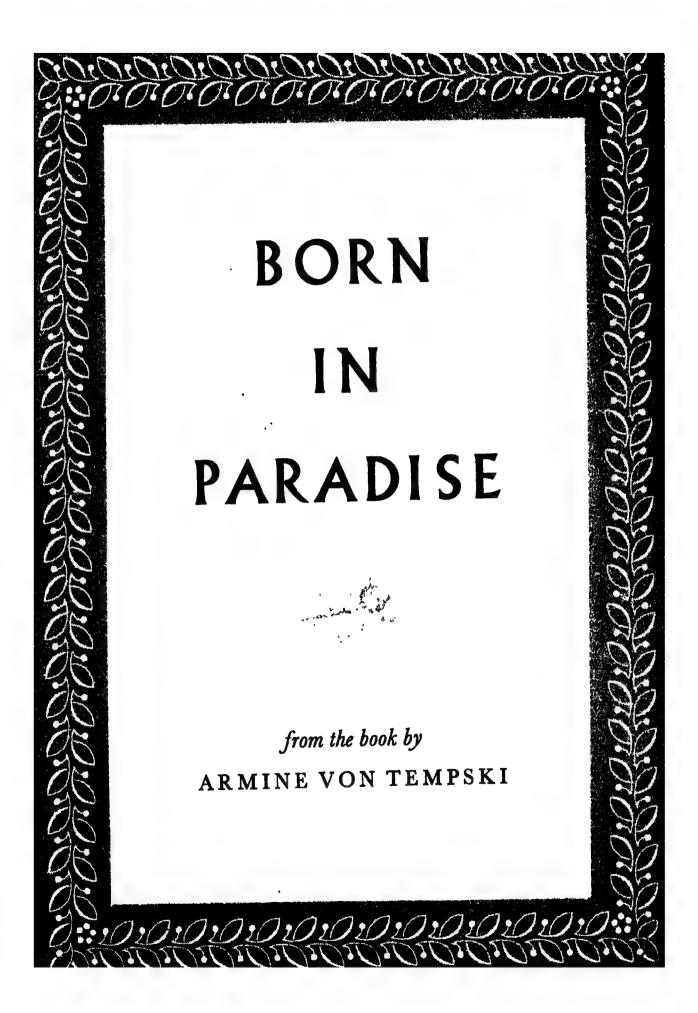
Touche

An Englishman who took a poor view of the trans-Atlantic custom of using tea bags was asked by his American host how he liked his tea. He replied emphatically, "Please, without surgical dressings!" —w.s.j.

In Gloucestershire during the war, my GI pal and I spent some time arguing with an elderly woman about British victories and defeats. During one particularly heated discussion my friend said triumphantly, "Then there was the American Revolution."

"I'm glad you mentioned that," said she. "Another splendid English victory, wasn't it?"

"English victory!" spluttered the GI.



The magnificent adventure of growing up on a great cattle ranch in Hawaii was enriched by the example of a man who taught his children to live dangerously and fully The New York Times Book Review says "In Born in Paradise the Islands' generous turbulent, spirited hard-riding zest for living sings and shouts an enticing melody of a bygone Polynesia and one lays the book down with the feeling of a door having opened on an unfamiliar world"



HE FIRST word I learned was Aloha-"my love to you!"—spoken from the fullness of warm generous hearts What a wonderful heritage was ours, we children of white parents born in Hawaii Boundless space surrounded us, music and mirth were eternally in our cars, the stir of creation filled water. earth, and air, the sweetness of wild ginger blossoms and guavas weighted the wind Savage silver rain, tawny sunlight over land and sea, flowers tearing from green buds in scarlet, blue and purple—the very earth underfoot

123. ...

was alive from lava seething through its veins

My comrades were polyglot Ah Sin, the Chinese cook, whose mummy-like face, whose oaths resounding like gongs, invested him with the qualities of a magician Tatsu, my Japanese nurse, who always warmed her hands inside her kimono before touching me, and who smelled faintly and pleasantly of incense and pale hot tea. Makalıı, the old Hawanan paniolo—cowbov—who me in front of him on a pillow while he made his daily round, who taught me the love of his Condensed from "Both in Paradise," @ 1940 by April

people and the whispered language of nature. Lovely ladies, ranchers, royal personages, visiting celebrities, who thronged our home over week-ends, singing and dancing all Saturday night and sallying forth at dawn on Sunday to rope wild bulls. These were the people I loved, who made the years and days rich beyond any telling.

The 60,000-acre ranch where we lived bore the proud name of the great volcano on which it sprawled—Haleakala, The House of the Sun. Over this kingdom father—Louis von ruled my Tempski.

There are people who seem to move through life with an invisible spotlight focused on them. Louis von Tempski, of Polish and Scottish blood, was of that breed. The way he spoke, held himself, the way he entered a room, printed itself on the memory. His gay eyes, filled with intense glee of living, the flash of his smile, the guick ease with which he swung on to a horse or bent to pat a dog, set him apart.

When my father was 18 he started around the world in search of adventure. He stopped off in Hawaii and found in the island of Maui a spot which he immediately and passionately loved. He speedily proved his ability as a stockman, and when a corporation offered him the management of the Haleskele Ranch he accepted trickled through me. Over bread

and proved his worth by putting the ranch on a paying basis. When he married Amy Wodehouse, daughter of the British Ambassador to the Court of Hawaii, he? brought his young wife to Haleakala Ranch to live. The pull of that soil held him against all the rest of the earth. He gave his love, his strength and, finally, his life to the acres which were entrusted to his care. He had found his Paradise—and in it I was born.

I ALWAYS woke early at the moment when grazing stock were raising their heads in salute to the unending wonder of light being born out of darkness. Until Tatsu came, I lay listening to coffee being ground, to the rush of water in Dad's shower, to whips cracking, the rush of horses' hoofs and snatches of hulas being surig as men went about the business of a great ranch.

Usually Dad was gone long before I finished breakfast, but if something delayed him the day had an extra lift because he was so gay, strong and eager. The Hawaiians looked on him as an Alii—a Chief—but called him by his first name. The Japanese addressed him as "Mr. Louis," but no one ever hailed him as Mr. von Tempski. He didn't need a prefix to his name to command respect.

Every morning when Tatsu and I entered the kitchen, excitement. and milk I watched Ah Sin dashing around lifting covers off bubbling cauldrons of salt pork, turkey and mutton. Smaller pots of Oriental edibles sent up tantalizing odours and the capacious oven exhaled the smell of baking bread.

Forty people were fed out of the kitchen. Before the breakfast bell finished ringing, men began swarming in: men with spurs at their heels, knives in their leggings, and flowers on their hats. Men who filled the room with rolling Hawaiian words and laughter. They gathered up stacks of thick white dishes, collected steaming cauldrons of food and monster pots of coffee to take on the lawn.

I watched feverishly for Makalii and rushed to meet him. Swinging me on to his hip, he lassoed my neck with the *lei* he made for me every morning, and the joyous hours we spent together leaped into reality.

One morning, for some disobedience, Mother forbade me to ride with Makalii until after lunch. Screams, tears and kickings were of no avail. Tatsu carried me, limp and completely exhausted, back to bed. As she moved quietly about the room, the thought came that if I pretended to be asleep she would leave. Then I could steal out and overtake Makalii. I felt

love pouring over me as she led the covers closer, but I did not open my eyes. When I heard her leave, I dressed quickly, ducked under the garden fence and ran down the path, my nostrils filled with the scent of morning and freedom. Makalii was just swinging into the saddle to leave for the magic pasture where the sleek, thorough bred brood-mares grazed. The look of mild astonishment and reproof in his eyes when I tore up stung like a blow, but I flung myself at him.

"Naughty child," he reproved in Hawaiian, but his voice was loving.

"I'll be spanked again anyhow for running away, so take me to see the colts," I panted.

Smile wrinkles gathered up the corners of his eyes and I knew I had won. Making his slicker into a pad, he seated me upon it and we jogged along quietly. The slow honey of complete happiness poured through me and I relaxed against the faded blue shirt of the old man I loved.

Dismounting on the crest of a hill we sat down on the warm fragrant earth. Feeling Makalii's wise tender eyes on me, all the rage and frustration of the morning melted away. Inarticulately I wanted to repay him for the joy which was always mine when I was with him. I suggested that I tell him all the things I could smell, see and hear, which was a sort of game to me. Later I realized that his careful training of my

senses made me wealthy in the ways of the earth and close to invisible forces in nature. He considered my blotched face and swollen eyes, then gently shook his head.

"No use today, Ummie," he said softly. "When peoples sad, they not very smart. Better us go look the mares."

I rode in a trance, listening to the voice of the land, a great voice compounded of lesser voices: doves cooing in groves of smokeblue trees, plover whistling, the tiny rattle of seed-pods in the grass. Then from below came the thin sweet whinny of a mare, followed by a colt's answering nicker.

"Where are they?" Makalii asked in Hawaiian.

The whinny came again. My trained ear caught the direction and I pointed at the third group of trees in the hollow below. Makalii's eyes lighted and he nod-ded. Nani lifted into an easy lope that brought us to where 20 broodmares were assembled. "Umph, Coquette no stop," Makalii commented. "Better us go find."

Coquette was Dad's prize thoroughbred, and she was due to foal any day. We finally found her in a clump of guava bushes, her flanks heaving, her shoulders dark with sweat. Makalii dismounted hurriedly, and talked to her while he considered her critically.

"Her baby is starting to come," he said after a minute. "It's her

first one. No got time to take you home and come back." He looked unhappy. "Sometimes young racemare scare the first time. Then she run away and maybe lose the baby. I stop with her okay. But might-be Mrs. Louis mad if her small girl see a colt born. Hawaiian peoples no care, kids see. This nature. But English peoples think different."

Coquette decided the matter. She began weaving from side to side. Makalii knew exactly what to do, and every so often he glanced in my direction and made some pleased comment. "Coquette fine, she work swell . . ." and he would nod in a satisfied way which made the ordeal seem everyday.

When the colt lay on the grass, wet and inert, Coquette licked its face until its eyes opened. After a little it heaved clumsily to its feet. Coquette touched its nose with hers. Wobbly and beautiful, it gazed at her, then began hunting for its breakfast.

Tingling joy streamed through me. "Can I touch it?" I asked.

Makalii nodded. I laid my fingers on the small damp rump and the colt gave a tiny kick. Makalii beamed. Then slowly the joy ebbed from his face. "Better us go now. Maybe Mrs. Louis never let you ride with me again." He swung me on to Nani and climbed up behind.

By degrees the gravity of his

plight penetrated my mind. "I won't tell Mother," I announced.

"I no like this lie-cheat kind, Ummie," he reproved. "Better us make some small prayers to the white god Christ and the great Akua for Mrs. Louis understand and no take you from me."

When we returned, Makalii dismounted like a tired old man who has nothing more to live for. Horribly, I realized my running away was responsible for this. Daddy came slashing out of the house, rushed forward and snatched me into his arms. Makalii talked to him, his face quivering. Daddy listened with a thoughtful expression.

"First Born, I'm going to have to spank you," he told me. "Mother is half crazy, the ranch is in an uproar and work's been at a standstill while we hunted for

vou."

He placed a comforting hand on Makalii's shoulder and the old man covered his eyes for a moment. Then he kissed Dad's hand and held it to his forehead. Dad's eyes misted, and he said with a kind of choke: "Get about your work, *Ele-Makule*—Old One."

But when he carried me into the Office his face was stern and sad. Lumps which I tried to swallow kept pushing into my throat.

Patiently Daddy went over my transgressions until they were

clear to me. "It wasn't only running away that was bad, Ummie. You cheated, pretended to be asleep so Tatsu would go away. Tatsu loves and trusts you, and you betrayed her. It got her in wrong with Mother. Makalii would have got in trouble too if he hadn't seen me first. Now do you understand why I must spank you?"

I felt steeped in crime. "Yes," I choked. "Please spank me quickly

and be pau (finished)."

Long before I was five, I could sit a bareback horse securely. For my fifth birthday, Makalii made me a saddle. I had watched him shape the wood, helped him to prepare the leather. When he blew out the last hair-fine strip of leather from the carvings, we surveyed our handiwork in awed silence.

"Pau," he said.

It symbolized an end—and a beginning. I had graduated from babyhood to childhood. I would now ride beside him on a horse of my own. To celebrate my new status, Daddy said I might go with him and help drive steers to the coast, for shipment to Honolulu.

The drive always started at one in the morning, to take advantage of the cool darkness. By late afternoon, when we reached the big stone corral at Makena, my ankles were raw, my knees ached with broken-off cactus spines acquired in wild rider to head off attempted.

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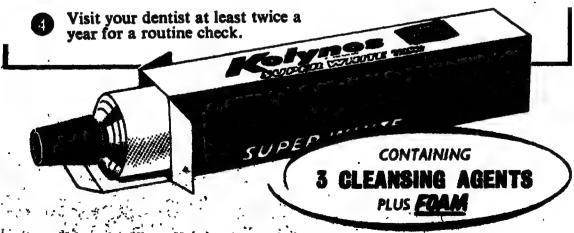
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stampedes, and I realized for the first time that Daddy and the paniolos often risked their lives when they jogged out of my secure world every morning.

"While supper cooks we'll go for a swim," Dad announced. Makalii made me a sort of breech-clout out of his red bandanna. I felt grown-up and like the brown paniolos heading for the sea. As they entered the water they struck it with their cupped hands, sending long hollow echoes across it. "Why are they doing that?" I asked.

"There's no reef here and the sound scares sharks away," Daddy said.

I drew back, hesitating. Daddy squatted down beside me. "First Born, if you want a rich, full life you've got to gamble sometimes. As a whole, sharks in these waters are cowards."

My stomach felt full of butter-flies. Fear glued my feet to the sand. Daddy looked at me in an odd way and dived in. I shut my eyes and dashed in. Soon I was swimming between Daddy and Makalii, and the silken beauty of the ocean washed all other thoughts from my mind.

By our campfire that evening, Pili got out his accordion, Kahalewai produced a ukulele. Everyone began singing an old cowboy hula, music that had the swagger and swing of our wide careless life. I didn't mean to go to sleep:

but when I opened my eyes a pearl-and-silver dawn was lying in the sky, Pili was making coffee, Hauki riding off to see if the steamer was in sight.

Suddenly the mirror-like morning was split by wild shouts from the grove. The whole herd of steers was bolting into the sea. We raced to our horses, Makalii threw me into my saddle, vaulted on to his horse and we'tore along the beach. *Paniolos* on saddleless horses were racing into the sea after the cattle. Daddy's commands sounded like rifle shots.

The steers were swimming towards a distant red island. All you could see were their heads. First one head, then another, disappeared. The men, swimming their horses after them, began striking the water with their cupped hands.

Sharks!

The morning became a chaos of horror. Panic seized the herd. They wheeled, collided, tried to climb on each other's backs. Paniolos shouted, striking the sea fiercely. Horses plunged, fought. Daddy, Makalii would be torn to pieces. I wanted to scream but my throat muscles were paralysed.

Finally, cursing and yelling madly, the men managed to head the bellowing herd back to the beach and then urged them toward the corral. The rangy steer who had started the stampede came lurching up. A great hole in his

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side poured blood and he kept looking at it in bewilderment. Dad and Holomalia dashed again into the water to rescue five steers swimming near the shore. One steer was pulled under just as Dad got to it, but they saved the others and finally heaved on to the safety of land.

I shook in my saddle, and my bones felt like jelly. Daddy looked as if he didn't know who I was. All the men's faces were filled with work and danger. I felt left out of the world, and wailed like a puppy. Daddy came to me, swept me off my horse on to his, and all at once I had him and everyone back again. "Steady, paniolo," he said.

I held tightly to Dad and swallowed. He never talked to me as though I was a baby, but treated me like a grown-up and it made me want to be brave, as he was.

"What made them stampede?"

"They were restless from waiting. A coconut fell into the corral, and they jumped the wall and bolted."

"What about the roan steer?"

"The boys killed him. He's out of his misery."

Holomalia shouted and pointed. The steamer was just pulling into sight. Daddy, his jaw getting square, called the men together and talked to them in Hawaiian. Pili hurled something far across the water. There was a dull explosion. "Dynamite to scare the

sharks away," Daddy explained. "It's illegal, but justifiable now."

The steamer anchored half a mile off shore, and the morning got under way once more. A whaleboat was lowered and came in while Dad roped a steer and dashed seaward, Hauki galloping beside the captive. They hit the sea at full speed and swam to the boat. Flinging the rope to one of the men in the boat, Daddy wheeled, caught the fresh rope the man threw back, and swam back. The men worked in pairs, perfectly. Eight steers floated on either side of the boat, fastened by their horns. When they reached the steamer, each steer was hoisted aboard in a sling.

The last boat-load was finally drawn up, the steamer blew its whistle and tired men spilled off tired horses and slaked their thirst from green coconuts. Makalii came to me and said: "You like go in water on a horse? I take you behind me on Nani."

I thought of the sharks and was torn between doubt and desire. It had looked beautiful, the horses breasting waves with their tails floating out like fans. Then I remembered what Daddy had said, that if a person wanted a rich, full life he had to take some risks.

"Yes," I said finally,

Makalii's eyes lighted. "Good girl!" he announced, and pulled me up behind him.

One day, shortly after my ninth birthday, Makalii's horse shied him into a gate-post. In a few weeks there was a painful lump on his leg, and Dad ordered the old man to take a month off and rest. Like most of our Hawaiians, he had a small place of his own, cultivated by other members of his family. Every few days we rode over to see him, but instead of improving, his leg got rapidly worse.

One morning Makalii's 15year-old son rode in and asked Dad to take me to see Makalii at once. When we reached his house my dear old paniolo was seated on the floor, his back against the wall, and pain had carved terrible lines around his mouth. His leg was stretched out in front of him, packed in laukahi leaves.

When he saw me he began crying silently. I rushed to him. All our beautiful years together, all we had shared, all he taught me rushed over us like a flood, making words useless. I began crying wildly; "Are you going to die, Makalii?"

He gestured at his leg. "Yes, pau," he said, and began kissing my hands. "My keiki," he kept saying under his breath in Hawaiian, "who I carried on a pillow before she could walk, whose golden head has rested on my heart . . . who I taught to ride and swim . . ."

Flinging my arms about him I clung close. It seemed to comfort

him in a deep wordless way. He knew, as I did, that he would always mean something to me that no one else in life ever could. His wistful eyes followed us as we went slowly towards the door.

"Me ke aloha pau ole!" he called. He didn't need to tell me. My love for him would never end, either. Dad gripped my hand, and my voice, jammed in my throat, did its duty. "Me ke aloha pau ole—my paniolo!" I said shakily.

Hawaiians from all over the island attended Makalii's funeral. In his quiet way he had been a great personage. Mother cried until her face was swollen. When she had come to Maui as a bride, Makalii had decorated their first little house with *leis* and made it beautiful to receive her.

Shortly before the cortege was ready to start, Dad called me into the Office. "First Born, I want you to see that there's nothing frightful about death," he said. "Often it's a release. Makalii died of the most swift-moving and painful form of cancer. You must be glad his agony is over and he is free. It's like shooting an old crippled horse to spare it needless suffering. Makalii's death was a release."

When I stood beside Dad at the open grave, sobs arose inside me, and I had to lean my forehead against his arm to stop my body shaking. My memory recalls, across the years, every detail of the occasion: Japanese yard-boys

and nursery men with dogged, almost angry expressions as they fought their emotions; Japanese women with their front teeth blackened-their mourning custom; Hawaiian women with loosened hair, wailing. Paniolos singing in voices like echoing organs. The six best oxen with leis twined around their horns. Daddy's other arm was around Mahiai, Makalii's orphan son, whom Makalii had entrusted to Dad. When Holomalia, Pili, and the other older men began lowering the coffin with lei-covered lassos, slow tears spilled down their cheeks. Dad flung me a silent command to give him his arm so that he could put it about Mother, who was crying with the abandon of a Hawaiian woman. I would not fail him: pushing back, I sat down on the grass. I mustn't think that I'd never see Makalii again—then, in the queer way of times of stress, a merry little Hawaiian verse he had taught me flashed into my mind. As I repeated it over and over, it seemed as though Makalii and I were riding together with wind in our faces and flowers in our hats.

A LITTLE while after this, three distinguished Britishers, en route to Australia to fill official positions, stopped off for a week's visit at the ranch.

Mother was in her element. These were her people, they talked ther talk, thought her thoughts. They commented on the excellence of her tea; praised the mustard-and-cress sandwiches of unbelievable thinness; finished the plate of plum cake.

While Mother sat with them talking of England, I watched the house-boys setting the dinner table. Glossy damask, heavy silver, sparkling crystal gave the long table a flavour of bygone stateliness. When the last silver was in place, fluffy carnation leis were hung on the back of each chair.

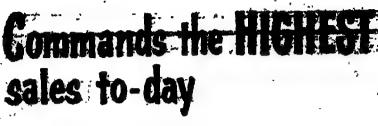
It was Saturday night, and the ranch was on tiptoe with excitement as usual, the tingly atmosphere stepped up notches by the arrival of the important guests. From the garden my sisters, Aina and Gwen, and I watched the party gather for dinner: the guests in formal evening dress, Mother in a new frock, Dad in white with a maroon cummerbund.

I had never seen Mother so happy, so animated. She was back in the proper English atmosphere she craved. She loved Dad, loved Hawaii, but she had never merged into it completely. For once, now, Hawaii was pushed out into the purple night and England was enthroned. Noble roast beef, lowered voices, formal clothes, candlelight, silver moving precisely on Crown Derby china. Daddy's gladness for her was a delight to watch.

Suddenly the side door flew open. A frantic scramble of bare brown limbs and flying black hair

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propelled itself across the room into Dad's arms.

"Louis, Louis, save me!"

Hysterical, sobbing, Moku's wife Lehua tried to scramble into Dad's lap. Against the white table-cloth her big brown body showed absolutely, and shockingly, naked!

Mother went white as chalk. Captain Bailey's moustache froze on his lip. Viscount Ashley gagged. The monocle dropped out of Sir Hugh's eye, as terribly and suddenly the elegant dinner party smashed into a million fragments.

"What in blazes is the matter?" Daddy demanded, draping his big napkin over what it would cover of Lehua's ample form.

"Moku like kill me," Lehua shrieked, burrowing her head into Dad's neck. "I dance hot-style hula with Hauki, but only for some little fun. Hauki, you know, drunk! Moku, he tear off my clothes so he can lick me. Then Hauki get mad and pick up lasso—"Her tempo changed. "Oh, better you go quick, Louis. Maybe this time Hauki rope Moku and kill him. Quick—I scare for go back. You lock me inside Office till tomorrow—"

Dad slid her off his lap, ripped off his coat, put it around her and hustled her from the room. But the dinner party was left in ruins. Lawless, pagan, prodigal Hawaii had triumphed over England.

I climbed shakily on to the stone

wall and watched Dad charge into the Camp filled with shouting Hawaiians, Portuguese and Japanese milling around like crazy cattle. Then I saw a white wedge of shirt-front flash through the gate and vanish into the crowd—Captain Bailey. After four or five minutes, he and Daddy came back.

"No trick to knock Hauki out, he was blind drunk," Dad said. "But this has happened once too often. He gets the sack tomorrow. It's his fault that Amy's nice party was spoiled."

Captain Bailey gave a short bark of mirth. "But upon my word it was topping! I'll never forget that naked brown woman bursting in like an explosion! It was worth the whole trip from England."

Next morning Hauki was waiting on the Office steps with his usual lei of repentance. "You're pau, for good," Dad told him sternly. "You scandalized our guests. Amy had hysterics, which is bad for her because she's going to have a baby."

Hauki realized that this was the end. Tears poured down his cheeks. Grabbing Dad he burst into impassioned Hawaiian.

If he could be paniolo to the new baby he'd quit drinking forever! More than he craved spirits, he wanted the honour of having charge of one of Dad's children. He would be a second Makalii! Dad thought a while. "Well, Hauki, I was no angel when I was young. If you stop drinking, you can stay on. When the new baby's born, I'll decide whether or not you can be its paniolo."

On the day Lorna was born, paniolos and their wives gathered in the garden; Hauki was among them, looking hopeful and apprehensive as he waited to learn Dad's decision. The other men joshed him, and his dark eyes blazed.

"Never mind, you laugh," he flashed. "Eleven weeks now I no take drink and sure Louis notice!"

But when Dad came out Hauki didn't look so cocky. "Amy's fine," Dad said happily. "Tomorrow, after work, you can all go in and see her and the baby. As you're Lorna's paniolo, Hauki, you can see her in the morning."

Hauki made a lunge at Dad and threw his arms about him. "Mahalo, thank you, thank you," he choked. "My happy too big for me to hold."

At dawn he was waiting with a great white carnation lei to hang on Lorna's crib. Each morning he came to gaze adoringly at her. Soon her face would light up when he appeared. When she was three months old he took her for her first ride on a pillow before his saddle.

Dad seemed to have a gift of sensing a man's real worth. Two years later when Eole, our high-spirited and undependable assistant colt-breaker, put in a bid to be

paniolo to the new von Tempski who was on the way, Dad said if he'd trim his sails and steer a straight course, it was a go.

All the ranch hoped for a son, and at 8 o'clock of a Sunday night our brother Errol was born. Japanese hanzaied, Hawaiians went crazy. Eole couldn't be touched with a ten-foot pole. After the hubbub subsided, the paniolos serenaded Mother and the new little son under her bedroom windows. Life seemed complete, perfect.

How can words convey the mighty flow and cbb of the leisurely, gracious existence of those lost regal decades which have no exact parallel in history? There was endless hospitality, for we inevitably entertained every celebrity who visited the Islands, and rarely was Bachelor's Roost, the big separate guest house, without its week-end quota of males: charming young scions of great families, remittance men, cashiered officers who, however worthless, added to the gaicty of nations.

When the Hawaiian princes and princesses toured the Islands, they too stopped with us. Then the great ceremonial hulas of ancient times, performed only on special occasions, were danced in our garden; and we felt, behind the chanting, behind supple swaying dancers, the drums speaking an older, fiercer tongue summoning ancient spirits to return to earth.





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TRANS WORLD ATRUMS.

There were epochal night-long Christmas Eve celebrations with presents for and from every man, woman and child on the ranch stacked for yards around a great candle-blazing tree; with serenading paniolos, ranch owners and sugar planters from miles around at the ranch house for the merry-making.

There were trips to Waikiki, then a peaceful, beautiful beach privately owned by prominent white families and members of the Hawaiian royalty, for surf-riding. And there were spur-of-the-moment expeditions up Mauna Loa when it erupted. All Hawaii picnicked as close as they dared to the two-mile-wide fiery Niagara of molten lava which rushed into the sea, throwing up a steam jet 18,000 feet high and making the water boil for miles off shore—a thrilling, magnificent and completely mad occasion, utterly characteristic of Hawaii. There was the breathless excitement and danger of roping the wild bulls high on Haleakala's pitted forest slopes. There were hunting trips when we camped in Haleakala's extinct crater. Over the fire, at night, the past seemed very close as the older Hawaiians told the ancient legends.

But the year after Errol's birth brought a sad change to the wide, spacious pattern of our family life. Lorna, who had been health personified, developed asthma. I was 12 now, and I suggested that I

could take care of her at night. Mother was sceptical of my trustworthiness, but exhaustion compelled her to give me a trial.

At first she slept in the same room with Lorna and me, but no matter how active I'd been during the day, the first wheeze from my small sister snapped me to my feet and I administered the succession of medicines vainly prescribed for Lorna's spasms. As I proved my efficiency, Mother began sleeping through the tussles and I was left in complete charge.

But meanwhile Mother was going to pieces before my eyes, killing herself with worry, not only about Lorna but for fear Errol would catch it too. The babies were never allowed out of doors if a breath of wind was stirring, and when they were taken from one room to another blankets were laid before every door to keep out possible draughts. Errol became sickly and pallid from the continual coddling and the whole household was haggard. The joyous stream of week-end visitors all but ceased, for Mother was too tired and too preoccupied with the babies' health to enjoy company.

I saw, as Dad did, what was happening to the babies and to our home, but we were both powerless to do anything about it. He ventured to suggest to Mother that possibly keeping the babies bundled up all the time and away from

sunshine and fresh air would not improve their stamina. But her phobia about draughts had grown into a sort of hysteria. For almost two years neither of them was allowed to ride or even play with animals for fear excitement might precipitate asthma spasms. They were kept quiet with toys and books, shut off completely from their Island heritage of sunshine, horses, swimming and the companionship of the paniolos.

Lorna was old enough to remember that life had not always been a monotone punctuated with periods of choking. She loved animals, and during her two years of imprisonment she begged daily to see Kolea, a four-year-old stallion on whose back she had sat when he was a small colt. Couldn't she go outside and sit on his back if she kept quiet? Finally, Mother told Dad to bring Kolea into the garden where Lorna could see him through the windows. When Dad led the proud glossy creature up to the house, Lorna forgot her promise not to get excited and fought and screamed to get to him until she was purple in the face. A frightful asthma spasm resulted, so that finished that.

The end came with unexpected suddenness. The entire family and most of the ranch, with the exception of Dad and myself, succumbed to an epidemic of influenza. For a week we were cursing practically twenty-four

hours a day. Just as Mother got back on her feet, Lorna's influenza developed into pneumonia.

In her delirium Lorna begged incessantly for Kolea and Hauki. At the end of six days Mother collapsed. Two days later Lorna passed the crisis successfully. But Mother did not recover.

FOR days everything felt hollow and empty. Even more than my own loss, the disaster where Dad was concerned appalled me, for with Mother's death he was left to rear a family of five, two of them mere tots and invalids. He had nominated me his first-lieutenant and said I must try to hold the fort with him.

Being a man of action, a few days after Mother's funeral he called a family council in the Office. The relatives and friends who had jammed the house for ten days had dispersed; only Lorrin Thurston, or to use his Hawaiian name, Kakina, stayed on. As young men, he and Dad had ridden and roped wild cattle together. Now Kakina left his family, law-practice, and newspaper to stay with Dad and help him to get his household reorganized and under way.

Dad's mind was steady and direct even in the midst of tragedy. I was slated to run the house and manage it to the best of my ability. The current governess would stay to teach us. Aina was to have entire charge of Lorna during the day



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and, unless, the baby had asthma, at night. Then I must take over. Gwen must contribute her bit where she could. But in the final analysis I was to be Mother, hostess and head of the household.

After thrashing out his plans in detail, Dad dismissed the others but held me back by the hand. Kakina rose to go, but Daddy signalled him to remain too. "You're in on the next round, old man."

Taking up his pipe, Daddy filled it. "This is a show-down and all the cards are going on the table." He glanced at Kakina, then looked at me. "I'm going to talk to you as if you were a man too, Ummie."

An odd far-away expression crept into Dad's eyes and when he lighted his pipe his hands were slightly unsteady. "I've tried my damnedest to be a good husband and father, but I'm no saint, and without Amy to consider, there's a possibility I may smash up and take the lot of you down with me—" He broke off and stared at some distance of his own.

Kakina's dark eyes had never swerved from Dad's face. "I know your calibre, Von," he said, "and I'm betting you won't go down. You may take a few spills, but you'll do a hundred-per-cent job of raising your kids, or I don't know men."

Dad's face got all broken and funny, then the tide of power which had been temporarily shocked out of him began flowing back. "Damnation, I won't fail you," he announced with quiet violence. "I won't rush hurdles, or cross bridges before I get to them. We'll go ahead a step at a time. The first problem is the babies. Are they to continue to be coddled and kept indoors, or shall I risk a complete right-about-face, turn them out to pasture, and see what results? It seems to me if we turn Lorna and Errol loose and they can't take it, they won't be any worse off than they are now, living the way they do."

"Let's take off their woollen clothes, shingle their hair, give them cold baths every morning, and let them ride with their paniolos and see if it won't make men of them," I suggested eagerly.

Kakina chuckled and faint amusement showed in Dad's sad eyes.

"Will you share responsibility for this course?" he asked. "If the kids can't stand the gaff—" he hesitated, "Even if they do, people will criticize us. 'Poor Amy, the instant she's gone her methods go into the discard' will be their song. You're my right hand now, and you may have to take a beating if we set off on this course."

I thought of the wretched nights Lorna had spent, of dreary days in tightly closed rooms. If a person couldn't snatch joy and beauty as he went, what was the good of living? I tried to put my thought into words.

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Dad agreed. "I've a hunch the kids can take it; they come from tough stock."

"Let's start now," I suggested. "Lorna's still in bed and weak as a kitten, but we can take Kolea into the nursery to give her a boost."

For the first time in days Dad smiled a real smile. "Tell her she's going to have a caller. Kakina and I'll fetch the horse."

While Aina brushed Lorna's hair and put on a fresh ribbon, I rounded up the rest of the household to share the fun. In a few minutes, hoofs crossed the veranda, then Kolea put his wise, beautiful head through the door. Lorna's pallid face lighted radiantly. "Kolea!" she squeaked, holding out her arms.

Dad and Hauki, each holding to the cheek strap of the halter, made a careful entry. The stallion snuffed suspiciously at the furniture, then got a whiff of Lorna and his nostrils ceased dilating. Dad and Hauki led him to the side of the bed.

Lorna hugged his velvety muzzle, making loving noises as she hungrily inhaled the fragrance of his clean skin. Ever since they had met as yearlings, two-legged and four, one of those mystic bonds binding certain people and animals together had existed between them. Any real lover of horses has, at some time or another, experienced the miracle of finding a horse which is in perfect accord with

him. Lorna's stick-like fingers went over the lean contours of Kolea's perfect head while he sighed blissfully.

Our mutual efforts at babyminding helped to get Dad over the first reaches of his grief. Lorna's bout with pneumonia had, at least, eliminated her asthma. She was pitifully weak, but with Kolea's daily visits and a trip to the garden every morning, life was no longer a deadly round of choking and being shut away from all the things she loved. While she lay on a mat under the trees with wind blowing over her and sun soaking into her skin, Hauki, her paniolo, hovered over her, and her four-legged friend, Kolea, cropped the lawn near by.

Errol came in for more drastic treatment. We cut off his curls and took him out of dresses. He strutted proudly about in short breeches and shirts of the same cut worn by Japanese boy-sans. We plunged him yelling into a cold bath every morning and after he'd eaten breakfast Eole took him riding until noon. During the afternoon we parked him on an old mare without a bridle, who grazed about the garden as she pleased. Once in a while a bleat would send someone speeding out to pick him up off the grass and put him back into the saddle. Of course, Mother's women friends were scandalized at our methods, but he got tanned and much stronger.

Shortly after Lorna became well enough to ride, our governess was obliged, by a death in her family, to return to San Francisco. Daddy called a family council and told us that, after weighing the pros and cons, he'd concluded that a year without school, for us older girls, would not be out of line, provided we occupied the time usefully.

"I need you with me," he went on. "When we're home I expect vou to buckle down and learn housekeeping. When work calls me to Waiopai, I'll take the lot of you along with me. In the evenings, after the babies are bedded down, I'll read aloud to you, adding to your education as I can. As problems come up, we'll thrash them out together. If you give me your word to try to get the ultimate from being turned out to pasture for a while—"

Would we! Going everywhere with him and taking the babies along. Learning housekeeping from servants we loved. What a harvest of fun! After the first tempest of delight subsided, we sat down on the Office steps to plan and gloat.

I sensed the solemnity of the moment. We were launched on a new phase of living. A new era had begun. Heretofore the younger children's lives had been largely along the lines of patterned English upbringing. Mother's Now the whole family was to plunge into Dad's man-existence.

I knew from the fluttering of a muscle in Dad's lean cheek that he was wondering if he could steer us all to happy landings.

The garden gate clicked. Kakina, who had dropped in unexpectedly to spend a day with us, approached deliberately, then stopped short. After watching us intently for a moment, he gave an odd laugh.

"You're a wild-looking crew, even the babies, sitting there in your big straw hats and spurs. The Lone Eagle and his nestlings poised for flight!"

Six years of outdoor life had made Errol and Lorna into healthy, hard-riding youngsters, and Aina were growing into selfreliant young ladies, and I had settled down to the fixed ambition of becoming a writer, and was spending several hours a day at a desk, when the next great change came into our lives. It started by Dad's announcing that we were all invited to spend a month at the Parker Ranch, for their round-up.

We yipped with glee. One of the world's most regal estates, of almost a million acres! On its pay-roll were men whose fathers and fathers' fathers had worked there before them. It was almost too much good luck.

We went to the Parker Ranch by sea, arriving at Kawaihae late that night.

When we rode out of the trees



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surrounding the house next morning, the land swept away, a limit-less ocean of flowing grass, to where Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa filled two-thirds of the sky. Down the miles-long undulating hollow below, a herd of cattle moved forward like a red, swollen river. Aside from the roaring of Mokuaweoweo in action, their great crying was the mightiest sound I'd ever heard.

The man leading the herd galloped by. He seemed part of the land, fierce and free, sitting his saddle in the straight-legged fashion of Hawaii—a beautiful, poised seat suggesting a winged centaur. He had the magnetic vitality which is often the lot of men of mixed race. Seeing Dad, he shouted, "Louis—Aloha!"

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Liholiho Lindsay," Dad said. "Johnny, the oldest of the family, is foreman. There are a dozen others."

For a week or so, the life of the ranch possessed our interest to the exclusion of everything else. Then, one evening, the old foreman said to Dad, "Tomorrow I go up Mauna Keaafter young horses for break this fall. I like fine if you and the kids come. Swell fun. Ride like hell."

"I'm planning to go to Makahalua tomorrow, Johnny," said Dad. "But take the kids—they can keep up with you." He struck his hip contemptuously with his fist, in a gesture which was getting

more and more familiar, and I felt a chill in my heart. Two years earlier, Dad's horse had fallen with him into a deep lava hole while chasing a wild bull up on Haleakala. Dad had limped in hanging to his saddle, with a broken arm and collar-bone, and an injured hip which apparently refused to heal completely. Was he inferring now that he could no longer maintain the furious pace chasing horses down a mountain?

The sense of impending change brushed me. Dad knew something which he wasn't telling us yet.

By the time the sun rose next morning we were far up Mauna Kea. At the top of the pasture we stationed ourselves in twos, at intervals, and started pushing the horses down. The pace got faster and faster. Our horses fought for their heads, eager to run with the wild youngsters. The hollow ground rang under thudding hoofs and the morning echoed to shouts and cracking whips. The whole mountain seemed filled with fleeing glossy backs. In a seething mass they were manœuvred into the corrals, kicking and squealing. It had been glorious.

On the way home Liholiho suggested playing lasso tag. Pairs of riders began racing across the plains, one fleeing, the other pursuing with a swinging rope. The thunder of hoofs, the whine of the circling rawhide filled me with strange sensations.





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"He's only a paniolo, but he haunts me," I said to Dad that night telling him about Liholiho's matchless horsemanship.

"Some people fire the imagination," Dad explained. "Liholiho is exciting company, even to another man. You're the spit of me, First Born. I've heard laughter in the dark and wanted to follow it. It's a large order for a peanut to handle. Ride yourself on the curb."

I wanted to get my thoughts sorted out, and I did it the best way I knew how, by talking them over with Daddy. I had ridden, laughed with Liholiho, he had given me leis, sung to me, lent me his horses as dozens of other paniolos had, only this time it was a tingling adventure.

Dad made no comment until I finished. Then he said: "If you weren't Island-born I'd take you home with me tomorrow. But if you want to be a writer, and are to write living stuff, you must have all sorts of experiences. Yet you must remember that the real battle in life isn't winning your spurs, it's keeping them bright and shining. I want you to go ahead, rush in where angels fear to tread, but at the same time you must keep faith with your gods, whatever they may be, and"—he gripped my hand---"stay the same shining thing you are."

"Wait," I gasped. "It isn't Liholiho! You've given me the idea for a real book at last. I've been bungling along writing about what I felt were stirring things, and I never realized that Hawaii was dramatic virgin ground which has only been scratched on the surface by outsiders—"

Dad's eyes got eager. "Go after it. The outside world doesn't even dream of the Hawaii we love. It thinks of the Islands only in terms of ukuleles, surfing, and hulas."

I was sad and glad when we returned to Maui. But while we made the rounds of stables and kennels I had an impression that Dad was speaking in a guarded way. Next morning after breakfast he said, "Kids, I've news to break to you too big to discuss under a roof. Get your horses."

In apprehensive silence we rode out. Grasses that Dad had imported from all over the world brushed our horses' legs. The hundreds of thousands of trees he had planted stood proud in the sun.

When we were high up the mountain, where we could see below the acres of the ranch spread out like a relief map, he dismounted and we all sat in the warm sweet grass. "Well, kids," he said finally, "I might as well let you have both barrels. Take a deep breath and stick out your chins! After the first of next year Sam Baldwin will take over the management of the ranch."

Flooded with terror and panic,



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we all lunged for Daddy. He managed to get us all more or less into his arms. He didn't even try to talk until our first grief abated.

"How long have you known?" I asked.

"For four months. That's why I arranged for you kids to go to the Parker Ranch. I didn't want you at home for the last round-up. At first, it was a jolt knowing I'm too spavined to manage this place any longer. And the Baldwins feel if I don't ride so much my game leg may get well. My salary is to continue, and I'm to have charge of the thoroughbreds. We're to design a new house in the broodmare pasture, and Sam will move into the old place.

"I'm banking on you to help me to make our new life as rich as the old. Life's a grand adventure even when it goes against you— so don't look back and grieve for the good old days. Jam all you can into each new one. After a bit you'll discover that they'll be the good old days of the future. In the meantime keep your chins up and the world will never lick you.

"It's going to be an interesting experience for you to learn that it isn't life that matters, it's the spirit you bring to it that counts. Without so much work to attend to I'll have more time to be with you kids. Get what I'm driving at? Happiness is mental adjustment to whatever surrounds you."

I remembered that Makalii had

said the same thing in different words. I weighed Dad. He brought love, laughter and purpose to life, what made you want to forge ahead and find out what the next turn of the road hid. He tapped the ashes out of his pipe.

"Will you all work with me to make every day fuller and richer than the one behind it?" he asked.

Would we!

"Okay. Eyes front, chins up, we're on our way!"

WHILE the new house was being built, the Baldwins sent Dad and me on a seven months' trip at the ranch's expense. We visited the States thoroughly, saw Alaska and Canada, and Dad's hip improved with rest from riding.

Back home again, the bonds around Dad, the kids and me drew steadily tighter. Directly after breakfast the kids rode to school, Dad went to the stable to superintend thoroughbred affairs, and I settled to writing. Over weekends the place roared with people, and the new house was even more hospitable than the old. But Dad found straddling a big horse increasingly difficult and he was finally reduced to riding a pony, his leg cased by a sling from the pommel. There were times when he was his old flashing self, but mostly he was like a tide which, long at flood, slowly begins ebbing.

While the kids and I never put

it in words, we knew; and we conspired to keep life gay, crowded and overflowing as it had been all the way. We made him feel in the thick of the turmoil every instant, vicariously living, through us, at top pitch because nothing else was possible to a man of his nature.

"Oh, please, God," I'd pray while I worked, "give him a 'Dispensation'; he's given so many to us. Make him well again—miraculously. Or let him go, if he must, on a flood tide, not the ebb!"

One morning, our family doctor called me and asked me to come to his office alone. He had X-ray pictures of Dad's hip. "How brave are you?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'll have to find out."

"My dear, your Dad can never get better. Only worse. Half his pelvis is tubercular. The knowledge must be kept from him—to prolong his life. He can't see the plates: I'll substitute others. His hip socket was cracked in that fall and the irritation of hours in the saddle kept the bone inflamed."

"If he went away immediately-"

"It's too late."

"How long—"

"Years possibly. Or the condition may gallop."

It was one of the stiffest jolts of my life, but I could almost hear Dad's voice saying, "Steady," and I knew I must not fail the person I loved best on earth. Life ticked on its way. Twice a week, Dad drove to the hospital for violet ray treatments which the doctor said might help.

Autumn crept up with breathless days of beauty. The family doctor went to the coast for a trip, and a young Russian took his place. One day after Dad had been to the hospital he called us together. He was dressed in his best boots and breeches and his eyes glittered excitedly. "Saddle Playboy for me, we are going for one more real ride."

Playboy was a handful to ride. The kids and I went to the corrals, feeling solemn and empty. We all suspected that Dad was convinced that he'd never get any better and was going for one last family fling on horseback while he still could. But I never guessed that the new doctor had frankly told him the real nature of his condition.

Mounted on our best horses, with the pack of fox terriers running ahead, we rode up among the hills, then started home at full speed, dashing down steep gullies, tearing across flats, Dad in the lead. Watching his rigid back, I knew no matter what he might be suffering, he was happy to hear again the wind in his ears and feel a proud horse under him.

We halted once and Dad sat gazing across the broad acres of the ranch. His eyes had a far-away expression, not of sorrow, but rather a sort of fierce exultation. It took all the strength of will I could muster to keep from breaking down—Dad was on his old throne, and the afternoon and Island were rejoicing with him. We must not spoil it with tears. As we raced on down, I knew that Dad was reriding old races, roping bulls. The tears stinging my eyes hurt like blood, but behind was a boundless gladness that he was having it all once again—first-hand.

When we got home, he was green with pain and drenched with sweat. "Wasn't it ripping, kids?" he said, and for a moment looked like a god again. That night we sat late around the fire while Dad's reminiscences spread before us the rich harvest of his full past.

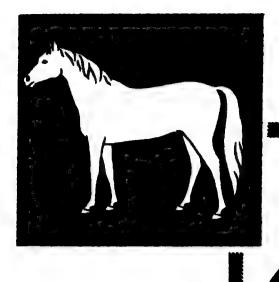
The end came swiftly and suddenly. One day Dad sent us off on errands which involved an hour or two. When I got back Adaji, the house-boy, was sobbing at the gate, incoherent. I dashed into Dad's room.

He was bent over his desk. On the front of his shirt were two smoke-edged bullet holes, dully fringed with red. The pistol which had mercifully released many an animal from the bondage of age or wounds lay on the floor.

On the desk was a note. It was a brief scrawl. "I'm spavined, broken-winded, and have stringhalt. Just another old horse sent on his way before life's a curse instead of a joy. You kids understand."

RAIN roared triumphantly on the roofs and savagely assaulted the island, filling the night with an immense rending sound. Elemental, lawless force was in the colossal downpour, a hint of majestic hosts assembling. Our house, which had always echoed to the strong sound of men's voices and jingling spurs, was silent. Daddy was dead, and the Rain of the Chiefs was falling salute him. According Hawaiian legend, only when a member of the Royal Family dies do torrential rains fall, signifying that the gods are saluting the new member joining their ranks. Something wild and joyous, something passionate and strong, stalked triumphantly through the streaming dark. Dad's gay valiant spirit which had been chained for five years in a crippled body, was free again, and the drenched garden and island were chanting a pagan of victory. How could I grieve? With outflung arms he had voluntarily leapt across the abyss between Here and There, as he leaped a horse, without doubt or fear that he'd make a landing.

Illumination came. The paradise which we'd enjoyed here on earth must end with the man who created it. But the flag of gaiety and gallantry which Dad had hoisted must never be let down as we, his fledglings, flew on to whatever destinies awaited us.



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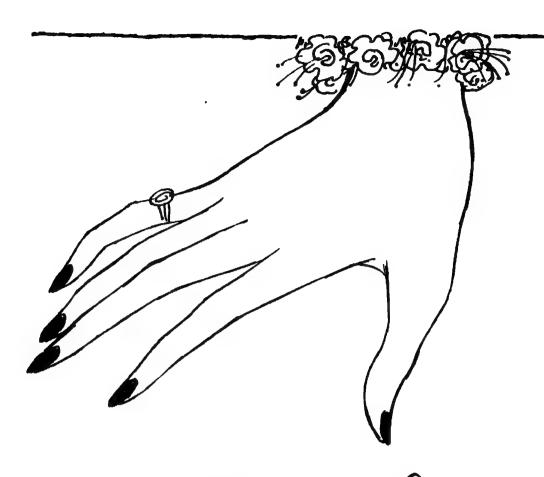
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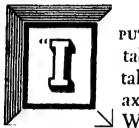


Reader's Digest

MARCH 1960

THE MAN WHO MURDERED TROTSKY

By Isuac Don Levine



rut my raincoat on the table so that I could take out the piolet (iceaxe) in the pocket. When Trotsky start-

ed to read my article, I took the axe and, closing my eyes, gave him a tremendous blow on the head.

"The man screamed in a way that I will never forget—Auaua!... very long, infinitely long. He got up like a madman, threw himself at me and bit my hand—look, you can still see the marks of his teeth. Then I pushed him, so that he fell."

Here, pieced together after 19 years, is the inside story of the most brutal and meticulously plotted political killing of our time

With these words the most celebrated and mysterious assassin of our time—the man who calls himself Jacques Mornard—described his murder of Leon Trotsky, exiled patriarch of Bolshevism. It took place on August 20, 1940, inside the steel-shuttered walls of Trotsky's heavily guarded villa on the outskirts of

Mexico City. "Mornard" was convicted and sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment in the Mexican Federal Penitentiary.

In August this man will be freed. For all this time he has resolutely refused to disclose his identity, motives or political ties. Despite the mask, his true identity has gradually been pieced together over the years. He is Ramon Mercader del Rio, a Spaniard, now 46 years old, Moscow-trained in the art of murder. He killed Trotsky on the orders of the world's most fearsome secret-police organization, the Soviet State Security, then called the NKVD. But his stubborn refusal to admit his identity has enabled the organizers of the crime to disavow any connexion with it.

When he was arrested, the police found on him a three-page statement, typewritten in French, dated and signed at the last moment in pencil. It stated that he was the son of "an old Belgian family," that he had been caught up in the Trotskyite movement while studying journalism in Paris. He had met Trotsky and become disenchanted, the "confession" said, and finally moved to kill him when the old Bolshevik tried to force him to go to the Soviet Union to organize an assassination plot against Stalin.

Since 1919, Russian-born Isaac Don Levine has specialized in historical "detective work" dealing with the U.S.S.R. Author of a book on the Russian Revolution, he has also written biographies of Lenin and Stalin. These claims, and amplifying details the prisoner gave after his arrest, were quickly proved absurd: the people, schools and addresses he mentioned were non-existent or totally unlike his description. But no logic could make him change his story.

For six months "Mornard" was given an intensive psychological examination by Dr. José Gomez Robleda, head of the department of medical-biological studies at the National University of Mexico, and Dr. Alfonso Quiroz Cuaron, professor of criminology. At first suspicious of the doctors, the prisoner gradually came to talk freely with them. Though he never disclosed anything he considered important, he unwittingly revealed a great deal about himself.

The two doctors found the killer a truly extraordinary man. He was fluent in several languages. Attractive to women, he could be ingratiating to men, and would pass for a gentleman anywhere. He had a superior intelligence, remarkable self-possession and a gift for acting. He displayed a marked interest in gambling, mountain climbing and small-craft sailing. His co-ordination, dexterity and mechanical aptitudes were unusual; given a Mauser rifle, he proceeded to dismantle it in the dark and put it back together in less than four minutes.

His responses to word-association tests showed the prisoner to be deeply indoctrinated in Stalinist

views, and he betrayed his Moscow training on several occasions. At one point, for example, he made a passing reference to a man named Kamo—a figure almost unknown in the West but a hero within the

NKVD. whose history is taught in Soviet schools for infiltration and sabotage. A test of "Mornard's" pronunciation showed that his "native French," although excellent, bore traces of a Spanish accent, and he showed a striking familiarity with anything Spanish. The evidence suggested a Spanish-Communist background.

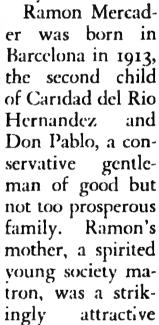
But it was not until September 1950 that Dr. Quiroz Cuaron was able to document the suspicions. The criminologist found his proof in police archives in Madrid: the dusty finger-prints of a man named Ramon Mercader, arrested in Barcelona in 1935 as a Communist youth organizer, tallied with those of "Mornard." So did photographs.

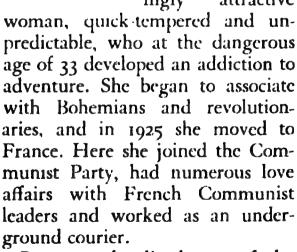
Don Pablo Mercader Marina, a tall, elderly man now living in retirement in Barcelona, took a good look at a photograph of the Trotsky killer. "Yes," he said, "that's my son."Don Pablo did not know of his son's crime. Long separated from the family, he said, "I do not want to reestablish contact with any of them."

Since then, further revelations by ex-Communists have established

additional facts in Mornard-Mercader's strange history. This is the story:

Hernandez ingly





Ramon, who lived part of the time with his mother, part with his father, worshipped his mother and was soon drawn into Communist



Ramon Mercader del Ri-

associations. When the Spanish Civil War started in 1936, he and his mother were among the first to volunteer to fight Franco.

At this point a new love entered the life of Caridad Mercader: Leonid Eitingon, a general in the NKVD who, under the name of General Kotov, was organizing Loyalist commando and sabotage units in Spain. One of his students Mercader. was Ramon neither Ramon nor Caridad may have known at this time was that Eitingon was also a leading officer of a special NKVD division in charge of liquidating Soviet political enemies on foreign soil. Their No. 1 target was Leon Trotsky.

Davidovich Bronstein. known to the world as Leon Trotsky, had designed and engineered with Lenin the Bolshevik Revolution of November 1917. Stalin was at that time a semi-obscure henchman of Lenin's, but after Lenin's death he manoeuvred to isolate Trotsky politically, and in 1929 he expelled him from the Soviet Union. Since then Trotsky had , lived the life of a hunted man, pursued by Stalin's killers from one place to another. One by one his retinue was picked off: his secretary was killed in Spain; his son died suddenly in Paris and Trotskvites believed that he had been poisoned. Finally, in 1937, Trotsky sought refuge in Mexico.

Caridad and Ramon were now in Moscow with Eitingon, and Ramon

was receiving highly specialized training in the arts of terror. Plans for the great assassination were already being laid. What kind of man was needed to deal with Trotsky in Mexico? Spanish-speaking Ramon Mercader must have seemed an obvious choice.

In the Byzantine way of the Soviet secret police, it was decided that Mercader should ingratiate himself with the Trotsky household by seducing one of its female couriers, Sylvia Ageloff, a young American social worker and loyal member of the U.S. Trotskyite group. The NKVD arranged for Ramon to meet Sylvia "by chance" in Paris in the summer of 1938. Young, personable, well supplied with money, he must have looked like the answer to a young woman's prayer. He became her constant companion.

Ramon followed Sylvia to New York on a false passport issued in the name of "Frank Jacson." (The original from which this passport was drawn had been taken from a Canadian who was killed in Spain. Embarrassingly, Soviet technical documentation experts had misspelled the name: it should have been "Jackson.") Sylvia and he took a temporary flat in a New York suburb. Then "Jacson" announced that he had been offered a job in Mexico City, and in January 1940 Sylvia followed him there. Eitingon was in Mexico to supervise the assassination, and with him was Caridad Mercader.

Ramon's role at this point, Caridad had assured a friend, was solely that of a spy—to find out the nature of the security system at Trotsky's villa at Coyoacán, a Mexico City suburb. Through Sylvia he gained

entrée. During visits there. although he did not at first meet Trotsky, Ramon roamed through the house, taking pictures with a concealed camera but relying on his photographic memory for most of the details. His material was sent to Moscow and placed in a special dossier of the NKVD.(Vladimir Petrov, the Soviet intelligence officer

who defected in Australia in April 1954, has reported that he saw this dossier in 1948. It contained "complete documentation of Trotsky's life right up to his last days.")

In the early morning hours of May 24, 1940, the Soviet spy command in Mexico tried an audacious frontal assault on the Trotsky dwelling. A group of 20 men, dressed in Mexican police and army uniforms, drove up to the residence, stormed through the gate, and delivered murderous sub-machine-gun fire into the bedrooms where the Trotskys

and their 11-year-old grandson were sleeping.

Amazingly, Trotsky, his wife and grandchild survived the attack —by throwing themselves under their beds. After a month's inves-

tigation by the Mexican police, some two dozen people were arrested and later tried. Ramon Mercader, however, remained above suspicion.

Only four days after the armed attack, Mercader offered to drive Mrs. Trotsky to Vera Cruz with some mutual friends. It was on this occasion that Ramon first met his future victim.



Leon Trotsky

He entered the villa's courtyard and chatted briefly and courteously with Trotsky. He gave Trotsky's grandson a small glider as a present. Only a man of iron nerve could have carried on with such an assignment so soon after an attempted assassination which he had helped to stage.

Moscow now decided on a singlehanded assassination attempt, and Ramon was to play the lead. Caridad arranged with the NKVD for maximum safeguards and a chance for her son to escape alive. Mercader—or "Jacson," as he was known to most of the Trotskyites—stepped up the pace of his infiltration programme. During the last three weeks in July he paid the Trotskys five visits, never neglecting such friendly little gestures as bringing chocolates for Mrs. Trotsky.

On August 17 Ramon visited the master with the outline of an article he was writing. Trotsky had agreed to check it over. The two men spent 11 minutes alone in Trotsky's study. Trotsky remarked to his wife later that the young man's behaviour had seemed strange.

That visit was the "dress rehearsal."

On August 20 Sylvia and Ramon ran into one of the Trotsky body-guards in Mexico City. The "Jacsons" said they were returning to the United States the next day, but would say good-bye to Trotsky first. Ramon excused himself and departed on some urgent business. Sylvia went back to their hotel and awaited a message from him. He never returned.

At 5.20 that afternoon Ramon Mercader arrived at the Trotsky villa with his completed article to show Trotsky. He was carrying a khaki raincoat. Sewn into it was a



long dagger, and in one pocket he carried the ice-axe, its handle cut down for easy concealment. In the back pocket of his trousers he carried a 45-calibre automatic. He hoped to accomplish his murderous mission with a single crushing blow of the ice-axe, which would make little noise and thus enable him to get away quietly and unmolested. If any mishap should occur, he had the automatic to shoot his way out.

The guards recognized him and opened the double electric doors of the fortress villa without hesitation. One guard led him to Trotsky, who was feeding his pet rabbits in the courtyard. Mrs. Trotsky saw him, noticed his raincoat and commented that it was somewhat incongruous on such a sunny day. "Yes, but you know it won't last long—it might rain," Ramon said, holding the bulky coat close to his body.

Trotsky obviously did not want to tear himself away from the rabbits, but finally he took off his working gloves and walked into the house. Ramon followed him to the study, where Trotsky closed the door and sat down at his work table. A few inches from his hand was a loaded 25-calibre automatic. Ramon stood at his left side, blocking the switch to the house alarm system.

Trotsky took the article and started to read. At that exact moment Ramon seized the ice-axe and, closing his eyes, smashed it down on his victim's skull, penetrating almost three inches into the brain.

With a fearful cry, Trotsky threw himself at the killer and grappled with him. Mrs. Trotsky rushed to the study to find her husband stumbling dazedly from the room. "See what they have done to me!" he said, and slumped to the floor.

Trotsky's bodyguards swarmed into the room now. Ramon stood gasping, face knotted, pistol dangling in his hand. The bodyguards began to hammer away at him. Mrs. Trotsky addressed a curiously detached question to her still conscious husband. "What about that one?" she asked, gesturing towards the assassin. "They will kill him."

"No . . . impermissible to kill," Trotsky said slowly. "He must be forced to talk." Rushed to the hospital, Trotsky soon lapsed into unconsciousness. He was operated on, but died 26 hours later.

A block away Caridad was sitting in a chauffeur-driven car, a bizarre parody of the anxious mother waiting for her son to come home from work. General Eitingon was waiting in another car near by. When the police alarm sounded and an ambulance came through the streets, they realized that Ramon had not got away.

Caridad drove immediately to the airport and, using a forged passport, made her way to Cuba. Eitingon drove all night to Acapulco, where he boarded a Soviet freighter which was waiting in the harbour.

Some weeks later Caridad rejoined Eitingon in Moscow. There Lavrenti Beria, head of the NKVD, himself presented her to Stalin. She received the Order of Lenin—Communism's highest decoration—for her part in the murder, and her son was cited as a Hero of the Soviet Union. She proudly spoke of these honours to a friend in Moscow.

Caridad spent the war years in the Soviet Union, receiving assurances from her lover Eitingon and his Kremlin superiors that an operation to rescue her son would be launched. Stalin proved reluctant to redeem the pledge, but eventually allowed her to try to organize an escape. She arrived in Mexico City in March 1945, but was unable to achieve her objective—or even to see her son, so ironclad was the regime imposed on her by the NKVD to ensure the **secrecy** of the assassin's identity.

Now 67 and white-haired, Caridad lives in Paris amid disillusionment. The years in the Soviet Union served to cure her of some of her Communism. "You are right," she said in Moscow to an intimate Spanish comrade of independent views. "We have been deceived. This is

not paradise. It is hell."

Sylvia Ageloff, when she learned that her lover had killed Trotsky,

went into a nervous collapse from which she took years to recover. (Ramon wept when he was told of this in prison, but later he lost all interest in her.) She finally married and is now living quietly in New York City. Trotsky's widow still lives in the same house in Coyoacán. Eitingon is dead, a victim—with his master, Beria-of the 1953 purges after Stalin's death.

Mercader became Mexico's model prisoner. Since 1952 he has run the prison radio-repair, shop, a small but profitable business. He is comfortable, having taken advantage of the lenient Mexican prison regulations to ensure special food, books and other comforts—including the regular visits of a girl named Roquelia Mendoza, a Mexico City night-club performer. (Prisoners are permitted conjugal visits from wives or common-law wives.)

Now double-chinned and corpulent, Ramon Mercader looks like a relaxed *hourgeois* businessman. He has few friends inside prison, but he operates his radio shop with cool efficiency, reads fitfully — and through underground channels he keeps in touch with the Communist network outside.

He has never stopped giving his name as Jacques Mornard.

Fare Enough

A PLANETARIUM recently had a programme called "A Trip to the Moon." One afternoon a family of five weary sightseers approached the box office. The father asked for tickets. "Two adults and three children," he said. "Singles for the children."

"Lend Me a Cup of Sugar

"One never finds good neighbours unless one first becomes a good neighbour"

By Hubert Kelley

father, who was always trying to improve his job and environment, moved frequently. By the time I was grown-up our family had lived in some 20 towns and cities, next door to all sorts of people. My mother suffered more than the rest of us from these frequent changes. Dependent upon neighbours for social contacts, she was often lonely in a new neighbourhood, grieving the loss of old neighbours and shy about making overtures to the new ones.

When we moved across the country in the early part of the century she was particularly depressed. Our new home town seemed cold and unfriendly. We lived in a little house in a thickly populated area. But there we were, six children and two parents, almost as isolated

as the Swiss Family Robinson.

Then one night there was a timid knock at the back door. It was the woman from next door, wiping her hands on her apron. "I'm so sorry to intrude," she said, "but I'm in the middle of making a cake. Could you lend me a cup of sugar?"

My mother brightened and gave her the whole canister.

"I'll bring it back tomorrow, just as soon as Walter can get to the shops," our new neighbour said breathlessly.

"No hurry," my mother called cheerily, as our welcome guest vanished in the darkness.

"Now, wasn't she nice?" my mother said, sitting down on a kitchen chair to ponder on this encounter which seemed to her a major social event.

Indeed it was a great event, for

Condensed from Home Life

she and the neighbour became lifelong friends, as close and loving as sisters. And what a boon to us youngsters! For our neighbour's husband proved to be the driver of a horse-drawn fire engine, and our personal connexion with him exalted us among our fellows.

Years later our neighbour confided to my mother that she hadn't needed that cup of sugar at all; it was simply her way of making a call, a technique of getting acquainted. Borrowing a cup of sugar has always been a passport into almost any woman's kitchen.

The joy of a new home can never be fulfilled without the comforting proximity of good neighbours. Yet good neighbours never exist unless one helps to create them by lending or borrowing a cup of sugar.

Whenever we moved into a new house, my mother would call her six children together and admonish them, on pain of a thrashing, to be quiet and to respect the boundaries of our neighbours' gardens. My brother and I were instructed always to touch our caps to the ladies in the road, and to run errands for them without recompense. It was a pretty severe requirement, but we complied—and oh, how it worked! Today I think of most of our old neighbours as SO many parents.

• One of our new neighbours had watched glumly on the day we moved in as the van disgorged the six of us children along with our

knocked-about, much-travelled furniture. My mother interpreted his expression as dismay.

For several weeks this man observed our Little Lord Fauntleroy behaviour with growing bewilderment. Then one evening he spoke to us over the back fence. "You kids don't make very much noise, do you?"

"No, sir," said my brother. "We're not allowed to."

"I used to have a little boy," he said. "I was making him the biggest water gun in the world when he died. How would you like to help me finish it over here in my shed?"

We worked with him in secrecy when he came home in the evenings. The base of the gun was a big nickel-plated tube about two feet long, to the end of which he soldered a pinpoint nozzle. When a plunger was fixed in this pipe we had a water cannon that would project a stinging spray from our neighbour's shed right into our own kitchen—as my mother's screams confirmed. "What on earth are you doing?" she shouted, running out into the garden.

Our neighbour roared with laughter. What a delightful turnabout: Mother had thought her children potential enemies of the neighbours, but lo, we were friends! And despite the drenching, she had to laugh, too. Afterwards that neighbour and his wife often spent long summer evenings in the garden with my parents, watching our

noisy play. He had lost a child, but he did not pass on the cup of bitterness—he lent us a cup of sugar.

Dogs, as well as children, may help to break the ice. An old lady told me recently that she had occupied a city flat for years in utter loneliness without receiving much as a nod from her neighbours. Then she bought a tiny dachshund to keep her company. To her amazemen, the dog became the social lion of the building. Tenants who had seemed withdrawn and cool stopped to pat him and talk to her. Within a few weeks, thanks to her pet, she had so many friendly neighbours that she had a hard time realizing that she'd ever been lonely

In establishing a relationship with a new neighbour the simplest thing to do is to wave. Keep on being friendly even if you are rejected. In one new neighbourhood, my wife and I kept on saluting everybody, with little response, until Christmastime, when we sent cards to everybody round us. It worked like a successful sales campaign. They replied, they waved, they dropped in. And they beat us to the post every Christmas after that.

Not long ago a woman from a

new house in our neighbourhood called on my wife to collect for a charity. "How good of you to take on a job like this," my wife remarked, "with three children and a new house to settle."

"Oh," the young housewife explained, "I confess I really hate asking people for money. But it's been so lonely I just *had* to get acquainted with my new neighbours."

That's another way to borrow a cup of sugar.

One summer I dropped in to see an elderly neighbour across the road. He proudly showed me his garden, flourishing in the midst of drought. He explained that he had watered his half-acre of vegetables mostly by hand, although he is 82 years old. "What a job!" I exclaimed. "It's too much work for a man of your years. You and your wife don't need all those vegetables."

"No," he said. "We do it for the neighbours. We grow good friends in the garden!" and he laughed while he loaded my arms with cucumbers and tomatoes.

Through the years I have consistently discovered that one never finds good neighbours unless one first *becomes* a good neighbour.

Mix Masters

TRUMP, good-natured shipmate of mine was teaching himself to play the saxophone. One evening he played a number of current tunes well enough for me to recognize them. "My goodness," I said, "you're getting quite a repertoire."

His podgy face fell. "I believe you're right, sir," he replied. "I've been sitting around on it too much lately." —Contributed by Rear-Admiral D. P. Tucker

America, From a Safe Distance



I entered the United States by way of New York, a thriving city largely situated on a small island off the coast of New Jersey. I had decided that this would be a convenient jumping off place for a tour of the country, since it is connected to the mainland by ferry and several bridges, each of which is the longest in the world. From here, across the picturesque Harlem River, it was but a stone's throw to Hartford and the grim wastes of the Appalachian Mountains, dotted with lonely commuters' shacks.

Here, as down the entire right-hand side of the U.S.A., the sense of urgency seizes you like a fever, so that you frequently find yourself half-way through tomorrow's schedule before you've digested yesterday's tranquillizer. In the office of one well-to-do businessman whom I met, there was a sign which read: "It's Too Late Already."

During those first few magical nights, as I lay in bed on the 82nd floor, I listened raptly to the sounds of the city after dark: the purposeful footsteps of columnists Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson echoing through the streets as they kept their fingers on the nation's pulse; the steady drone from a thousand apartments as the inhabitants slept with their television sets full on; the gales of hearty laughter drifting up from the never-ending carnival procession along the "Great White Way."

Unhappily, when I saw Broadway in the daytime it seemed to be closed.

New England is up in the top right-hand corner—about as far away from wicked Las Vegas as it can get without actually putting out to sea. It is very old and slightly more historic than Stratford on Avon.

Maine is bigger than any other New England state, and has more sardines. Its inhabitants also vote two months earlier than anybody else—not because they are impatient but because the whole world knows they're going to vote Republican anyway, so they reckon they might as well get it over with and go on planting potatoes.

In the quieter parts of New Hampshire, where the true New England atmosphere prevails, I was often reminded of home: thatched cottages, soft-drink ads, leafy lanes and bubble-guni machines. But

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ALIX AIKINSON contributes regularly to Punch, in which much of this material originally appeared. His other, writings include three novels. All Next Week; Cry for Shadows; Exit Charlie—and a play, Four Winds.

there the resemblance ends, for the people are starchy, secretive and unbending. How I missed the familiar sound of laughing British crowds—the readiness to exchange confidences with total strangers, the brilliant flashes of colour from the women's beige overcoats, the light-hearted bowlers of the men! Here I found only silent groups all dressed in grey and black, who stood in the streets and stared at me suspiciously, holding pitchforks and Nonconformist hymn-books.

It was much the same in Vermont. When I asked the way in a town there, the village green emptied in an instant. Shutters banged across all the windows and I was aware of beady eyes watching me through chinks. Here, I discovered, they use only one word at a time, like Gary Cooper, and it usually means No. If it doesn't mean No, it means Why, When I asked them what they thought of Britain, they narrowed their eyes and began collecting jagged stones.

Appropriately enough, it was Emerson who said there should always be a minority unconvinced. It lives in Vermont.

On MY WAY from New England to the Middle West I stopped off in Pennsylvania, which turned out to be a mixed-up state altogether. For instance, one day you might run into a crowd of Amish people walking about without any buttons, and the next you might find yourself in a country-club district, where every-body knows everybody else and can't understand how in the world they can afford to keep two convertibles and a British car. These are mostly commuters, of the same type as those to be found in parts of New York. One night they have a party of their own, and the next they go to a party up the street, and so on. In this way they manage to see the same people every night, but against a different décor. It makes them feel that they belong.

DUST STAINED, smelling of hot rubber and sheep dip after driving along a highway for three weeks in a dead-straight line, I reached the Middle West. It is a region of contrasts: in one Main Street you might see a boy wearing baseball boots and a space helmet, while in another you might not.

Although to many Midwesterners the outside world remains an enigma, I found that a number of them knew about England. England is where the British live. The British roam around constantly in gunboats, colonizing defenceless people. They are chiefly remarkable in that they flatly refuse to pay their War Debts.

A Missourian told me that a good many Midwesterners wouldn't have picked the Middle West as a place to live if they'd had a choice. "The way I figure it," he said, "it all came about by accident. In the old days most everybody from the East was heading out to California, and it

just so happened that round about half-way they hit the Middle West, and a lot of wagons broke down. So some folks said, 'The hell with it, we ain't in no fit condition to do a repair job—we might as well stay right here.' And they did."

In Chicago I saw very little of the underworld gangs (or Trade Unions, as they are now called), but there was some sporadic shooting as I drove along State Street; and in the burlesque houses, honky-tonks and other dens of iniquity which abound to ensnare the gullible traveller (I must have visited at least 30), I thought I caught sight of some hatchet men, footpads and politicians from time to time. I couldn't be sure, though, because Chicago citizens tend to look alike.

OFF I WENT to the West, starting with Oregon, which is such a lonely place that parts of it haven't even been found yet. But on the Columbia River there is a dam (I forget its name) which is the biggest thing anyone has ever made since the world began. It is used for making electricity, I was told, and weighs three times as much as the Great Pyramid of Cheops. "And how much electricity," asked my guide with a faint sneer, "have they got in Cheops?"

"I don't know," I said defensively, "but who weighed that pyramid for you?"

For the rest of my visit I was pointed out as "the mad Englishman."

Westerners are less complicated than Easterners. They will shoot you down like a dog one day and invite you round for flapjacks and molasses the next. They live mostly in ghost towns, fighting posses, claim jumpers, train robbers and the Flathead Indians. So many are descended from participants in the Battle of Little Bighorn River that General Custer's gallant little band must have amounted to over a division, and I can't see why he didn't drive those Sioux clear up into Saskatchewan.

The U.S. passion for exaggeration is especially noticeable in the Western parts. In Colorado they served me a steak which lasted my entire stay—one week. Each night when I got back to my hotel I'd have it sent up to my room and hack another five inches off it. On the last even ing, admitting defeat, I hid the remaining three-quarters of a pound in the wardrobe. Then I checked out. When I got to Dallas it was waiting for me, with a note from the management: "Sir—you never finished your chop."

In Tombstone, Arizona, I hoped to see the O.K. Corral and a replica of Wyatt Earp's moustache; to my annoyance I found that the place is now a health resort.

"Doggone!" I said. "If this is Tombstone, you can keep it. Danged if I ain't a-fixin' to go to Old Tucson instead!"

Old Tucson, built mainly of adobe bricks, was perfect. There was a mission church (with a graveyard), a jail, a trading post, a honky-tonk, a saloon, an hotel and a morgue. It was, in fact, the West; and my trigger finger itched as I walked down the main street and leaned on a hitching rail with my eyes like slits.

It was put together, brick by brick, by Columbia Pictures in 1940.

Swinging through the South, I entered Kentucky by way of the Cumberland Gap, like Daniel Boone before me, and made immediately for the country of the Mountain Men.

Here the women are distinguishable from the men by the fact that they take their pipes out of their mouths to spit.

I asked a mountaineer named Zeke, who was 103 years old, how he passed his time. He told me that in winter he mostly sleeps, in the spring he chases some likely female cousin round the rocks, in the summer he makes moonshine whisky out of potato peelings and coffee grounds, and in the autumn he mostly drinks it.

Virginia, apart from tobacco auctions and its plucky refusal to abolish the chain gang, is chiefly noted for history. All U.S. history happened in Virginia, so that as I drove through the state I was able to piece together the nation's entire past. It goes like this:

After Raleigh discovered the Red Indians in Virginia, including Pocahontas, a lot of English came to

Jamestown. They soon became obstreperous and refused to pay taxes to the king. Jefferson (a Virginian) having written the Declaration of Independence, Virginia proceeded to supply most of the Presidents, from George Washington right through to Wilson. In 1861, as soon as "Dixie" was composed, Virginia secoded, and there followed the Civil War, fought entirely in Virginia. That was really the end of American history, if I understood my guide correctly. Geronimo surrendered in 1886, John Scopes was fined 100 dollars for teaching Evolution in 1925, and the F.B.I. shot Dillinger dead outside a cinema in 1934, but all these things were simply signs of the times, and did not count as history. Not a single one of them happened in Virginia.

As I drove through Georgia, where the wheels of my car squelched deliciously through the peaches that kept falling from the trees in sackfuls, I learned that it was someone in Atlanta who uncovered the secret of how to make Coca-Cola, thus ushering in a way of life that has survived two world wars. I also learned that I had been misinformed: the Civil War did not take place entirely in Virginia.

IT SEEMED only fitting to conclude my journey in Washington, D.C., where I asked a man to give me a brief outline of the political system. He explained that there are two parties: the Republicans, who stand for prosperity, peace and a gradual emergence from the chaos left by the New Deal; and the Democrats, who stand for peace, prosperity and a gradual emergence from the chaos left by President Hoover. The Presidency is a difficult job, and every four years the country is overrun with people declaring loudly that they have not the slightest intention of standing for the office. This is called campaigning.

As my homeward bound ship nosed into the grey wastes of the Atlantic, a wave of memories overwhelmed me. How to sum it all up? And then it came to me: the words of the wise old man I met on the beach at Ocean City, Maryland.

"Son," he said, gazing across the calm waters of Sinepuxent Bay, "a country that has invented the cash register and the bifocal lens, the submarine and barbed wire, the preserving jar and the lawn mower, evaporated milk and the split-phase induction motor, is going to find an answer to it all *one* of these days—you just see if it don't."

I nodded approvingly as I stood at the rail of the ship, looking out over the restless ocean, until the last trace of the Statue of Liberty had sunk below the horizon.

Jou're on the road to success when you realize that failure is merely a detour.

—William Milnes



They Called Me Incurable

Stricken with Parkinson's disease, the Biblical "shaking palsy" that afflicts the central nervous system, the author refused to accept the overwhelming odds against her recovery

By Margaret Bourke-White

HE MYSTERIOUS malady began so quietly that I could hardly believe there was anything wrong. There was nothing except a slight dull ache in my left leg when I walked upstairs. I did not dream it was the stealthy beginning of a seven-year siege, during which I would face a word totally new to my vocabulary: incurable.

For six months the dull ache wandered haphazardly to other parts of my leg, my arm, my back—always on my left side. Then, in Tokyo in 1952, I discovered that when I got up, after sitting for an hour—at lunch, for instance—my first three steps were grotesque staggers. I thought up concealing devices such as dropping my gloves and retrieving them; any delaying action helped, because on the fourth step I could walk normally again. I consulted doctors, but my wisp of a symptom meant little to them.

Over the next three years I found there were many diseases I did not have. Then a friend suggested that I should talk to Dr. Howard Rusk, whose Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University's Medical Centre has done so much for the physically disabled. It was a shock to think of myself as a cripple. I had always been arrogantly proud of my health and durability. Dr. Rusk took me to his staff neurologist, Dr. Morton Marks.

Mv malady was no mystery to Dr.

Marks, but he did not give it a name, for fear it might discourage me. He asked the chief physiotherapist to draw up a programme of exercises for me, "to help you save what you've got."

Save what I've got! He couldn't mean me! Soberly he explained, "You can do a great deal to control your disease. From now on, exercise is more important to you than rest. If you skip one day of exercise you'll fall back two."

The therapist told me of ways to strengthen my hands. "Crumpling pages of newspaper into a ball, using all four fingers and thumb, would be excellent," he said. For the wrist he suggested that I should twist and squeeze out wet clothing under a warm-water tap. Foolishly I scolded him: "I don't wash my own clothes."

But a few weeks later something frightened me out of this nonsense. I found that I could not type; my fingers were stiffening. Now everything I did became an exercise. Wherever my photographic assignments took me, I rose half an hour early to crumple newspapers into balls. Every hotel room I stayed in was soon knee-deep in them, and every bathroom was an invitation to me to wring out the towels in water.

DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG

As a photographer for Life magazine, Margaret Bourke-White has carried out a large number of difficult and dangerous assignments. Her courage and resource-fulness -legendary among her colleagues - are here given a new dimension.

When I opened my medical-insurance papers one day, I Jearned that I had Parkinson's disease. The name did not frighten me at first. Then slowly a memory came back, of a description Edward Steichen once gave of the illness of Edward Weston, "dean of photographers," who was a Parkinsonian. I remembered the break in Steichen's voice: "A terrible disease . . . You can't work because you can't hold things . . . You grow stiffer each year until you are a walking prison . . . There is no known cure."

I learned that although the disease has been known for 2,000 years (it is the shaking palsy mentioned in the Bible) it has never received the extensive study given to other serious ailments. Its name comes from Dr. James Parkinson, the English physician who in 1817 published his observations of six of its victims. This chronicle has become a medical classic. Yet, in the 128 years from Dr. Parkinson's death to the onset of my own siege, little more had been discovered.

Parkinsonism's two main symptoms are rigidity in various parts of the body, and arm and leg tremors. But to know the disease you must know the surprise of finding yourself sloping forward, as if trying to impersonate the Tower of Pisa. You must know the surprise of finding yourself taking sudden, involuntary steps backward. You must live with the near-panic of the questions you ask yourself: If I stand or walk near

other people how will I keep from knocking them down? How will I eat my food? Do people notice anything wrong?

But I was amazed to see what the body will do if you insist. Walking is an unbelievably complex matter. To keep your balance, your arms must swing, but mine had grown rigid and would not do it naturally. Unless I kept a straight back my chest would contract still more, making me grotesquely roundshouldered. Every day, in snow or rain or sun, I walked and walked, trying to remember all these things at once. See that bush ahead? I'm going to swing my left arn. till we reach it . . . I'll think only about straightening my back until we come to the first pillar-box . . .

I never suffered from the crashing falls which are the curse of many Parkinsonians, nor from the terrible characteristic tremor. I think my determination not to have these helped to fend them off. Whenever I noticed the slightest trembling I instantly did exercises. But I knew only too well that I was on an escalator which was moving down while I was trying to run up. I could not shout down the fact that Parkinsonism progressive IS a disease.

In the spring of 1958 I went, after a lecture engagement, to the Pisgah Mountains of North Carolina to write and walk. The inn was lost in rain clouds, but there was an isolated road there, and down the middle of that empty road ran a white line. Here was my fog-bound gymnasium where every day I did my four miles. I also did deep knee-bends and touched my toes. If anyone had asked me why, I would have been hard put to it to reply. The chances seemed 100 to 1 against getting back my health. But somehow I had faith that if I could just manage to hang on, somewhere a door would open.

And then a door did open.

In the summer of 1958 I learned. that Dr. Irving Cooper, of New York University, had made an exciting discovery seven years before while operating on a man with Parkinsonism. Dr. Cooper had expected to relieve his patient's trembling only at the terrible cost of replacing it with semi-paralysis. But a small artery in the man's brain suddenly hacmorrhaged. Cooper tied off the artery, thus cutting the blood supply to the globus pallidus and the thalamus, an area deep in the brain tissue. Next day, to his gratification, the man's tremors ceased and his limbs functioned normally.

Dr. Cooper has already performed more than 1,200 operations for Parkinsonism and can expect improvement in 80 per cent of the patients on whom he operates. His method is to deaden permanently a part of the thalamus by an injection of tiny drops of alcohol. Such surgery can help only a small percentage of Parkinsonians; age and physical condition are limiting factors. Few people over 60 can qualify. Some medical opinion holds that surgery for Parkinsonians should be a last resort. But Dr. Cooper believes in early surgery, while the victim is still strong. I agreed. I could not wait on the side-lines for a shambling old age.

On the morning of my operation, an orderly standing at my side asked, as people do, "What distant part of the globe are you going to next?" But I was thinking of another "globe," much smaller, and of the very personal and remarkable journey that was about to begin inside it.

Local anaesthesia is used in this operation so that the surgeons can check the patient's reactions. First I heard a grinding noise that sounded like someone sawing into limestone. The surgeon was making a small hole in my skull. Then, as the team worked, I knew they were probing carefully and deeply towards the thalamus, the troublemaker. And they talked to me, testing constantly for flexibility in my wrist and mobility in my fingers. "Maggie, can you raise your arm?" Dr. Cooper asked. "Can you clench your fist?"

And soon he was saying, "Maggie, everything's fine."

The next few weeks were one continuous Christmas, every second or third day bringing its own gift. To begin with my left arm swung and swung from the socket as if it

wanted to take off on its own. Then my back began to straighten as the iron-stiff muscle bands gradually freed themselves. Walking became a happy thing again; in the long months of my illness, it had been such an effort that rhythm and joy of motion had been forgotten.

Then came a morning when, without thinking, I tied the strings at the back of the neck of my hospital gown. A friend came to take me for an outing in her car, and before I realized it I had opened the door and jumped in. In the days which I now thought of as B.C.—Before Cooper—it might have taken me half a morning to tie those strings, and it would certainly have taken two strong-armed friends to help me into the car.

Å few weeks later Dr. Cooper let me watch an operation like mine. The surgeons opened the patient's skull and removed some brain fluid with a suction instrument. Then Dr. Cooper inserted a hollow tube, through the skull hole, deep into the thalamus. This tube had a tiny balloon in its tip which he inflated slowly, watching the patient's shaking hands.

reached for the man's hand, quite impulsively, when suddenly it stopped trembling. The balloon's pressure had reached the right spot in his brain. His oncerigid fingers were now relaxed, his hand steady. Dr. Cooper asked him to clench his fist, then open it. The fingers closed and opened easily.

"God bless you, Dr. Cooper," the man said.

For me this was a magic moment. I knew that in a few days this man would be up and about, his tremors relieved. I never met him, or heard his name, but I shared with him a miracle.

Dr. Cooper sent me back to Dr. Rusk's Institute to complete my rehabilitation, and my procession through the corridors was like a welcoming parade. The therapists, doctors and lift attendants ran after me as I walked heel-toe, heel-toe with arms swinging like a metronome. At the Institute I was again stretched and flexed. I lifted weights. To improve my co-ordination I learned to tango and cha-cha.

Today the illness that has drained all the good from millions of lives is being attacked on many fronts by medical science. Certain drugs bring relief, if only temporary, to some patients, and surgery like that of Dr. Cooper and other experimenters may in time restore many of us to active lives. Much of it is new, and much is hedged with qualifications. It is suitable only for carefully selected patients, and it cannot produce dramatic or lasting relief for all of them.

I keep reminding myself of Dr. Cooper's warning that, although he had relieved Parkinsonism in my left side, my right side was also lightly involved and that this may some day require a second operation. No one can say with certainty how the disease starts or stops, how slowly or swiftly it will progress. Doctors agree that my best insurance is to keep exercising every day. So nowadays my fingers are more and more often loading my cameras, changing their lenses and turning their winding buttons as I practise the simple, blessed business of living and working again, For me--and for hundreds like methe light is falling into dark places, the world is beating at my windows.

Sign Language

Sign at children's-eye level in the window of a toy shop: "If You See What You Want, Tell GRANDMA!" —T. w

Notice board outside a cinema: "ALL HORROR SHOW TO-NIGHT. 3 Horrible Features—3 Horrible Cartoons." —J. K.

On a wall of a planetarium there is an arrow pointing to: "Solar System and Rest Rooms." -- N. P. L.

A PORTER at the Pentagon in Washington has a large wire waste paper basket labelled: "For Top Confidential Trash."

Bennett Cerf

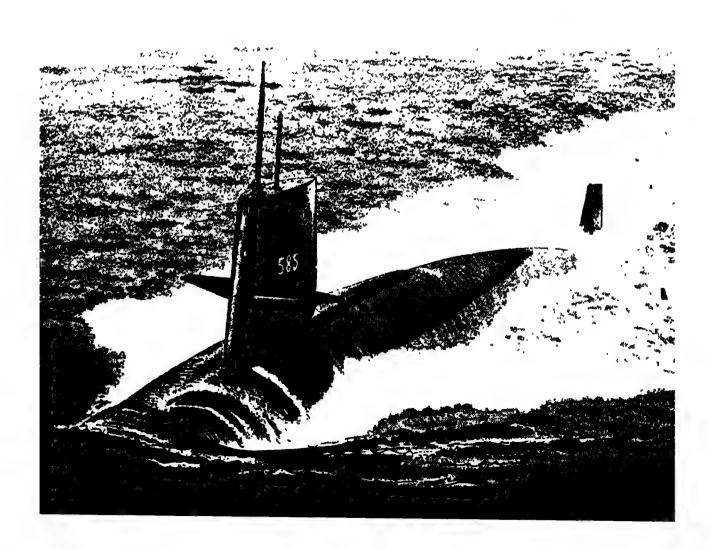
"SKIPJACK" SHATTERS THE WATER BARRIER

Take a trip in this amazing and deadly "undersea jet fighter"

By John Hubbell

world's fastest, deadliest submarine. She lies alongside her pier like a giant whale: \$52 feet long, 31 feet 7 inches at her beam. Except for her rudder she is beneath the water-line at both ends, as though reluctant to be out of her true element—the sub-surface.

Streamlined to tear-drop shape, she is devoid of all superstructure, carries not even a deck gun, for she will do little travelling and no fighting on the surface. Forward amidships rises her 23-foot "sail," like a shark's dorsal fin. Skipjack needs it for hydrodynamic reasons—for stabilizing her as she moves through the depths. It also houses periscopes,



radar and radio antennae, and serves as a command post for the skipper, Commander William Behrens, when he is taking his craft into or out of port. At its top it is a sledge hammer of reinforced steel, for smashing up through polar ice packs.

For decades naval architects had theorized that a submarine shaped like a fish should be able to run through the sea as quickly and surely as a fish. In 1953 the U.S. Navy built an experimental model, the *Albacore*. It proved many times faster and more manoeuvrable than the old submarines. But, since it depended on conventional propulsion devices—diesel fuel on the surface, batteries when submerged—its speed beneath the surface quickly used up the batteries and made early resurfacing necessary. Thus the boat was impractical for warfare.

Now, in *Skipjack*, the *Albacore* hull is married to nuclear power. You are aboard to see the results.

The choppy waters of Connecticut's Thames River begin boiling a furious white behind you as Skipjack's single five-bladed propeller—12 tons in weight, 15 feet in diameter, one of the largest ever put on a ship—begins driving. You are under way on nuclear power.

To port, you see at their piers George Washington and Patrick Henry, first of the Fleet Ballistic Missile submarines.* These, too, are

nuclear-powered, and their bulboussnouted hulls are modelled on Skipjack but are about 130 feet longer, to accommodate their stores of Polaris missiles.

As Skipjack picks up speed, a mound of water builds up along her deck. "The skipper is making about 20 knots now," says Lieutenant-Commander Ralph Carnahan, executive officer: "That water will be half-way up the sail in a few minutes, when we really get going. We'd better go below."

On to a ladder inside the sail, down through a narrow tube of a hatch. Now you are in the Control Area, a large, darkened room from which Behrens manoeuvres his ship. He stands alone on a pedestal perhaps five feet in diameter and a step and a half above the deck. Through a periscope near the forward edge of the pedestal he can

sweep all horizons.

On the starboard side of the Cortrol Area is a glass surface on which sonar operators plot the movement of targets, providing a continuous stream of intelligence on range, course and bearing. Fire controlmen, just forward, feed this intelligence into the TDC-Torpedo Data Computer—which instantly relays it to the torpedoes mounted in their tubes, When the skipper makes his decision to kill, an electrical switch on the TDC sends a torpedo-or a salvo of six-streaking out, with the latest split-second intelligence on where the target is

^{*} See "Nuclear Terror From the Sea," The Render's Digest, June 1959.

and where it can be intercepted.

On the port side of the command pedestal, a chief petty officer—the Chief of the Watch—sits before the Ballast Control Panel. He handles a job that needed four men in conventional boats. He controls four high pressure air systems, four hy draulic systems; he raises and lowers radar and radio antennae; he dives and surfaces *Skipjack*.

Two intent voung men sit close together near the forward bulkhead, each studying an illuminated dashboard, their fingers feather-light on the wheels of two control columns. They have invested nearly 1,100 hours on a simulator, developing the delicate touch this job needs. One man controls the rudder. When Skipjack wanders off course even as little as half a degree, he catches her and ever so gently eases her back. His "co pilot" controls the stern planes. A fathometer tells him his depth. You are not submerged yet, so the fathometer reads 37 feet —the draft of *Skipjack's* keel.

The work of these planesmen is exacting, exhausting. They must sit practically motionless, keenly alert, not talking, never during to look away from their panels. "You start seeing things after about an hour," says—the—navigator,—Lieutenant-Commander Robert Styer.

We are in Long Island Sound now, and it is time to submerge. "It takes two minutes and 50 seconds to get under," says Behrens. "This is the only thing Skippack does slowly,

The Royal Navy's first nuclear submarine Dreadnought, to be launched next year, owes much of her design to lessons learned from Skipjack Her commanding officer, Commander Barnaby Samborne, R.N., was attached to the U.S. Navy to study the handling of nuclear boats and spent several months as a working member of Skipjack's complement : Samborne, who joined Britain's submarine service 1943, describes the American vessel as "quite the most wonderful submarine I have served in or seen "

but it's no drawback. We would submerge only once per war patrol—as soon as we got to sea."

"Take her down!" he orders.

Skipjack slides easily towards the deep. There is quiet. Almost screnity. You are under. Skipjack is at home.

We will stay at 150 feet, moving at 20 knots 22½ miles an hour—until we reach deep water. Does this seem fast for a submerged boat? Behrens smiles, remarks that we are not even out of first gear.

How long could she cruise, submerged, without refuelling? For about two years, says Behrens—far longer than food or sanity could hold out. How long can sanity hold out? You recall that Seawolf stayed down for 60 days not long ago.

"Sixty days is a long time," Behrens says. "But in wartime we could probably push it a lot farther than that."

Back amidships, in a narrow tunnel, you look through a window in the deck at the reactor compartment. It is a deep room, and while nothing in it makes much sense to the layman, you are awestruck. For here is the power plant which extracts energy from the atom itself, the heart and core of energy in our universe.

Men aboard the submarine are shielded from the reactor by layers of water, lead, Polyethylene and diesel fuel. You receive less radiation here than you get walking the streets on a bright day. Should anything go wrong in the reactor, control rods automatically drop between the plates of uranium, shutting it down. Skipjack carries a reserve supply of diesel fuel in case her reactor fails. In 25,000 miles of cruising she has not used a drop of this reserve. She never expects to.

This is an attack submarine whose mission is to seek out and destroy enemy shipping and submarines. But what else is she? Here is a locked door to a Missile Guidance Control Centre. Skippack can take control of guided missiles as they are launched from other vessels, and guide them to their targets.

You are in the biggest torpedo room in the U.S. Navy. The old boats carried 24 "fish," fired singly from ten tubes—six in the bow, four in the stern. (The conventional boat manoeuvred so slowly it had to be able to fire from both ends. Skipjack, agile as a dolphin, needs no stern tubes, and has only six in the bow.) Today's load consists of

perhaps twice as many torpedoes as the old boats carried. Skipjack can fire a salvo of six, each a split-second behind the other, in a pattern virtually certain to ensnare and destroy any target, on the surface or beneath. But if she should miss, or take on multiple targets, she can dart away, deep and distant, out of detection range, reload in four minutes and race back for another shot.

Now to learn what this battle station is like in action. Slugs of water will be fired out of the tubes, and the sound effects will be identical to those of torpedoes.

"Fire one!" Air pressure rams a column of water through No. 1 tube. A loud, tortured hissing begins, as though a giant pressure cooker were about to explode. Then a quick, sliding sound, a deafening metallic whamm! The "torpedo" is gone. The sound is still echoing when: "Fire two!" Hissss . . . wham! Six times Skipjack quivers in recoil. It is as though you were standing next to a gigantic artillery battery. Even with your cars covered, you are almost dizzy. A torpedoman grins. "You get used to it," he says.

Now that you have reached deep water, you go back to the Control Area. The old boats used to sweat out depth-charge attacks as deep as 400 feet, but they dared not venture into the hull-crushing pressures beyond. What will Skippack do? For reasons of security, it can be said only that she descends to depths "in

excess of 400 feet." But when Commander Behrens gives the diving order, in feet, you cannot believe your ears!

Skipjack noses over steeply, hurtles downwards. You brace your feet and grab at the overhead. Your eyes watch the fathometer unreeling: 200 feet . . . 300 . . . 400 . . . "in excess of 400" . . . and Skipjack plunges on! At last the deck beneath you inches back towards level. You have arrived at the ordered depth—deeper in the ocean than you ever dreamed ships could travel. The dense, high-quality steel in her hull makes it possible for Skipjack to live in these great pressures.

Now Skipjack starts doing amazing things. She darts to the left and up, then swings hard to the right and down. Nailed to one bulkhead and then to another, you brace yourself and hang on to the overhead as Skipjack climbs and dives, twists and turns, faster, sharper than any vessel has ever performed. For an instant your head grows heavy—the hint of a G force! In a submarine? She is an undersea jet fighter!

"One-five-oh feet," Behrens orders. You thunder back up that steep hill. The fathometer subtracts distance from the surface so fast you cannot read the blur. There is exhilaration, a feeling of limitless power behind you. You level off in a long, smooth curve.

"You see the problem enemy antisubmarine forces would have with us," an officer says. "In the first place, they couldn't find us. If they did find us—usually because we had attacked them—they couldn't keep track of us. We can go too deep and move too fast. We've made depth charges practically obsolete; they fall too slowly—we can run away from them. We can even run away from homing torpedoes."

"What about high-speed nuclearpowered destroyers?" you ask.

"No destroyer can manoeuvre quickly enough to handle us," he says. "Even in glassy-calm seas, he needs a few hundred feet to make his turns. He operates as though he's in jelly, while we are in our true element. But we are not indestructible. The best anti-Skipjack weapon is another Skipjack. Fortunately, nobody else has one yet—and probably won't have for a long time."

Finally Skipjack turns for home. As she surfaces, you realize just how astonished—and terrified—you are at this revolutionary new weapon.

As you leave Skipjack, you see her Latin motto framed in the sail: Radix Novi Tridentis—Root of the New Seapower.

That, indeed, is Skipjack.

TOURIST is a man who travels to see things that are different and then complains when they aren't the same.

-Dublin Opinion



It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

In this group of one-syllable words, tick the word or phrase you believe to be nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) chafe—A: to ridicule. B: fret and fume. C: cheat. D: etch.
- (2) bald—A: broad. B: rash. C: unadorned. D: insulting.
- (3) glean—A: to gather bit by bit. B: groom. C: discover. D: polish.
- (4) shard—A: part of a plough. B: swindler. C: fragment. D: layer of earth.
- (5) barge—A: to thrust forward. B: brag. C: swell. D: oppose.
- (6) cairn—A: cave. B: fortress. C: well. D: heap of stones.
- (7) wrought—A: made or fashioned. B: broken. C: complicated. D: strengthened.
- (8) drab—A: dull or colourless. B: tired. C: discouraged. D: shabby.
- (9) err (ur)—A: to waver. B: make a mistake. C: delay. D: become confused.
- (10) lode—A: weight, B: discouragement. C: power. D: vein of ore.

- (11) cadge—A: to be cautious. B: sponge. C: make a reservation. D: snatch.
- (12) irk—A: to scold. B: make a wry face. C: urge. D: annoy.
- (13) butt—A: bluntness. B: stupidity. C: target. D: support.
- (14) wield—A: to throw. B: use with full effect. C: grasp. D: cut.
- (15) wreak (reck)—A: to twist. B: emit an unpleasant odour. C: inflict. D: sweat.
- (16) lilt—A: laughter. B: physical beauty. C: hopefulness. D: cadence.
- (17) wraith—A: anger. B: garland of flowers. C: phantom. D: halo.
- (18) chaff—A: banter. B: grist. C: abrasion. D: compost.
- (19) crypt (kript)—A: puzzle. B: silence. C: brevity. D: vault.
- (20) tilt—A: cultivated land. B: dispute. C: balance. D: point of view.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) chafe B: To fret and tume; be irretated; as, to chafe under criticism. Old French chaufer, "to warm."
- (2) bald—C. Unadorned, bare; literal and undisguised; as, a bald statement of fact.
- (3) **glean** A: To gather bit by bit; pick patiently; as, to glean information. Latin glenare, "to gather."
- (4) **shard**—C: Fragment; broken piece; as, a *shard* of pottery. Old I'nglish *sceard*, from *sceran*, "to shear."
- (5) barge—A: 'I'o thrust (oneself) forward; lurch clumsily; butt (in); as, to barge into a room. Colloquial.
- (6) cairn- -D: Heap or mound of stones, as for a memorial or marker. Gaelic carn, "heap."
- (7) wrought—A: Made or fashioned into shape; effected; accomplished by work; as, wonders wrought by nature. Middle English worht, from wurchen, "to work."
- (8) drab—A: Dull or colourless; as, a drab appearance. French drap, "(unbleached) cloth."
- (9) err—B: To make a mistake; fall into error; as, to err in judgement. Latin errare, "to wander."
- (10) lode—D: Vein of metal-bearing ore; as, a rich copper lode.

- (11) cadge—B: To sponge or bcg; as, to cadge a drink. Variant of "catch."
- (12) irk-- D: To annoy; weary; bore; as, "Detail seems to irk him." Middle English irken, "to tire."
- (13) butt- C: Target for ridicule; as, the butt of a joke. Old French but, "end, goal."
- (14) wield B. To use with full effect; exercise; as, to wield authority. Middle English welden, "to have power over."
- (15) wreak—C: To inflict or exact, as vengeance or punishment; as, to wreak havoc. Old English wrecan, "to avenge."
- (16) lilt—D: Cadence; rhythmic swing, movement; as, "The song had a gay hlt." Middle English hilten, "to sing."
- (17) wraith- C. Phantom; ghost; apparition; as, "A wraith inhabited the old house." Scottish variant of Old Norse worthr, "guardian."
- (18) **chaff** A. Banter; persiflage; light, jesting talk; as, to engage in harmless *chaff*.
- (19) crypt—D: Vault, usually underground, for burial. Greek kryptos, "hidden."
- (20) tilt—B: Dispute; altercation; as, "He took a sharp tilt at the committee."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct.		 excellent
18-16 correct.		 good
15-14 correct.		 fair

MOMENT OF TRUTH FOR CASTRO?

A disturbing report on the regime in Cuba. Inflamed by violent nationalism, Castro is threatening the island's economy, exposing the nation to Communist manipulation and endangering the peace of a continent

By Dickey Chapelle

HEN Fidel Castro strode triumphantly into Havana just over a year ago,

after overthrowing the dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista, he personified the victory of audacity and virtue over terror and corruption. Six million cheering Cubans had cast the mantle of liberator over the wide shoulders and crumpled uniform of this daring young man with the

WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER Dickey Chapelle spent the closing months of 1958 in Cuba, observing Fidel Castro's overthrow of Batista. At the conclusion of the article which she later wrote ("I Saw Castro Liberate Cuba"—The Reader's Digest, June 1959), she said: "Revolutions before this one have started out with brave ideals, only to end in a return to tyranny. Chief among Castro's problems will be the degree to which he permits the Communists to influence his government..."
To prepare this article, Mrs. Chapelle returned to Cuba to see at first hand the working of the Castro regime.

shaggy beard. Few men in history have had the chance—that was his in that hour—to shape a nation.

But within a few brief months the image of Castro shrank to man size. Today there are deep doubts, even in his own entourage, about whether Castro is using his chance wisely. The hope that, as Prime Minister, he would learn to govern without the frenzied atmosphere of his rebel command post has vanished. What Cuba critically needs is unromantic, far-seeing, brass-tacks administration. The better life that Dr. Fidel pledged to the masses cannot be created by the magic of his television oratory.

Just what has happened in Cuba? There were some splendid beginnings. Returning to the island recently, I saw scores of new schools, hundreds of miles of new roads. I

felt, too, the great wave of hope which lifted the hearts of Cubans who boasted of "their" government, its honesty, its concern for the ordinary people. As Angel Gonzalez, a campesino who has a tiny farm in the poor community just outside Guantanamo, said to me, "In all my years I was never important before. Now I know I am."

If the record stopped here it would be irreproachable. That it does not is a matter of deep concern. For the outstanding consequence of Castro's period in power has been to bring to a close a whole era of mutually beneficial relations between the United States and Cuba. To aggrandize the "liberator" role of Castro, scapegoats for Cuba's present and future difficulties have been needed. The United States is the nearest and broadest of targets.

True, there are certain rational grievances. Fidelistas are bitter about U.S. ignorance of or indifference to the terror that characterized the Batista regime; about the fact that the planes and weapons thrown against them in the years of struggle were mostly U.S.-made. They are angry over the asylum extended by the United States to enemies of the revolution—even though their own partisans also found refuge under the American flag.

But there is much more in this than the wild abuse now being heaped on the United States. A grotesque caricature of Uncle Sam, as a fat exploiter of weak neighbours and blood-partner of Latin dictators, dominates the Castro regime's propaganda. A mild Washington note accepting Cuba's right to nationalize foreign properties but pointing out the legal obligation—fair compensation—was instantly twisted into an attempt to coerce the new government. On October 27 the U.S. State Department protested against "deliberate and concerted efforts in Cuba to replace the traditional friendship between the Cuban and American people with distrust and hostility."

Any U.S. Press item not 100 per cent pro-Castro is denounced as proof of North American attempts to discredit the revolution. To "free" Latin America from the influence of U.S. Press services, Havana sponsored a Press agency, Prensa Latina. A number of its local correspondents in Latin America are known Communists. One of its Washington correspondents resigned in disgust because his dispatches were being rewritten in an anti-American spirit.

Last October, when Fidel Castro gathered some 30,000 people in Havana, he suggested indirectly, in his speech to these followers, that he would demand that the United States remove the famous naval base

at Guantanamo Bay. This base was leased to the United States in perpetuity by treaty in 1903. The agreement was Cuba's thanks for the American blood spilled to help ob-

American blood spilled to help obtain her freedom from Spain in



With guns and rhetoric, Castro keeps Cuba in ferment

1898. Today Gitmo—as Americans call the base—is isolated behind barbed-wire-topped fencing, and Marines patrol the fence day and

night.

Last July a Castro army journal, Olive Green, wrote that the Cuban War of Independence had been "frustrated" by U.S. intervention. Revision of school textbooks, history included, has been put into the hands of young zealots with whom "American wickedness" is an article of faith. Thus, in every way Cuba is trying convulsively to cut what it considers an umbilical cord to the United States. "We must go it alone" is Castro's litany.

A PERIOD of chaos is inevitable after the collapse of a hated order, but friends of the new Cuban regime had expected, by this time, some signs of relative stability. Such signs are nowhere in sight. Episodes of violent opposition are more and more frequent, with waves of arrests to match. The military tribunals, which put more than 450 people before firing squads in the first months of the Castro regime, were revived last October, and Castro has threatened to arm and trainhalf a million men and women against "foreign aggression."

Meanwhile, the most important hall-mark of the Castro regime has been its extreme vulnerability to Communism. When Major Hubert Matos, military commander of Camagüey Province and Castro's intimate aide, resigned, along with many of his officers, last October, he blamed Communist infiltration of the regime. So have other prominent defectors, notably the former head of the Cuban Air Force, Major Pedro Diaz Lanz. It was after

Castro's hand-picked president, Dr. Manuel Urrutia Lleo, had publicly excoriated the Communists that he was driven out of office, and several individuals who are plausibly accused of Communist sympathies are indeed in positions of influence. Prominent among them is Fidel's younger brother, 28-year-old Raul, now Minister of the Armed Forces and presumably the heir apparent, who holds the important command over the armed services and police. In 1953 he attended a Communist youth meeting in Vienna. Later, in an interview with Communist Chinese newsmen, he expressed admiration for Mao Tse-tung and explained that the Chinese and Cubans have a common enemy— "capitalist imperialists."

Most openly pro-Communist in Castro's entourage is the 31 year-old Argentine firebrand, Ernesto "Che" Guevara, who was employed by the government of Guatemala during that country's pro-Communist period. During a recent round-theworld tour as leader of a Cuban mission, Guevara fulminated endlessly against "American imperialism" this in parts of the Far and Middle East where attack on the United States is tantamount to defence of Soviet Russia. Soon after his return to Havana he was put in charge of Cuba's entire industrial programme.

Other men who have voiced anti-American sentiments hold other key positions, Still, the charge that Cuba has "a Gommunist government" is erroneous. What can be said is that the regime is wide open to infiltration. Tolerance of Communism in contrast with intolerance of other political groups is the key fact that holds the potential of danger. While the sky is the limit in attacking the United States, no Castro leader ever attacks Soviet Russia or Red China.

Fidel Castro himself is scarcely the sort of man who would accept Communist or any other restraint on his explosive ego. Besides, he is too intensely nationalistic to subordinate Cuban interests, knowingly, to Moscow's. He has said that if the Communist Party makes trouble, "I'll wipe it out in 24 hours." Pressed by a reporter, he resorted to humour. "Just because Karl Marx had a beard and Castro also has a beard," he said, "Americans shouldn't jump to conclusions."

Still, as Castro has also often said, "Communism travels on empty bellies." And unless the economic trend is reversed, there will surely be more and more empty bellies in Cuba. Should things go from bad to worse for the regime, the Communists are well placed to play their practised scavenger role.

THE LONELY tragedy for Cuba has begun to take shape. The groups of Americans backing out of Cuba today make a formidable list: tourists, investors, importers, exporters, aid missions, and so on and on.

Cuba's gentle weather, white

beaches, luxury hotels, elegant night clubs, plush casinos and neonstarred tropical nights offer holiday drama which attracted a quarter of a million U.S. tourists in 1957. The total was higher in 1958, although the rebellion was approaching its climax. These visitors spent close on 50 million dollars a year and provided employment for approximately 15,000 people. But, by 1959, employees in the luxury hotels outnumbered the guests. The famous gambling casinos echoed, deserted, under their crystal chandeliers. Every tourist attraction empty.

This is not the picture that Castro expected. I remember vividly my first interview with the then rebel leader. We sat side by side on the wreckage of a farm building, watching Batista's bombers strafe the rebel forces barely a mile away. "Cuba does not need gambling to attract tourists," he told me. "You Americans will come for the sun and the beaches and because we welcome our guests by making our homes their homes."

When, instead, the tourists stayed away in droves, Castro's government earmarked two million dollars for a campaign to lure them back. The American Society of Travel Agents was induced to hold its annual convention in Havana last October. But, before they dispersed, the 2,000 delegates witnessed anti-Castro violence and heard the United States unjustly blamed for

it. Soon after Castro was saying publicly that the effort to revive U.S. tourism had failed. The fact is that as long as guns and beards are meat and drink to the country's leaders, tourism from America—normally the island's second largest industry (after sugar)—will not bolster Cuba's economy.

In his anti-American tirades Castro often declaims that the course of U.S.-Cuban relations can be traced in terms of dollars. Historically, he is right. Cuba did not even have her own pesos until 1914, and dollars were legal tender until recently. U.S. capital has always bulked large in the country's economy. In 1957, the record year, Americans poured 63 million dollars into the island. But in 1959 only one major U.S. investment was made: the last fraction of a 75-milliondollar mine construction undertaking in Oriente Province, expected to make Cuba the world's second largest producer of nickel. And in September Castro announced that the firm's concessions would be "re-studied."

As early as 1953, Castro expressed his belief in nationalization of sources of real wealth. A few weeks before he defeated Batista, he announced that it would be necessary to review every agreement between big companies, native or foreign, and Batista's government. "If there has not been anything wrong," he said, "we will not do anything against them." But once he had

arrived in Havana he acted on the theory that any consorting with the former authorities was "wrong." Therefore, since all big business of necessity rested on tax, labour, finance and other agreements with the Batista government, few companies could feel safe.

Castro's most dramatic economic move, of course, has been his widely publicized land-reform law. Its aim was to redistribute the land of Cuba to provide every campesino with a farm of his own. Under the terms of the law, no one may own more than 995 acres except a cattle rancher, who is permitted as much as 3,316 acres; no foreigner may buy or inherit Cuban land. The estimated 200,000 landless peasant families would be given up to 67 acres each.

A National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INRA) was set up to administer the vast redistribution. Its powers and the effects of its decisions are so vast that it amounts to a government within the government. Castro himself heads INRA, but its operative chiefs are Antonio Nuñez Jimenez and Ernesto Guevara, both committed to a statist economy.

The landless peasant, having received his 67 acres, must plant what the government orders, sell at fixed prices only through government channels; and he can lose his holding if he fails to meet production quotas. He is not allowed to sell, lease or mortgage his land, and he may bequeath it to only one person.

Uncultivated land was the first to be nationalized for division among the campesinos. Then reduction of cattle ranches to the prescribed size was started. Large-scale turn-over of the sugar plantations, most of which were unmolested prior to the 1959 harvest for fear of hurting the standing crops, is expected to get under way in 1960.

Present owners of the distributed land will be indemnified, at prices far below actual value, with 20-year government bonds paying up to four-and-a-half per cent interest. Many of these men are far from enthusiastic about the bonds. Privately they doubt whether the government will be able to pay the interest, and they fear that the principal will reach them in depreciated pesos. American investors stand to lose more than 1,500,000 acres in sugar lands alone.

That Cuba was ripe for agrarian reform seems beyond question. An official census in 1949 revealed that eight per cent of the landowners held three-quarters of all farm lands. But growers with long experience are convinced that cane cannot be grown efficiently on a co-operative basis. They see in the collective ownership of sugar plantations, of cattle ranches, of large tobacco and rice fields, a body blow to the nation's productive capacity.

I was with the American head of one cane-and-cattle enterprise the morning that nationalization of the ranching portion was announced. His first remark was about the stock, not the stockholders. "We've just planted imported fodder on thousands of acres for them," he said, aghast. "If the government fails to keep the grazing areas free from the spiny jungle weeds for as little as a single season, the cattle will die. Cuba will starve for meat instead of exporting it as we were about to do."

Already many large ranches are under government control. The rest work under the menace of sudden "intervention," followed, at INRA's whim, by full nationalization.

In Oriente, Cuba's largest and most easterly province, where almost a third of the nation's cane is grown, I spent several days recently on a 60,000-acre plantation owned by an American syndicate. Normally, 2,200 Cubans derive their incomes from the plantation, which raises both sugar-cane and beef cattle. "I hope the government will let us stay a year or two," one of the American managers said wistfully. "This is a beautiful place that I have lived in and loved all my life."

As we talked, however, clerks were preparing maps and land-title documents which, when delivered to the authorities, would probably mark the beginning of the end of American ownership. The managers told me that when the government informed them that the plantation would be evaluated for take-over "in not less than two or

more than six years," they had harvested, milled and sold the 1959 cane crop and *hoped* for a routine handling of the 1960 crop. How about 1961? "Well, what is the point in planning?"

Thus, whatever the ultimate result of the land reform, its immediate effect has been to paralyse essential planning. Cuban and American growers alike cannot maintain their interest in operations that will be taken out of their hands this year or next, or even five years from now. In practical terms, this means that no new U.S. investment in Cuba is foreseeable. But Castro says he needs only the loyalty of his people; their savings and hard work will take the place of money from abroad.

What Castro envisages for the future is a Cuba self-sufficient in terms of consumer goods. The creation of new industries is the primary task assigned to "Che" Guevara. The initial effects of the programme to cut imports sharply have disquieted both American and Cuban traders. For one thing, the traditionally seething docks of Havana and the country's second largest port, Santiago de Cuba, quickly lost much of their commerce.

The immediate cause was a dramatic "Buy Cuban Goods" campaign. Soon even the plushiest bars were selling little imported whisky, a lot of domestic rum. In textiles and shoes, local industry boomed

while importers suffered. U.S. import export firms and shippers, most of whom had adopted a wait and-see attitude, now feel that they have seen enough, that the writing on the wall is plain. In Castro's plans, at least, the only role for the United States is as a major buyer of sugar.

So, Cuba seems willing to cut off her economic nose to spite her nationalist face. And the greatest threat to the Castro regime is Castro's own personality—disorganized, erratic, politically naive. Reluctant to delegate authority and preferring his bearded cronies to prosaic experts, he ends up by trying to do nearly everything himself. He has described himself as "an emotional man," and too few of his trusted associates are unemotional enough to act as a brake on his "Castrionics."

Last autumn I watched one of his numerous television appearances from inside the studio. Here was the actual flesh-and blood government of Cuba at work. Whatever Castro said would have the force of law, and there would be no appeal against it. Here was the emotional tone of Castro's old military headquarters, too—the same sort of harangue, hysteria and hypnosis I remembered so well. Only here the walls of Castro's shelter were the lights for the television cameras. Where rock cave walls had once isolated him from danger, now the curtains of brilliant light seemed to isolate him from reality.

The trouble is that Castro has *not* changed, while his problems have. As the punch of economic decline tightens on Cuba's population, the government's need for money, already acute, will become desperate. Taking from the rich and giving to the poor is not as easy as it appeared in the rebel camps. By one tough means or another, the money is likely to be exacted from bankers, industrialists, the foreign trade companies, with further damage to the general economy -and more opportunities for those who believe in statist controls.

Hope for the start of real stabilization awaits the day when the new rulers shave off their whiskers, psychologically if not literally, and buckle down to the job of providing political and economic order.

When the late Ahmed Bokhari of Pakistan was visiting the poet Robert Frost, Frost told him that he could look back 10 or 11 generations to the founder of his family in America, Nicholas Frost, an adventurer on the coasts of Mainte. Bokhari replied that he knew all the names of his male ancestors for 50 generations.

"Why, that must take you back to the time of the Prophet," said Frost. "Yes," he replied calmly, "we are of that family."

—M. D.



What is this imaginative gift that makes others feel confident, important and esteemed?

The Lesson of the Gracious Heart

By Elizabeth Byrd

On the way to Inverness in Scotland several years ago a big, raw-boned farm woman sitting beside me on the bus asked why a tourist should travel north in the dead of winter. "It's rooky weather

in the Highlands," she told me.

I explained that I liked wild weather and that I was gathering material for an historical novel, talking to country people, soaking up local lore that has changed little in

four centuries. She invited me to visit her overnight. "We've a wee croft, but warm, and I'd welcome your company, for it's lonely with my husband off to market."

It was raining hard when we reached her home, a dumpy stone cottage perched on a bleak slope. Collies welcomed us, and Mrs. Mc-Intosh led me into a spotless, shabby parlour.

Suddenly the lights flickered and died. She sighed, "The power's oot," and lit candles. While she was making a fire there was a knock on

the door.

She opened it and a boy came in. She took his dripping coat and cap, and as he moved into the firelight I saw that he was about 12 years old —and pitifully crippled.

After he caught his breath, he said, "My father tried to ring you, but your phone is dead. I came to

see that you're all right."

"Thank you, John," she said, and introduced us. The wind rose, raving and screaming, battering the shutters. I told them how much I loved the drama of the storm and the real need for an open fire.

"You're not scared?" John asked. I started to say no, but Mrs. Mc-Intosh, though obviously afraid of nothing, quickly said what any boy longs to hear: "Of course she was scared, and so was I. But now we've got a mon aboot."

There was a moment's silence. Then he rose. "I'll see that everything's snug," he said. And he

hobbled out of the room with a little swagger.

I was touched by the incident, and weeks 'later it continued to haunt me. Why hadn't I answered his question as Mrs. McIntosh had—tenderly, imaginatively? And how often before in my life, insensitive through self-absorption, had I failed to recognize another's need?

Perhaps my heart had been asleep for years, but now it was awakening, anxious to compensate for lost opportunities and avidly curious. By what magic had Mrs. McIntosh transformed a crippled boy into a confident man? Had it been an instinctive kindness, or deliberate? Was it, I wondered, compassion, tact or a combination of all these? Then I recalled an expression used by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Speaking of such generosity of spirit, he had termed it the "gracious heart."

Looking back, I realized how often I had been helped by such hearts; how often I, too, had been exalted by a single gracious phrase or act. My mother did this for me many times when I was young and vulnerable, conferring the precious gift of self-esteem by a thoughtful gesture. Once, when I was seven, she was planning a formal tea party and I wanted to help. I picked a bunch of dandelions and brought them to her. Many a mother would have thanked me, plumped the ragged weeds into a milk bottle and retired them to the kitchen. But my

mother arranged them in her loveliest vase and placed them on the piano between tall candelabra. And she made no simpering explanation to her guests about "little Betty's flowers."

Now, whenever I see flowers at a party, I remember the pride I felt that my dandelions, treasured above roses, had the place of honour.

The gracious heart is above all strongly understanding of the feelings of others. My teenage brother taught me this the night that he helped to create a popular girl. He had seen her at a dance—a shy, unattractive little student. Nobody paid any attention to her, and she faded against the wall. My brother was moved by her predicament. He asked her to dance, and a minor miracle occurred. She was so happy that she sparkled and was almost pretty. Another boy cut in, and afterwards she danced nearly every dance.

Gallantry like that deepens every relationship. It can polish a marriage to a new lustre. My friend Marge told me that on her 40th birthday she was, like many women, deeply depressed. She knew that happy, productive years lay ahead, but in the excessive value placed on youth in our society, she had lost her perspective. She said nothing of this to her husband at breakfast, but after he left she gave way to tears. She foresaw greying hair, deepening wrinkles, a struggle to remain

slender. By the time her husband returned from work she had regained a degree of calm, but the ache persisted. After dinner he said, "Come and look at your presents."

They had always exchanged practical gifts and she suspected that he had sneaked in the new vacuum cleaner they needed. But to her amazement she unwrapped a pair of jewelled boudoir slippers and a lace négligé with matching gown. "He didn't explain why," she said, "and he didn't have to. I knew what he was trying to imply: 'You're beautiful, you're glamorous.' And the odd thing was, I began to feel like that."

The gracious heart is never too busy to reveal itself. I recall hearing of a lonely little boy who was devoted to a battered, one-eyed Teddy bear. When he went into hospital to have his tonsils out, he took Teddy along and was holding him close when the surgeon came to his bed-side and announced that it was time for the operation. A nurse moved to take the bear, but the doctor said gravely, "Leave Teddy there. He needs some attention, too."

When the child regained consciousness Teddy was snuggled against the pillow—and across his missing eye was the neatest bandage a skilful surgeon could devise.

Opportunities to put this rewarding talent to good use are all round us. I was shopping with a friend in a street market when she noticed a boy of about eight helping his

father to sell vegetables from a barrow. He had proudly sold a cauliflower to a woman and waited for payment, but she reached past him and gave the money to his father. The little fellow's smile faded; his shoulders slumped. My friend realized that somehow she would have to retrieve the child's pride. She called him over and selected tomatoes and leeks which he put in a bag. She could have given him the right money; instead she gave him a note. For a few moments he frowned, calculating, then brightened and handed her the correct change.

"Thank you," she said. "I couldn't have worked it out so

fast.''

"Aw, it was nothin'," he said, looking at his father. But it was

something to him, and suddenly all four of us were beaming, warmed by the glow that her imaginative act had created.

"The gracious heart protects and enlarges the self-respect of the other person, builds his ego," says Dr. Peale. "When you come home from work and your child races to greet you, asking excitedly, 'Did you hear what happened in town today?' your gracious heart, somehow, has not heard the news—it gives the child the pleasure of telling you. But if you say, 'Oh, yes. I heard about it an hour ago,' your heart is only building up your own ego."

There is enormous love in this world — unconscious, instinctive, eager for expression. Each of us can learn to unlock it with the thoughtful courtesies of a gracious heart!

Lost Battle

ONE OF the most spectacular scenes in Cecil B. DeMille's epic *The Ten Commandments* was about to be filmed next to one of the Pyramids. It was a battle scene requiring 10,000 extras, and costing 50,000 dollars and, naturally, DeMille was anxious that it should go well. He set up three cameras, one close to the scene, a second on a platform overlooking the battle and a third on a hill overlooking the entire countryside.

When everything was set he fired a pistol and the action began. All the extras played their parts to perfection and slew and were slain in heroic

fashion. Finally the happy director shouted, "Cut!"

"How was it?" he asked the cameraman on the close-up. "Too much dust," he replied. "I didn't get anything."

"What about you?" DeMille shouted to the cameraman on the platform.

"My motor broke," the man shouted back.

Almost in tears, DeMille took a megaphone and screamed to the man on the hill. "How was IT, HARRY?"

Waving his hand, the man on the hill called out, "ANY TIME YOU'RE READY, MR. DEMILLE!"

—Milton Berle, quoted by Art Buchwald



The Busy Weavers of Bangkok

By Francis and Katharine Drake

ROYAL THAI silk is a heavy, almost barbaric fabric of such glorious colour that tourists in Bangkok are transfixed at the sight of it. As light reflects from the cunningly wrought material, its flaming golds, scarlets and strong blues soften into pastels of indescribable delicacy. The gorgeous stuff was once reserved for kings, princes and

the sinuous women in their palaces. Later, peasants wore it for sarongs; but it never reached the Western world, and production was so small that only a handful of weavers earned a poor living making it.

Today it is the fastest-growing export of Thailand. Used for dresses, robes, draperies and, because it wears like iron, for upholstery, it is

imported by the largest stores in the world. Sales have risen to over £350,000 (Rs. 50 lakhs) worth a year, and are still mounting. Thousands of Siamese are earning big money because of a hard-boiled but kindly partnership which has made good friends and good profits.

This transformation has been engineered by the most unlikely man one could find in such a business—a tanned, blue-eyed former jungle fighter named Jim Thompson. A sturdy American free-enterpriser, he accepts small profits in money but an immense return in the happiness of having given a small country the finest kind of foreign aid.

Thompson's earlier life could hardly have been farther removed from the training of an Oriental silk merchant: preparatory school, university, a gilt-edged career as an architect. Then came the Second World War. Enlisting as a private, he rose to captain, worked with the French Resistance in North Africa and France. When the Germans were defeated, he went to fight the Japanese, via the jungle paratroops. Chance dumped him in Bangkok, just after the Japanese surrender. The place captured his heart.

Thailand is a country of glamour and variety—gentle, violent, cunning, kind, wicked, friendly—but above all, a country of colour. The morning sun slants across Bangkok in great bars of gold made iridescent by mist rising from a network of canals. A broad river flows past

temples inlaid with pieces of coloured glass glinting in the sun like sapphires and rubies. Roof, corners flare up in curved hooks. Golden Buddhas sit in classic postures, overcoming evil, forbidding war, preaching peace. Priests walk in robes of flaming saffron against a background of slow-pulling waterbuffalo and peasants bearing great baskets slung on shoulder poles.

An ardent amateur painter, Thompson found the colours intoxicating. He was at the cross-roads of his life, just touching 40. The prospect of returning to his old life seemed grey. By contrast the East was bright and warm-hearted. Released from the service, he looked for something he might build up in partnership with the Siamese.

Again chance took a hand. It led him to a tiny shop which had a few pieces of the rare Thai silk. He sought out the weaver in his canalside house, sat on the floor and asked questions.

This weaver and others advised him against the business, pointing out that silk had never been an important Thai export, that even five yards was a big production. When Thompson talked about 200-yard lengths, the Siamese, unable to grasp the size of the outside world, objected that everyone in Thompson's country would be wearing the same pattern. But the ex-paratrooper, full of enthusiasm, journeyed about the country, picking up rare pieces to make a collection.

Then he flew to New York to test the business.

With disarming directness he marched into that temple Vogue magazine, and fashion, asked the editors for advice. Those stylish ladies, soon awash in pools of wonderful colour, wanted to wear the samples home—but agreed to arrange an exhibition. A famous dress designer exclaimed, "This is what I have been waiting 30 years to see!" Thompson sold all his samples and made enough money to pay his fare back to Bangkok.

He had sufficient orders to start a factory, but he knew that the easygoing Siamese hated working under pressure. He had to go slow, to think as they thought. Patiently he sought out weavers one by one; soon dozens, then hundreds, were working for him. He helped them to set up looms in their homes, bought them raw silk and dyes, leased mulberry plantations to feed silkworms. He worked on a shoestring, but the weavers trusted him and gave him the fabrics on consignment, to be paid for when sold. Thompson started exporting to New York.

Then a recession hit North America and orders dwindled. Determined to keep faith with his people, Thompson improvised a display centre in his Bangkok hotel room and took space in a Chinese shop. Haunting the lobbies of hotels, he rounded up tourists and dragged them to see his silk, retailing enough of it to keep his weavers going. When the export trade picked up again, he formed the Thai Silk Co. with the help of Prince Sanidh Rangsit, and opened a shop of his own. His Siamese partners own the majority of the shares; he has only a minor interest for himself.

In 1951 came a wonderful stroke of luck. Rodgers and Hammerstein were about to produce the musical, The King and I, based on the famous book, Anna and the King of Siam. Irene Sharaff, the designer costumed the cast in Thai silk and gave Thompson's U.S. distributors credit in the theatre programmes. The silk became famous overnight. When The King and I opened in London, the great European shops cabled to Thompson for material.

After the first two years, shareholders in the Thai Silk Co. received a 100 per cent dividend every year. The employees got good salaries, plus 20 per cent of the profits and an annual bonus of three months wages. The weavers, working in their own houses, were paid top prices. Under the guidance of a man who was not their master but their partner and friend, they were earning more in a year than they had ever hoped to earn in a lifetime. Soon they were able to buy household goods, luxuries, even cars.

Each morning Thompson visits the weavers, works out the dye combinations, orders the lengths, and patterns. He crosses the klong,

or canal, in a little sampan, moving through dense traffic amid the same colours that appear in the silk—the bright paint on little boats piled high with mangoes, pineapples, leeks, onions, rice cakes laid on bright green leaves, and pots of food simmering over charcoal fires. He scrambles ashore and edges along narrow duckboards among roosters, cats, soft footed people in gleaming white shirts and coloured sarongs.

The *klong* side houses are opendoored, open-windowed, their front rooms often hung with coloured pictures of the King and Queen of Thailand and gaudy calendars. Thompson kicks off his shoes, slides on to the polished floor and asks about the family. Then he inspects the raw silk filaments sent down to the weavers from the mulberry plantations. The raw material is a harsh yellow thread suffused with gum which the weavers boil off in old paraffin tins. They wash the thread in the *klong*, after which the women of the house spin it on to bamboo frames. Next comes the crucial step, dyeing. Thompson, with his painter's eye, works out each design, juggling trays of dyes into intricate combinations. When a design becomes popular, he reduces it to an exact formula to ensure consistent shades.

As soon as the threads are dyed, they are wound in huge coils and soaked again in the klong; then they are twisted into thicker threads and wound on to bobbins ready for the

hand-made loom that fills the big back room where the daughters of the house do the actual weaving. Everything from the raw silk to the finished piece is done within the family by techniques unchanged from the past. Thompson will have nothing to do with machinery or short cuts, and no piece of silk is accepted until he and the master of the house have made a joint inspection and passed it as perfect. As Thompson journeys from house to house through the long hot morning, the scene is constantly repeated.

In Thompson's Bangkok store the silk retails for about 30s. (Rs. 20) a yard of 40-inch width. By the time it has been packed and air-freighted, has been subjected to heavy insurance and duty, plus wholesale profits and retail mark-ups, it costs from 52s. 6d. (Rs. 35) to five guineas (Rs. 70) a yard in Britain. Thai silk was used in the current film Ben-Hur. A room at Windsor Castle is curtained in Thai silk of pale yellow. The Royal Box at London's Covent Garden Opera House was decorated with it for the Shah of Persia's State Visit to Britain last May. The material is now being exported to Australia, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, South America, as well as to Britain and the United States.

In all this expansion the Siamese have been the principal gainers. Thompson now employs about 2,000 weavers. Eighteen competing companies which have sprung up employ 3,000 more. Some of the

weavers have been able to retire. Savings go into gold, and Thompson can estimate family finances by the loads of gold bangles, necklaces and rings which adorn the women and children.

The man who has made all this possible designed and built for him self a small but splendid Siamese house close to his weavers. It is the talk of Bangkok. Constructed of great teak logs--hauled out of the forests by elephants and floated down-country on the rivers--it is filled with Thompson's collection of Siamese art. His weavers look on his house with a proprietorial satisfaction. When it was finished they

insisted that it should be blessed by Buddhist priests, and that Thompson should first sleep in it on a night favoured by their astrologers. Thompson, an Episcopalian, had some doubts as to the efficacy of these rites, but gave in and threw a house-warming party for his employees. It is notable that so many of them arrived in their cars that they caused a day-long traffic jam.

Their enthusiasm was a fitting tribute to Jim Thompson and the simple, man-to-man decency with which he sat down with a strange people, and worked out a partner-ship which has made them prosperous out of their own efforts.

Cartoon Quips

Wife after borrowing money from husband: "I'll pay you back on Saturday when I get your pay packet." ——Bob Barnes

Bride, cutting wedding cake, to groom: "None for you. You're going on a diet."

- Shirvanian

JUBILANT daughter, just home from the office, to parents: "Bob asked me to marry him. He's tired of trying to live on what he earns."

- George Clark

Wife to husband: "Okay, if you don't want to take me to the pictures, we'll stay in. I have some wonderful ideas for rearranging the living-room furniture."

-D. T.

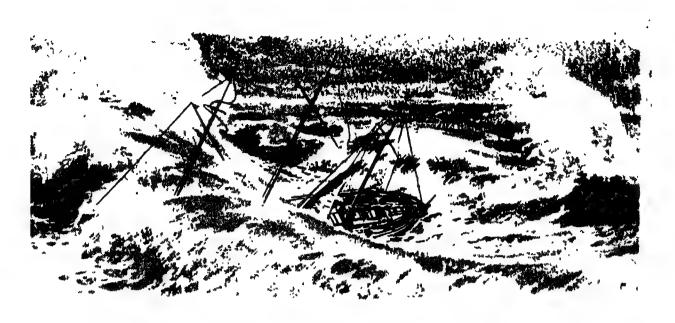
Husband, as wife shows him cat surrounded by new kittens: "She's done well for a cat that didn't know a soul in the neighbourhood three months ago."

—Bob Barnes

Wife sitting by husband's hospital bed reading his mail: "This card says 'Get Well Quick.' It's from our Hospital Insurance Scheme."

-C. T.

Wife to husband after peeling layers of clothes off small, snow-suited figure: "George—he isn't ours!" — s.E.P.



Shipwreck!

By Garland Rotch

This saga of the sea, written by a 25-year-old sailor to his mother, was discovered by Kathleen Norris, the novelist, who considers it as thrilling as Conrad's Nigger of the Narcissus and other immortal pages about storms and the sea

On Board Swedish Bark TANA Bound for New Orleans

Dear Mother,

I suppose you know by now that the Admiral Clark foundered nine days ago in a hurricane off the coast of Cuba. To the best of my knowledge, there were but six of us saved.

When I came on deck at four that Wednesday morning, I found the wind blowing fresh from the northeast. By seven it was so strong that I called the Captain. There were none of the usual signs of the approach of a hurricane, yet by 10.30 it was evident we were running into one. By noon there was a heavy sea, but we had a good dinner and everyone felt confident. At one, the

Skipper asked me to get some oil on the water, as the seas were starting to roll dangerously across the decks. It gave good results, and I am convinced was all that kept the *Clark* afloat as long as she was.

By three, the hurricane was at its height. The wind was terrific; you couldn't face it and breathe. To move without holding on to something was impossible: the wind hauled at you like a thousand demons trying to drag you overboard. You could not see a hundred feet for the spray which whipped from the crests of the waves and

hurled through the air with the speed of bullets. Its force was such that it appeared to be lying in a sort of strata in the air. The seas towered over the little Clark like huge overhanging cliffs of water that would cave down and overwhelm her. I would hold my breath, but she would slide out from underneath just in time. It was wonderful to watch her. The waves would make a clean sweep over the decks, hiding the entire forward end of the ship; then the bow would clear itself and the stern would submerge.

Going aft over the top of the house Johnson, the second mate, and I passed the galley skylight. We looked down and what do you think we saw? The coloured steward and the three coloured cooks all on top of the stove, with life-jackets on, praying as hard as they could. The galley was half-full of water and everything was adrift except the stove-pots and pans, tables and other debris. We hauled the men out and put them in the wheel-house.

At four we were in the centre of the hurricane, the most dreaded part. The sea was a confused mountainous mass of jumbled water; the waves seemed to come from everywhere and the poor little Clark was under water all the time. She had no chance, though she struggled manfully. As we entered the other side of the storm, it seemed as if every wind in creation was blowing against us; instead of a regular sea the waves came from four or five

directions at once. It made even the stoutest hearts sink. But when we gathered for a supper of tinned salmon and biscuits, the only conversation was a few jokes about happenings of the day; no one spoke about the outlook.

At nine, a sea stove in the door to the sailors' mess-room and water ran through it in streams down to the engine-room. I took two men forward to get a spare door, which we had to bring along the booms as the deck was continually swept by heavy seas. We were about half-way back when it was blown from our hands, and one of the men was knocked to the deck and washed overboard. The other man and I were washed off twice; the third time I was washed right round the stern of the ship, and had to climb back up on the other side. I never saw the sailor again.

There was now six feet of water in the engine-room, washing from side to side with the roll of the ship. As I got there, I saw one of the engineers dive down to get at one of the pumps, which had broken down. It was a sight I shall never forget. The heavy cranks and rods of the engines were churning and splashing the water; pieces of refuse would float into the engines and be smashed to bits and thrown about. The noise was deafening. At 10.30 the water reached the dynamos and all the lights went out. The engineers could do nothing more and came on deck, leaving the engines

running. Soon a boiler plug blew out and the steam was shut off.

The Old Man was pretty badly broken up, but game to the core. He and I went into the chart-room; I lit my pipe and he a cigarette. Then he said, "This is hell, Rotch, isn't it? Just as we start to get out of the gale, the ship goes down." I said "Yeah," just as unconcernedly as I could. It was funny, I didn't feel the least bit worried.

The Clark was settling fast by the stern now, and everyone knew it was all over. A heavy sea swept the whole after house and took both boats. Everyone but the officers had life-belts-ours were stored aft and were under water, so our only chance was to catch some bit of floating wreckage. The Skipper ordered all hands forward; and all of a sudden we felt her start to go down. A big sea swept over us; when it had passed, the ship was almost vertical. I saw them starting to jump over the side. I kicked off my boots and jumped too.

When I reached the surface, the first thing I saw was something dark, and reaching out I put my hand on a raft used when we painted the side of the ship. Johnson came up close beside me and we both climbed on. Then I turned to have a last look at the *Clark*. She was standing on end, perfectly upright, her bow about 30 feet out of the water. She seemed to hang there a minute; then with a sort of sigh, made by the air rushing out of

her, she very slowly sank out of sight. It was a weird sight, and it hurt. She was a good liftle boat, and I had had some good times on her. We had a fine crowd of men; those that went, went as sailors should go. There was no excitement.

I turned round to see who else was on the raft. They proved to be the third assistant engineer and an oiler. We heard someone shouting, and Johnson and I swam out and picked up the coloured steward, who was just about all in. Soon there was another call, and we swam out again and picked up a sailor. Though we kept a sharp look-out, we could see or hear no one else. Wind and sea were drifting us fast from the scene of the wreck.

To appreciate our position you must picture our raft, which was nine feet long by four feet wide. Not as wide as your bed and only three feet longer, with six men on it. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink. None of us had shoes, except the sailor; most of us were clad in shirts and trousers. The raft was only four inches out of the water, and we were never dry at any time. We had to hang on tight to keep from being washed off. There was no sleep for anyone that night.

When Thursday morning broke it was still blowing pretty hard and a high sea was running, but we were glad to feel the sun's warmth. All we did that day was hang on and keep the raft from turning over. A good many sharks swam past.

They did not stop, and it was easy to guess where they were going and the awful end the poor fellows floating about in life-belts met.

That night we were so exhausted we took cat naps even with the water washing over us all the time. At daybreak on Friday we started to keep a good look-out for ships. I caught myself brooding over our outlook and, knowing that would soon raise Cain with our spirits, I decided to try to give everyone something to do. We took the cover off the life-belt the sailor had on and made a woefully small sail, and tore some strips from the raft to make a mast. The blocks of cork in the belt we used for paddles to steer by.

I reckoned we were about 250 miles off the Mexican coast, and a light breeze might blow us there, if we could last that long. On Saturday, at daybreak, we saw a large steamer heading close to us—but she passed about half a mile away without seeing us, though we whistled and yelled and waved a shirt.

The pangs of hunger and thirst were beginning to make themselves felt now; our bodies were lame from sleeping on bare boards, and salt-water sores were breaking out all over us. I had read somewhere that the pores of the skin would absorb water into the system, and we kept our bodies wet all the time - I think this is the only thing that saved our lives. If a man's clothing started to dry, someone would sprinkle him. Our lips began to crack and our

mouths were nothing but yellow rings.

That day we had a small rain squall, and we all opened our mouths to catch what we could and spread out the sailor's oilskin and caught a mouthful apiece. It was dirty and oily, but it did taste good. That was the only nourishment we had all the time we were on the raft.

By Monday we were suffering a great deal from thirst and heat. Hunger had ceased to bother us after the first two days—they say it ceases when thirst sets in. The nights were the worst of all. There was just room for four men to lie down at a time; the other two had to sit right at the end. If one turned over, all had to turn; and if anyone did any restless tossing in his sleep, overboard he would go. Water washed over us all the time, and those on the weather side had it splashing in their faces. Though the night air and the water were warm, the drying effect made it very cold to the body.

On Tuesday morning I happened to look astern and saw a great big shark following us. When it reached the end of the raft it curved in so close the oiler could have touched it with his paddle. With a cry of terror, he rushed for the other side of the raft, and I jumped to the opposite side just in time to prevent its overturning and putting us all in the water at the mercy of the shark. It swam around for about half an hour before going away.

I could feel funny little chills going up and down my spine.

That afternoon was very hot, and thirst started to tell severely. Our mouths and tongues were so swollen we could scarcely talk. I caught the oiler dipping his fingers in the water and sucking them. As drinking salt water was liable to drive him insane and jeopardize the lives of everyone, I said I would throw overboard the first man I caught doing it. So when I jumped up, the oiler went down on his knees and whimpered like a dog for another chance. I told him he had one more; then he would go overboard. I didn't see him do it again.

Evening brought cooler weather, but it was plain that the end of another day would see some changes on the raft.

On Wednesday morning we saw a sailing ship heading to pass not far from us. My, how we worked with those small cork paddles, which in our exhausted condition seemed to weigh a ton.

The ship passed about two miles from us and continued on her way. They had not seen us. Mother, I shall never forget the hopeless feeling that came over me. We just lay down in a heap, except the steward, who continued to wave a shirt. Then suddenly I saw her start to haul up one side of the mainsail, and knew she was going to turn round. We started to paddle again, and it was soon apparent they were heading straight for us. When

she was close they asked us who we were, and I tried to tell them, but my mouth and throat were too swollen. They threw us a line and put a ladder over the side. Two of the men had to be hoisted up; the rest of us climbed.

Just as I reached the top, I gave out and would have fallen back if two men hadn't caught me. It was funny; I was conscious, but I couldn't walk.

They helped us to a cabin, where they gave us a small glass of water to wash our mouths with; then a small cup of coffee and a small square of bread and butter. You should have seen the way Johnson looked, and I guess I was as bad—he was covered with crude oil and looked like a black man. His head was blistered from the sun. He was covered with sores. He was so thin I could count every rib, and where his stomach should have been there was only a hollow.

Last night we had our first meal. Before that they would only give us bread and either coffee or water every hour or so.

Well, Mother, luck does not seem to run my way. I have nothing in the world but a shirt and a pair of trousers; even the chronometer is gone. I don't know what I shall do when I arrive in New Orleans. I took in six inches in my belt the six and a half days we were on the raft.

Lovingly,

Garland

There is no doubt that

Mike was guilty of murderbut final judgement will be
reached in a Higher Court

Two Candles—and a Beer

By Terence Flahiff

MIKE WAS a very ordinary sort of person—except for the fact that he murdered Rosa.

His first name was Mikhail, but his last name was unpronounceable, so he ended up as plain "Mike" during the trial. I saw him for the first time in a Toronto court-room, sitting behind me in the prisoner's dock. My job was to prosecute him for the murder of a girl who had come to Canada a couple of years earlier from Mike's old country, Poland.

Mike must have been 35 to 40 years old, short and bulky though not fat. When he stood up to make his plea, it didn't seem to make much difference in his height. He

Condensed from Argosy (Popular Publications)



was partly bald, and his face held nothing—except a pair of eyes like those of a beagle. As I think back now, his eyes are about all I can really remember. A lifetime of rejection was mirrored in them.

By legal standards it was straightforward murder, and the police report told me all I needed to know for the trial. It might have been wrong in one respect, but you can't expect every policeman to be a psychiatrist. The report classed Mike as subnormal, and called the crime plain animal reaction when a girl walked out on him.

Mike had met her at a card party and dance given by a Polish social group. Rosa was a newcomer, and very much alone. Mike went occasionally to these affairs, but he made no special friends. He didn't have any qualities that attract even casual friendships.

That first night they had a drink together. Then it was the cinema. And long walks. And friendship—between two who didn't seem to fit in anywhere.

Eventually Rosa moved in with Mike. They lived together in a small flat for about a year. The police inquiry showed that they were a quiet and respected couple—not well known, but devoted to each other as far as the neighbours could see.

The police had got there ten minutes after the shooting. Rosa lay crumpled at the foot of the stairs leading to the flat, a bullet wound in the back of her neck. What little life was left Mike held in his arms. She died as she was lifted into the ambulance.

The facts came out at the trial. Rosa was a Roman Catholic, and she had a husband back home. She had come to Canada ahead of him while he wound up a small business. Rosa had at last decided that living with Mike was wrong; she had to leave.

It was an obvious case. Mike hadn't wanted a lawyer, so the court had appointed counsel to defend him. When Mike was asked how he pleaded to the charge, his counsel answered, "Not guilty."

But Mike waved his arms and shouted to the judge in his best English, "No, no—I guilty—I kill Rosa—I die now."

The judge patiently explained to Mike, with Mike's embarrassed and irritated counsel listening, why he should plead not guilty. In the end Mike capitulated; all he seemed concerned with was getting on record that he was guilty and that he wanted to die.

I shouldn't have been paid for prosecuting in that case. Mike did it for me. He didn't even testify on his own behalf. The trial took less than a day and a half. Mike got his wish. The jury found him guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

So Mike went back to his cell a convicted murderer. But before he went, he asked if he could make a statement. The judge gave him permission.

Mike ran his finger round his collar and rubbed his hand across his mouth. He spoke straight to the

judge in a heavy accent.

"Mr. Judge, you good man, and kind to Mike. I very sorry waste your time. I kill Rosa, sure. So I die, sure. But you not be sad, Mr. Judge. Rosa, she say we meet again. Me, I don't know—but Rosa believe it. She say that just before she die. Rosa always good to me, she not fool me, so must be true. Soon maybe I see her again. You help me that; I thank you, Mr. Judge."

Then he turned to me. "Young Mr. Lawyer, I thank him, too. He young man; maybe he feel bad I going to die. Needn't feel so. He say nothing bad about me all time I am here. But he do job. Mr. Judge and Mr. Lawyer, I call you friend. I have no many friend. I like call you that."

He bowed—towards His Lordship, then towards me—and said, "I say good-bye, Mr. Judge, Mr. Lawyer. I hope you always happy, like me too."

The court was adjourned. A constable moved in on each side of Mike—he would have fitted under the arm of either—and took him down to the cells.

I was closing the door of my office a few minutes later when the judge came by. He was one of those who never failed to have a friendly word for a young lawyer. "What did you think of those last remarks?" he asked.

"I don't know what to say, Your Lordship," I replied. "He didn't change anything in the evidence, but he gave me a feeling I can't quite put into words."

The judge smiled thoughtfully. "He impressed me, too. Mike was pleading extenuating circumstances, although he was in the wrong court. He wasn't much concerned with your court and mine—but I think he is worried about a higher one. And, who knows? Perhaps he might make his point."

TIME PASSED, and the case slipped from my mind. Too many other things were happening: a war was bursting over the world; I had only recently married; I had army courses three nights a week; and, of course, my law practice.

Four or five weeks after the trial, the inspector who had been in charge of Mike's police investigation came to see me on another matter. When we had finished he said:

"I have a message for you. You remember that fellow Mike—the one who shot the Polish girl? He would like to see you before his execution."

"I wonder what he wants."

"He wants you to be with him the last night. He says he has no friends, but he thinks maybe you're his friend."

My first reaction was "No." I had never attended a hanging, and I didn't intend to start now. What is more, Mike was no real friend of

At dinner that evening I told my wife about Mike—the whole long story. At the end she put her hand in mine, and I saw that she was crying. "Darling, if you are his friend, does it really matter if he isn't yours? I think you should do

Two evenings later, just four days before the execution, I went to see Mike. I stayed with him for two hours. When I left, he and I were friends. Both ways. No special reason—except perhaps the old idea that it is infinitely better to give than to receive. Perhaps I gave something to Mike that night, and the last night—and perhaps I received something, too.

Our conversation didn't get off to a very good start. Mike looked as though my being there was all that counted. And when the ice broke, I wasn't the one who did it. Mike, the man who didn't know how to make friends, had me talking about myself, my home—all about me. Then gradually he brought the conversation round.

"You have a nice wife, Mr. Law-

"Yes, Mikc, I have a wonderful wife."

"You love her much?"

"I love her with all my heart."

"How you feel if you lose her?" I didn't answer.

"I love Rosa, too. I love her all my heart. But she going away. She

not want to, because Rosa love me, too. But she say all wrong what we do. I not Catholic, but if Rosa say so, I believe. Weeks and weeks we talk every night about this. And always Rosa she cry. She say she have to go. But she say she rather die than leave me. She tell me no chance on earth for us; maybe some day in Heaven. Now Rosa in Heaven, and I go with her. I send Rosa away, Mr. Lawyer, but I not murder her like your law say."

The judge was right. Mike was preparing to make his plea in another Court, a Court where he hoped his plea would be something between Rosa and Mike and another Judge. When I said good-bye to him that evening, I knew his case was still to be heard, as far as he was concerned.

On the night of the execution Mike and I had a little while together, but not much was said. At about ten to twelve I walked into the death chamber with prison officials.

Mike was brought in shortly after midnight. He walked with a strong, sure step, and his face was calm. He grimaced when he saw the scaffold, and his lips moved slightly.

They were working on his hands and feet when he said something to one of the men and pointed to me. The jailer came over and said, "He wants to speak to you."

I returned with the jailer. Mike seemed a little embarrassed.

"Could I speak one minute with Mr. Lawyer? I want he do something for me."

The jailer nodded and stood away a few feet.

"Mr. Lawyer, I want you do special thing for me tonight."

"What is it, Mike?"

"Is Monday. Always Monday, Rosa and I go to beer parlour Bloor Street. Always same place, near Spadina where we live. Little place call Bronsing. You know?"

I knew.

"But first Rosa go to visit church. Church one block from tavern. Always Monday, she light two candles for Holy Mother. Rosa say one candle for me, one for her. Holy Mother take care of us, no matter what anybody do. Rosa say that. Soon I see Rosa. Maybe she like if candles burn when we meet. Here!"

He opened his hand. There were some coins, clammy from grasping. He put them in my hand. "When finish here you take nice wife. Go light two candles for Rosa and Mike. Then you take wife and have beer at Bronsing—like Rosa and Mike."

As he turned back to the officials, he said, "You here tonight, my friend. I not forget that, Mr. Law-yer—not never."

I heard the swishing sound of the

trapdoor as it swung away—then the whir of the rope paying out its full length and a crack like that of a rifle. It was all over.

I telephoned my wife from the prison. She was wide awake, dressed and waiting for my call. I always ring up Françoise when something wonderful or something miserable happens to me. I told her to get a taxi and come to the church in Bloor Street.

We met at the back of the church. "Darling, what are we doing?" she asked.

I told her what Mike had asked. Then Françoise lit a candle for Rosa, and I lit one for Mike. I looked at my watch. Wherever Mike was, he was exactly 15 minutes on his way.

We left the church, and walked along to the Bronsing. We ordered beer. It seemed like the last part of the promise.

But as we walked out into a clear, starlit night, a night vibrant with life, I had the strangest feeling—as though I were closer to Françoise than ever before, with a kind of security dropped over our future. It was as though we were *insured* for happiness. As though we had received a *promise* of fulfilment.

Mike—and Rosa—had not been able to achieve that kind of fulfilment. Or had they?

on an hotel ladies' room, four women were searching in their purses for change when one of them said, "No, Myrtle, you took us to lunch. This is my treat."

—Contributed by Helen Potter



The Miracle of Living on Air

By J. D. Ratcliff

E CRAMP them with poor posture and subject them to smog, dust and industrial fumes. We inflate them 500 million times in an average lifetime—wear and tear that would destroy any man-made material. Despite such punishment these remarkable organs—our lungs—give most of us long and trouble-free service.

Wherever we live—frigid north, arid desert, sooty city—our lungs need air very much like that found in a tropical swamp: hot, moist, dirt-free. If the smoke and dust we breathe ever reached the lungs' minute air passages, they would be clogged within hours. If bacteria gained admittance freely, we would die of flaming infections. To guard against such disasters, nature has

Consider the unique mechanism of your lungs as they work tirelessly day and night to keep you alive

devised an incredibly complex airconditioning system.

Its wonders begin with the nose, whose special construction is a measure of its importance. Made mostly of pliable cartilage, it can be mashed and pummelled and still continue to function. Hairs in the lining of the nose screen out large dust particles, and its passages help to warm the air. Most of this warming task, however, is accomplished in deeper nasal passages, where the bones are covered by tissues with an enormously rich blood supply. Air passing over these tissues is warmed like air passing over a radiator. On cold

days the blood-vessels dilate to produce more heat; on warm days they shrink.

As part of the elaborate humidifying system, glands leak fluid into the nasal passages—as much as a quart a day. Added moisture comes from tears that constantly bathe the eyes and spill over into the nasal passage through tear ducts. Here, too, the war on bacteria, which we breathe by the million each day, gets under way. A remarkable enzyme called lysozyme, one of the most powerful bacteria-destroyers known, is found in tears and mucous secretions.

The inspired air still contains a potentially lethal burden of dust particles. To help get rid of them, airways are lined with glands which secrete a sticky film of mucus. It acts much like fly-paper in trapping dust particles. This "fly-paper" would be hopelessly clogged with dirt in a short time but for another remarkable mechanism: air passages have their own sweeping system. Microscopic cilia—hairs—cover the entire route, and flail back and forth 12 times a second. Moving faster in one direction than the other, they sweep debris *upwards*—towards the throat. Swallowed, it will be harmless in the digestive tract. The incredible energy of the cilia can be demonstrated by snipping a bit of tissue from a frog's throat. If placed on a table, the cilia will "walk" the tissue off the table. If placed in a bottle, the tissue will climb out!

At times we tax the capacity of these cleaning mechanisms—for example, when we smoke too much. In a futile effort to trap countless millions of smoke particles, the throat secretes excess mucus. The mucus itself becomes an irritant and must be coughed up. In a cough, air is trapped in the lungs by the glottis, the valve at the upper end of the windpipe, or trachea, which carries air to the lungs. When the valve opens suddenly, air rushes out with explosive force. Thus the cough is actually essential to life-as an emergency cleaning measure.

Normally we take 14 to 18 breaths a minute, using only about oneeighth of our lung capacity. With each breath we inhale about a pint of air. Since resting lungs hold six pints, only a sixth of the air is changed at a time. During violent exercise, deeper and more rapid breathing can bring into the lungs ten or more times the oxygen supplied during rest.

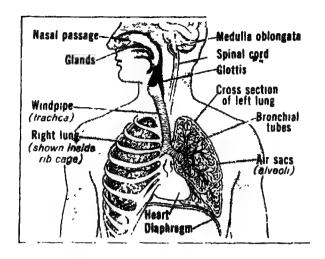
The lungs are not simply inflatable bladders; they are among the most complex structures in the body. Cut through, they look something like the cross-section of a bath sponge. Each lung has its own duct from the windpipe; it enters near the top and starts branching like a tree. The branches are the bronchial tubes. Their job: to deliver air to the functioning part of the lung, those 750 million microscopic air sacs called alveoli.

Each alveolus has a cobwebby

covering of capillaries, so tiny that red blood cells must pass through them in single file. Through their gossamer walls the blood gives up waste carbon dioxide and takes on refreshing oxygen. Every few minutes the body's entire supply of blood must pass through these minute blood-vessels—in one end a dark blue-black, out the other a bright cherry-red. Day and night this all-important work must proceed without interruption. A pause of only six minutes would starve brain cells of oxygen and do irreparable damage.

Breathing itself is an intricate process. The lungs hang loosely in the chest, each in a separate compartment. (The heart is between them, in its own compartment.) Around them is a partial vacuum. Therefore, when the chest is enlarged, the vacuum tugs the lungs outwards, thus sucking in air. Expansion of the chest is brought about by either—or both—of two methods. The diaphragm, the sheet of muscular tissue which divides chest from abdomen, may drop downwards. Or the ribs, which are hinged to the spine, may swing outwards. Expiration is simply a recoil mechanism.

Until the 1930's the chest was generally taboo territory for the surgeon; once it was opened, the lungs, no longer in a partial vacuum, would collapse and breathing would cease. Then came improvements in anaesthesia—chiefly the increased use of tubes which can be slipped



down the windpipe so that the anaesthetist can rhythmically force air and oxygen into the lungs. With this innovation a brilliant new day dawned for chest surgery.

One of surgery's most stirring moments occurred at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri, on April 5, 1933. On the operating table before Dr. Evarts Graham, a famous chest surgeon, lay his friend, Dr. James Gilmore, an obstetrician. Three weeks earlier, Dr. Graham had detected cancer in Dr. Gilmore's left lung.

Once the chest was opened it was apparent that the entire lung would have to be removed—something never before done successfully. Dr. Graham hesitated, then remembered the directions his patient had given: "I want to be well, or I don't want to get off the table."

Dr. Graham proceeded with the drastic pioneer operation. Today, 27 years later, Dr. Gilmore is alive and healthy. By an ironic twist of fate, Dr. Graham himself developed lung cancer two years ago. As both lungs

were involved, his life could not be saved by the operation which he pioneered.

A generation ago many lung ailments were severely crippling or potentially lethal. Now, thanks to medical progress, virtually all lung diseases respond to some extent to surgical or medical treatment.

To begin with, better diagnostic procedures have become widely available. The specialist can slip a slender bronchoscope down the windpipe and into larger bronchi within the lungs to see conditions that prevail and to snip suspicious tissue for microscopic examination. Iodized substances introduced into lungs clearly outline bronchial passages on X-ray films. Through a battery of tests the specialist can measure the mechanical efficiency of breathing, even determine gascous diffusion through the walls of microscopic air sacs within the lung.

Look at today's handling of some of the more common lung ailments. In asthma, muscles in bronchial tubes are in spasm, and passageways are frequently inflamed and filled with mucus. Air wheezes through the choked passageways; breathing is laboured. A variety of new drugs can relieve these distressing conditions. Relaxants reduce tension in bronchial muscles; special detergents (sniffed as mists) break up mucous accumulations; cortico-steroid hormones reduce inflammation. Result: the asthmatic no longer has to face a life of semi-invalidism.

In bronchial pneumonia, bacteria attack bronchial tubes. In lobar pneumonia they attack the vital air sacs as well. Intracellular fluid pours out; gaseous exchange halts. If lung involvement is great enough, the victim drowns, in effect, in his own tissue juices. These pneumonias have now, to a great extent, been controlled by antibiotics.

Doctors estimate that in Britain alone, upwards of 250,000 people have emphysema—more common than tuberculosis or lung cancer. There are many apparent causes: infection, asthma, smoking, tumours. In emphysema, minute air sacs in the lungs become distended and lose elasticity. Instead of collapsing and forcing air out after each breath, they permit it to stagnate. The victim's breathing is laboured and painful. Treatment consists of attacking the underlying condition with antibiotics if there is infection, or with hormones if asthma is present. In more serious cases, removal of the involved portion of the lung may be necessary.

Step back a generation to realize how fortunate we are today. Tuberculosis, once "captain of the men of death," has been demoted to the rear ranks. Pneumonia death rates are only one-sixth as high as a few years ago. Lung cancer is still a grim reaper, but no longer kills 100 per cent of its victims. Other ailments of our faithful and hard-working lungs will, in the years ahead, almost certainly yield to medical progress.



Suddenly, bloodcurdling squeals and trumpetings sounded ahead.

Peering through the brush, they beheld 50 elephants cavorting in the water. Most of the herd was upwind, at a safe distance; but right behind the ladder leading to the tree house loomed an enormous sentry elephant, rocking from side to side, ears flapping, small amber eyes peering short-sightedly. Especially ominous was its upraised trunk, for trunk-up is the way an elephant charges—at 20 miles an hour from a standing start.

Although 100 feet of slippery bush grass separated the girl from the ladder, she kept moving forward, undismayed, until at last she reached the fig tree, a scant eight paces from the bellowing beast. Climbing the narrow ladder, she squirmed to safety through a trapdoor. The girl was Princess Elizabeth; her host Eric Sherbrooke Walker, originator, with his wife, of the most fascinating tree house since the Swiss Family Robinson's.

Next morning when they descended, her host made a brief speech. "Ma'am," he said, "if you can face whatever the future holds with the same courage you display when facing wild elephants, we shall indeed be fortunate."

Walker did not know, nor did Princess Elizabeth, that he was addressing the Queen of England, for it was to be midday before word came that her father had died in the night. The singular circumstances in which the monarch succeeded to the throne brought international fame to Treetops, today one of Africa's star attractions.

Treetops, now under the supervision of the Royal National Parks, lies almost on the Equator in the Crown Colony of Kenya, British East Africa, less than 16 flying hours from London. Every afternoon, parties of 16, visitors from all parts of the world, gather at the Outspan Hotel at Nyeri, 100 miles north of Nairobi. Safari jeeps, manned by white hunters, convey them to within a quarter of a mile of their destination, where the road ends abruptly. Along this final trail queens and commoners alike must travel on foot.

The hut in the famous fig tree was burnt down by Mau Mau fanatics soon after the royal visit. Treetops II, opened two years ago high in a Cape chestnut tree, faces the charred remains across the waterhole. Although the floor space is out 50 by 100 feet, this astonishing little roost in the middle of primitive nowhere is awash with sophisticated surprises—separate bedrooms, electric light, flushing toilets, hot and cold running water, four-course dinners and a bar.

As we approach this jungle doll's-house along the rough trail, every few yards we see rustic "escape" ladders nailed against trees. We remember that our advance briefing mentioned that ten feet up a ladder clears rhino and buffalo horns, and

18 feet is safe when elephants appear. If the hunter's whistle blows, some of us are sure to set up new world ladder-climbing records.

A few more minutes and Treetops in all its primitive glory bursts upon us. The glade is a sun trap, carpeted in stubbly yellow grass, walled like an amphitheatre by the tangled forest. The water-hole is more than 150 yards across, with an emerald island of reeds in the centre. The water's edge is a churned-up belt of slithery red mud, littered with the enormous imprints of elephant, the cloven hoofmarks of buffalo, the spoor of antelope. The story-book tree house looks airborne, so artfully does it float in a cloud of pink-blossomed chestnut boughs. Yet the 34 cedar supports that reinforce the tree are set in cement and can withstand any violence, any number of rhino bashing off ticks against them.

We climb three flights of easy steps and enter a comfortable, highceilinged room, gay with jungle flowers. Elephant tusks arch over a



long refectory table. The main accommodation is on either side of a narrow passage, one- and two-bed cubicles. Soon we are out on the balcony. Cameras capture the Technicolor scene—bottle-green forest, golden glade, turquoise sky. View-finders fasten on to the 17,000-foot snowcap of Mount Kenya, which juts up behind the forest wall. We are tense with expectancy. The performance is about to begin . . .

Strutting importantly on-stage comes a family of wart hogs father, mother and four cantankerous youngsters. Father weighs about 20 stone, and has the hairless body of a pig, features of a hippopotamus, warts as long as horns, and handlebar tusks that can rip like razors. The family skirts the water, in single file, with little mincing steps, fly-swatter tails bolt upright. They grunt and snuffle petulantly until they find a spot a few yards from the artificial salt lick where the muck is thickest. They tumble in, subside like tanks and drowse off, leaving only their heraldic heads exposed.

The next minute the arena erupts with baboons, hundreds of them. They come plunging down vines, caper across the glade, chattering, screaming, bouncing on all fours. Our tree begins to quiver; in a jiffy a score of elongated charcoal faces burst through the blossoms and line up opposite the guests, scarcely a foot away, baring yellow fangs and pink gums in convivial grins. Quick as forked lightning, a dozen

black-nailed paws start grabbing sweets, fruit, biscuits parked on the ledge. Soon they become too bold for comfort, leaping on to the backs of our chairs, and the hunter produces a cap pistol. The baboons, shrieking derisively, swarm back to the glade, a jumble of arms, legs

and petunia-pink bottoms.

The junior baboons are bewitching. Like children the world over they romp and show off, while mothers sit indulgently by, cuddling new babies, gossiping, retrieving mites from near-by mud-holes. The toys of these jungle small fry are simple: a tug-of-war vine rope that breaks, sending half a dozen sprawling; a branch left over from an elephant's dinner that serves as a "kite." One infant, so raw-looking it resembles an embryo, is hugging a "doll"—a piece of dried elephant dropping—to its scrawny bosom, scolding it tenderly.

Now a pair of sensational crowned cranes, wing-span six feet, sweeps in over the forest and puts on an exhibition of gliding just below us. They circle the field, sinking imperceptibly like planes in a landing pattern, turn downwind, lower spindly landing-gear and alight on the reed island two inches from the water. They bend their beautiful heads for a drink, indifferent to the furious squawks of the incumbents --pink-billed teal, duck, dabchicks. Our bird lovers identify lilacbreasted kites, gorgeous green-andred parrots, flights of Egyptian

geese honking like klaxons, blackand-gold weavers. Exotic song-birds serenade us from near-by trees, accompanied by a full orchestra of crickets and frogs.

The first antelope steal shyly into the glade, pausing every few seconds to listen, nibble and take a quick taste at the salt lick installed years ago by the Walkers. In half an hour five or six species show up, some with striped vests and legs, some dappled, some pygmy-type dik-diks, the world's smallest antelope, scarcely larger than a hare. An enchanting family of bush-buck is frozen in classic stance—father the colour of burnt toast, his glamorous spouse gold as a sunbeam, between them a leggy, dappled Bambi. The rustle of a bush has alarmed them and the three stand there trembling, necks arched, brown eyes melting, so graceful, so defenceless it brings a lump to the throat. In a minute the cause of their terror appears around the bush: a duiker, or miniature antelope, even more bashful than the bush-buck. All four register



relief. Bambi, agog to show off to the stranger, gathers his coltish underpinnings together, springs stifflegged into the air and tears into a frantic dance. A camera clicks. In a split second the quartet vanishes.

Nine massive female water-buck now come sauntering on-stage, demure as Victorian daughters, in shaggy ash-grey coats dolled up with touches of white at the throat, at the ears, under the tail. Half-way to the water they stop and begin pushing each other about like fishwives. The reason is soon apparent. Out of the forest struts a magnificent grey male, wearing his elliptical horns with the air of a crown. He looks at his grovelling harem like a director auditioning a chorus. Suddenly he makes a pass at No. 4, playfully prodding her out of line. Tossing his horns, he canters back to the forest, followed devotedly by No. 4. '

A woman's handbag is missing. There follows an uncomfortable pause, until somebody "Look!" and points to the top of a neighbouring wild lilac tree. There squats a large male baboon, fiddling with the drawstrings of the white straw handbag. Foiled by the knot, he snips open a seam with his teeth. In dives a paw, out comes a fountain pen. The hunter takes the steps two at a time, while the baboon, with a maniacal shriek, pelts down the tree, whirling his loot overhead. He parks the bag on the grass and hurriedly investigates the fountain

pen. A whizzing potato catches him on the shoulder, another on the chest. He flees, cramming the pen into his mouth. The bag is retrieved by the hunter. He dissolves the company with a description of Treetops' most celebrated baboon raid, the one on the bathrooms, which ended electrifyingly with banners of toilet paper bedecking the jungle...

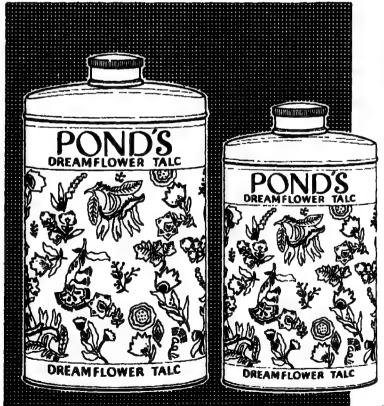
It is approaching sunset, and the glade is empty. This is just as well, because now the sky dwarfs every other experience. A torrent of liquid fire is plunging headlong from cast to west, between banks of rioting pinks and blues. Mount Kenya is ablaze, and a glow, ruddy as a bonfire's, spills prodigally over forest and glade. This is a moment we shall never forget, nor the air that pervades it, the sweet, heady fragrance of chestnut and lilac, the incomparable goodness of drenched earth. Over everything lingers the solemn hush of a cathedral.

Suddenly the silence is shattered by sounds of furious thrashing of brushwood, mixed with thunderous snorts. Seconds go by. At last IT emerges—a rhinoceros! As the potbellied, armour-plated body lurches towards us, the terra-cotta light engulfs it, pointing up the stony eyes set midway down the cheeks, the murderous, hat-rack horns tilted skywards. (To the natives, these horns are worth their weight in gold. In parts of Asia they are ground up and eaten, in the belief



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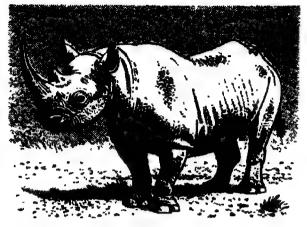
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that they are the world's most powerful aphrodisiac.) While every eye follows the monster as it barges viciously about, uprooting bushes, another rhino appears and goes down on its front knees for a stertorous guzzle at the salt lick. It lurches to its feet as Rhino No. 1, furious at the intrusion, sounds the battle charge with a blast like an express train's.

Double suicide seems inevitable as the great beasts hurtle towards each other. At the last minute they pull up, barely two feet apart, and stand looking baffled. Finally they mooch off to the water, sinking progressively lower, until one marvels how such short legs can keep on jacking up those one-ton bodies almost awash in suctioning mud.

As jungle and balcony darken, the arena gets progressively brighter. A thousand-watt artificial "moon" on the roof illuminates the glade. Four African buffalo emerge from the forest wings and begin sniffing their way towards the salt lick. When the big bull, aslaver with brine, tosses his top-heavy Minotaur head and rolls his eyes upwards, we sense why the buffalo is one of the most feared of the jungle potentates. Most of its armament is above its eyes: two scimitar-shaped horns, the tips nearly four feet apart, jut low on its brow, as though clapped on at the last moment like a Wagnerian helmet. The battering-ram boss of solid bone stretches from ear to ear. so thick that the front of the head



Rhinoceros

is bullet-proof. These buffalo, like the rhino, have been killers of men since prehistoric hunters depicted their kin on the walls of European caves more than 10,000 years ago.

After dinner in our penthouse restaurant we return to our watch over the glade. The forest is inky, but night life is in full swing. Night birds belt out their raucous specialities and joining in with maniacal yowls are hyenas, jackals, wild dogs. Loudest of all forest arias comes from a small bundle of fur like a Teddy bear, the tree hyrax, which takes off on a bloodcurdling scream, blasts down the scale in banshee arpeggios and finishes with a groan.

Suddenly, every sound stops. The stillness becomes eerie—as though birds, beasts, insects, even the forest trees were struck dumb by some awesome manifestation. Our glasses, scanning the forest exits, see nothing. The hunter leans over the balcony and points.

Five elephants are standing underneath us in the shadows, utterly motionless. Our hearts skip a beat



as we stare down at the incredible silhouettes of the largest of all land animals, relatives of mastodon and mammoth.

We are just able to make out the proud heads, the weird trunks, the shoulder-length ears spread like sails, the arm-thick tusks that pack enough power to turn over a truck. How long they have been standing there is anybody's guess, but more mystifying is the fact that five elephants (weight about six tons apiece, height 11 feet at the shoulder) could have crept up on us over a littered trail without making a sound. Those big feet, 18 inches across, hold the secret: they are built-in shock absorbers of flesh and muscle.

Contrary to the popular fallacy, elephants are the reverse of clumsy; their slow, nautical roll is actually the epitome of controlled balance. Almost as sure-footed as chamois, they can negotiate the steepest mountain paths, stand almost indefinitely on three legs, and outswim all other land animals.

Minutes pass while the five elephants study the breeze. The slightest sound from the balcony and they will telegraph "Danger!" to the herd waiting close by in the forest, for elephants communicate with one another by means of different throat, trunk and stomach sounds, some of which are audible more than a mile away. At last a reverberating



TOOTHPASTE OF EXCLUSIVE

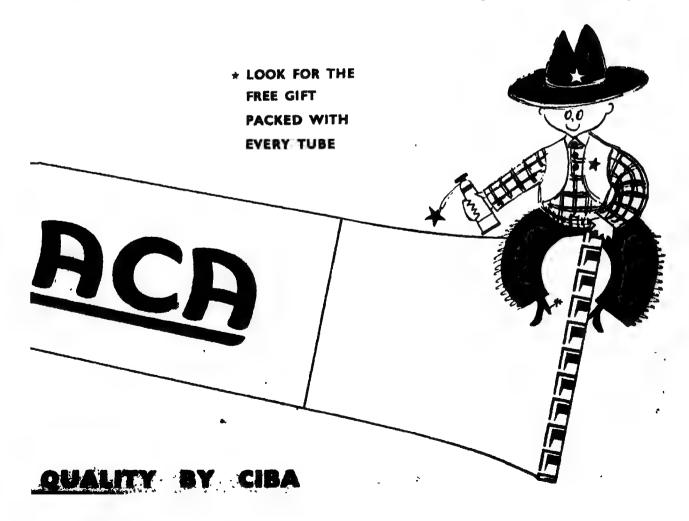
rumble indicates that all is well.

The all-clear sounds with shattering suddenness. Now the whole world is in tumult as the jungle royalty crashes out into the open, trumpeting, squealing, snorting, bellowing, deliriously happy at the prospect of a bath. Our little hotel in the branches shudders as the elephants brush against the posts. The whole herd—bulls, cows, chunky little calves—flows under us and out into the brilliant glade like waves in a boisterous sea. There are 80, 90, 100—too many to count.

We settle down to an incomparable performance—an elephant aquacade. Drinking is first on the agenda. Down into the lake go the

trunks, a forest of vacuum hoses siphoning up a gallon at a time. The water disappears, with an appalling sound like that of rusty plumbing, into an internal reservoir that uses up 50 to 60 gallons a day.

Finally, bathing gets under way. Young and old dunk, dip, spray, slosh in joyous abandon, rolling over in the water, pillarlike legs askew, trunks undulating, all in a seventh heaven of bliss. An elephant's skin is an inch thick, but it is extremely sensitive and needs frequent washing. Mothers hose down excited offspring, making sure that they are clean all over, ears included. The calves are full of impudence and back-chat, spraying and tickling



staid elders and getting in every-

body's way.

There is no mistaking the community-mindedness of these beasts, the emphasis on discipline and family solidarity. As the party progresses, we recognize other qualities: affection, good humour, the responsibility of the strong for the weak. Infants, some still suckling, are never more than a trunk's length away from mothers; herd leaders patrol constantly, taking no chances. We are saddened to realize that we are looking at a vanishing race, all but wiped off the map by mankind's mania for ivory trinkets, chessmen, billiard balls and piano keys.

These venerable titans live on friendly terms with every living creature except man. It strikes us as an inglorious ending for the deposed monarchs, furtively hiding in forest pockets, besieged by death. For every ten legally shot by licensed safari hunters, 200 are recklessly slaughtered by native poachers. In Kenya there remains only a fraction of the 19th century's huge herds. In

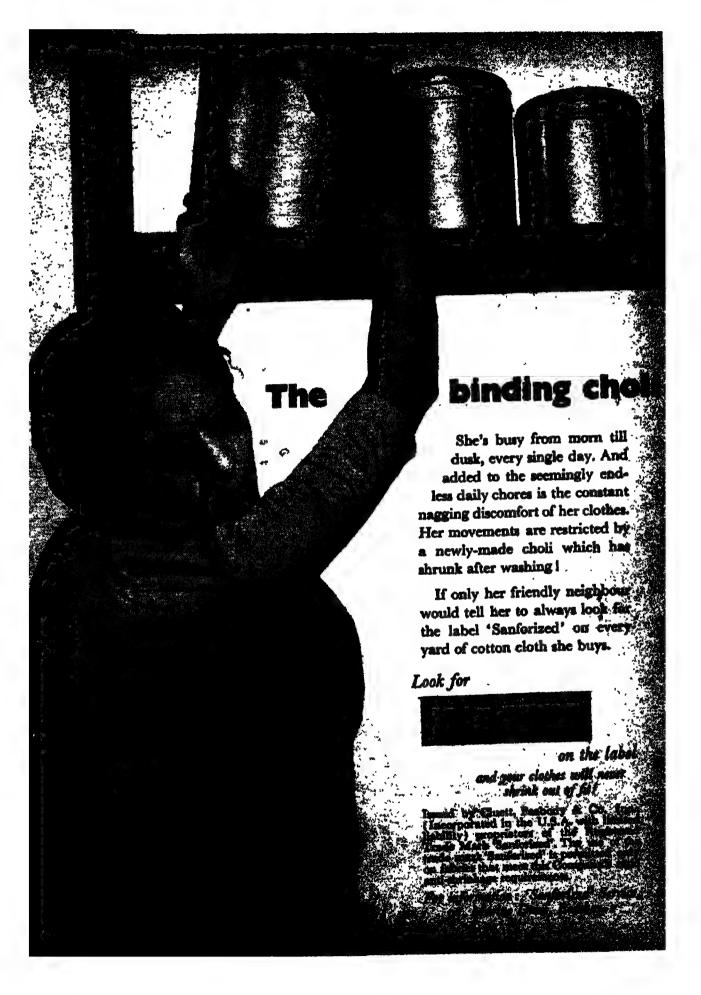
one small area 1,250 poisoned carcases were recently discovered, and if measures are not taken soon to preserve the elephants in a properly policed national-park system, such unforgettable spectacles as the one Treetops affords may within another decade become a thing of the past.

The swimming party breaks up soon after 3 a.m., and we retire to our beds to rest. But everybody is back on the balcony to watch dawn breaking over Mount Kenya. The hunter warns us that it is time to leave, but we are loath to return to earth bound dwellings and paved roads.

Adrift between jungle and sky in a Garden of Eden setting, we have shared a memorable experience, absorbing the freedom and simplicity that are the forest's heritage, thrilling to the rapture of song-birds, the golden grace of a gazelle, the incomparable majesty of an elephant. We have been enfolded in a sense of peace and love and closeness to nature which is not easy to come by in an atomic age.

Heart of the Matter

"We are now coming to the evening's principal event. We have persuaded Lord Thistlebottom, the distinguished sociologist, to address us. He is going to talk to us on the subject of sex. I am sure Lord Thistlebottom will not think me rude if I suggest that we have had many speakers and the hour is getting late. Perhaps he would be willing to make his remarks briefer than usual. I now present Lord Thistlebottom." Lord Thistlebottom stood up and cleared his throat. "Sex. Ladies and Gentlemen: it gives me great pleasure. Thank you very much." Contributed to C. 1. India.



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During basic training the tall, thin college boy passed with ease all the written examinations and lecture courses, but marksmanship and physical training proved somewhat beyond his capabilities. However, eventually word came that the trainee had passed his officers' selection board examination.

"I hear you're going in for a commission," said the big, much-decorated sergeant. "I'm sure you'll make a fine officer. And that's the way it should be son, because you'll never make a soldier."

—A. SILBER

One of our fellows was constantly boring his barracks mates with tales of his conquests of women. One day the corporal in charge of the personnel records got hold of a blank medical report form and carefully reproduced the man's record, complete with dates, injections, signatures and all official entries, adding the remark, "This man suffers from lycanthropy."

He put this with the reports of several other men in the company and casually dropped the papers on his bed. Casanova caught sight of them, asked if his report was among them and if he could look at it.

"Hey, what's this mean—lycanthropy?" he cried. "It says here I've got it."

No one seemed to know. Turning to the dictionary he found this definition: "LYCANTHROPY—madness in which one imagines oneself to be a wolf."

We didn't hear much about his conquests after that.

—JOHN DEASY

RETURNING from a target over France in 1943, our bomber was hit hard by enemy flak and fighters. The left engine was knocked out and the plane was responding to control in a very peculiar manner. Chick, our young tail-gunner, reported, "A three-by-five hole in the left horizontal stabilizer and clevator, sir."

Then he called, "Are we going to get home?"

"Nothing to worry about," I promised.

On final approach for our landing, the aircraft skidded and slewed round like a berserk bird. I fought it on to the runway and, with a sigh of relief, braked it to a stop.

Scrambling out, I hurried to inspect the tail and get a look at the three-byfive hole.

My jaw dropped in amazement. Practically all of the left horizontal control surface was missing. "Chick," I boomed in disbelief, "I thought you meant inches!"

"That's what I thought," he chuckled. "But I hated to bother you with details."

— RICHARD RUSSELL

BEFORE TAKING off on a flight in a military aircraft we were all required to fill in several forms. One old-timer was having difficulty with some of the

questions. But, when he came to the one which read, whom to notify in case of emergency, he didn't hesitate before writing his answer: AIR-SEA RESCUE.

- H. H. R.

WE HAD JUST returned from overseas and were starting our first home leave for two years. My girl met us at the station. She said she could arrange a date for my chum, but her friend's parents were determined to meet any young man before allowing their daughter to go out with him. On the way to the girl's house he rehearsed his speech and manners, hoping to impress her parents. Once there everything worked out fine until we were ready to leave. The girl's mother said, "Just make sure she's home early enough to get plenty of rest."

"Don't worry, ma'am," my friend replied. "I'll have your daughter in bed before 12."

—ROGER DEAN

An engineer officer who was about to be posted had to account for all his equipment before he turned over his duties. He was staggered to discover that one of his tugboats was missing. Then he had an inspiration. He included in his report items missing from an officers' club and listed: "Ten spoons, soup. Twelve spoons, tea. One knife, carving. One boat, gravy. One boat, tug."

—EDWARD NEILSON

A FRIEND and I were discussing the behaviour of today's young people. "I certainly think the boys today are better behaved and more serious-minded than they were a few years ago," I said. "For example, our house is right next to the air force station, you know, and when we first moved in I couldn't go

out into the garden without being whistled at by all the young airmen. But the boys stationed there now carry on with their business when I appear."

"When did you move into your

house?" my friend asked.

"Oh, about 12 years ago," I

answered innocently.

She began to smile. "Are you quite sure," she asked, "that it's the boys who have changed?"

—H. A. T.

WE DOCTORS' wives always say that we have to be half dead before we elicit any sympathy from our husbands.

For some months during the war, my husband was the sole medical officer at a training school; his varied duties included teaching, preventive medicine and care of the sick. Hurrying to prepare supper one evening, I stabbed an artery at the base of my thumb with a paring knife. My husband, who was in the kitchen at the time, quietly and efficiently applied pressure and bound up my hand. As he tied the bandage, he made his only comment. "I wish," he said wistfully, "you could have done this for my firstaid class." -ALISON MATHEWS

When I was a clerk in an information office at a naval dockyard, I received a call from a girl who wanted to find her lost boy friend, a sailor. She said she had met him abroad and they'd fallen in love, and she had been heart-broken when he was posted to this dockyard. She didn't know his rank or trade so, slightly exasperated, I asked, "Do you know his name?"

"No," she replied, "but I'd recognize it if I heard it."

—Anne Kelly



In the constant struggle for mass audiences, America's commercial television services have disregarded their social responsibilities

TELEVISION, as served up to the American public, seems to be drawing fire from all directions. The recent fuss over "rigged" quiz shows is only part of the picture.

More and more churchmen, judges and police officials are protesting about crime shows and Westerns that emphasize violence. Telecasts of wrestling matches are offered, despite general knowledge that most of these matches are "fixed" and are not real sporting events. Many stations offer advertising considered "objectionable" by

the U.S. National Association of Broadcasters.

There are widespread complaints that television programmes are increasingly geared to a low denominator of intelligence and taste, in order to reach the widest possible audience for the products they are selling. After the revelation of "rigged" quiz shows, the Rev. Lawrence McMaster, executive director of the radio and television department of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., sent an open letter to the heads of America's four

major networks and to the Federal Communications Commission. His letter said, in part:

"Your prime responsibility is not to the sponsor, nor to the network, but to the people. By making popularity the main criterion, you have actually broken faith with the

people."

One of the nation's leading juvenile delinquency experts recently told the National Association of Prosecuting Attorneys: "What must be the effect on children when they are subjected daily to the thrilling television enactment of stealing, slugging, knifing and murder? Whether they are induced to do such things or not, they certainly are well instructed in the techniques."

At the same time, complaints are rising that the growing number of crime shows, Westerns and other programmes "designed for mass audiences" are driving programmes of superior quality off the air—Edward R. Murrow's documentary, "See It Now," for instance, and worthwhile plays.

Another recent casualty was a programme which offered half an hour of classical music during the "prime" evening hours, when television has its largest available audience. In this case the sponsor was willing to pay the high price of "prime" network time. But the programme's popularity rating, while respectable, was considered to be too modest to assure the networks of being able to get sponsors

for programmes immediately before and after the musical show.

Reviewing this situation, one of America's leading television columnists has written:

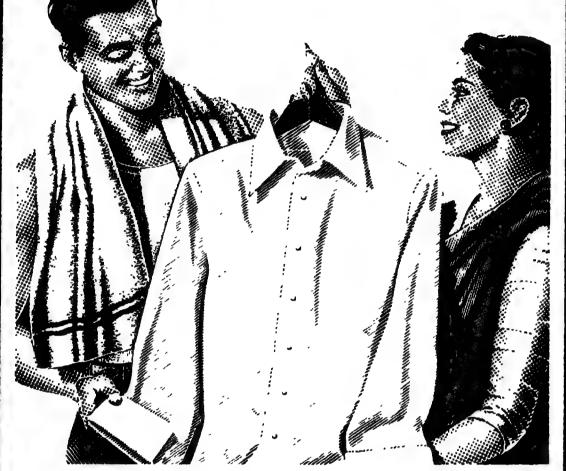
"The moral squalor of the quiz mess reaches clear through the whole industry, and I do not see why Congress shouldn't pursue its investigations further. If it did, Congressmen would discover that, apart from the news and public-events shows, nothing is what it seems in television. The heavy hand of the advertiser suffocates truth, corrupts men and women. The worst crumbs in the business are now in the saddle, and the best and most idealistic and creative men either can't get work or quit in disgust and go on to better things."

These complaints, and others, are stirring a growing demand in Congress for corrective action. The Federal Communications Commission assigns television channels, free of charge—on a basis of renewable licence—to successful applicants. Single stations have been sold by licensees for as much as ten million dollars. Thus the government has a direct interest in an industry whose programmes enter 42 million (about 84 per cent) American homes.

What has happened in television to prompt so much criticism? One person formerly prominent on network programmes explains it in this way:

"Radio, and then television, grew up with the system of selling a SHIRTSLEEVE PHILOSOPHY

It's a wise wife who helps her husband's choice of clothes







New Shorrock populins
White. Coloured * 5

Platignum Touch • Silver Touch

Desert • Madhukunj • Kunjalin

—fine and superfine varieties Also — Suitings, Cambric, Longcloth



NEW SHORROCK SPG & MEG. CO., LTD. NAMADET

particular programme to a particular advertiser, thus identifying it with the advertiser. This was the big hole through which the advertising agencies climbed to take control of programming.

"At first, the natural consequence was for the agencies to influence and control the programmes. Then they started offering their own programmes to the networks and stations—with the guarantee of sponsorship. It is true that newspapers and magazines are just as anxious to get advertising, but they retain control of their programming."

The man describes what could happen if a newspaper followed the practices of television. A soap company might sponsor the big story of the day- for instance, the Berlin crisis. A patent-medicine manufacturer might sponsor a photograph, say, of President Eisenhower. Sponsors would have a voice on how the story should be written or the photograph retouched in the way best calculated to sell their products. In some cases they would write the story or take the picture themselves. The same would be true of most, or

all, stories and photographs in the entire issue.

This person, drawing on his network experience, goes on to say: "Network executives, trying to maintain a certain amount of control of their programming, do provide some variety and some public service. But advertising agencies do not like to take risks. Conformity is the rule. If the public seems to like Westerns, then the advertising pressure is for more Westerns. When the quiz show was at its height, every advertiser and network was looking for a new quiz programme. Now everyone seems to be sponsoring a weekly crime series with incidental music; or, sometimes, it's modern jazz with incidental murder."

All kinds of solutions to the problems confronting television are being debated. One suggestion is that networks and stations be required by law to assume full control of their programmes. Another is that the television industry appoint a "tsar" with punitive powers. Whatever the solution, this much is clear: there is stormy weather ahead for a young and growing industry.

Caught in Passing

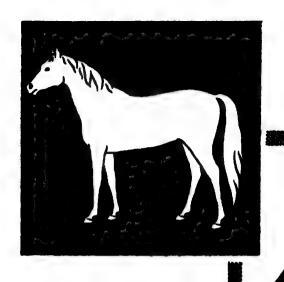
MOTHER tucking child into bed: "Now, darling, if you need anything during the night, just call Mother, and Daddy will come" (L. A.)... In a ladies' rest-room: "He's the kind you have to know before you dislike him" (T.F.)... Woman eyeing friend's modernistic lamp: "It's certainly a talking point, but I don't know exactly what to say about it" (G. S.)... One actress to another: "Darling, you make that hat look ten years younger!" (G. N.)

the Toothpaste created by a dentist

Yes, Forhan's Toothpaste was created by a dentist—Dr. R J Forhan of America Therefore, he took every aspect of dental hygiene into consideration. That is why letters of testimony are received from all over India commenting on the outstanding value of Forhan's Toothpaste



FRIM



Greet your friends with a
Whisky worthy of their
friendship—White Horse.
Skilful blending has
given this Whisky the
rare qualities of excellence.
All over the world men
who know best choose
White Horse for preference.

WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky

A 12-year-old boy comments wisely on a world he has never seen

From Darkness,

LIGHT

By Dr. Howard Rusk

On occasion, profound lessons come from unusual sources. Consider these excerpts from a verbatim transcription of therapeutic interviews with a 12-year-old boy, blind since birth, who was not allowed to continue at school because he was said to be "out of touch with reality." The patient did not know the record was being taken; it is the pure, stark expression of a brilliant soul struggling to find itself.

Here, in Bob's own words, are some of the things he wonders about and believes in: "There are so many things in this world that people could all reach out and touch and keep a part of them for their very own and spread it around for everyone. Not money—because money is only good for what it can do—only good if it is used to help. But people could reach out for kindness and fair play—and could spread it around for others.

"I've heard on the radio all this talk about colour bars and race troubles. And there seems to be such a fuss about it because some of the people are different. They say it's their colour. I suppose I am lucky that I cannot see differences in colour because it seems to me that the kind of hate these people put in their minds must chase out all chance to grow in understanding."

One day he had this to say: "I noticed the other day, when I had ear-ache and had cotton-wool in one of my ears, that I was always veering to one side and bumping into the wall. I had not realized before how much I depend on my hearing—the sound of my steps, the bounce-back of the sound, to keep me in time with my sense of direction.

"Then, another time, I was walking down the hall and I passed a door and inside was so much noise that I completely lost my sense of direction.

"It was an awful, bottomless feeling. Afraid I'd bump into something. You never know whether you are going towards good things or

know right off if it is something you like and need and want. Or something that is just in the way. That is why I would not kick it or shove it aside. I would not make up my mind ahead of time, because if I did I could be so very wrong. I could destroy something that might be one of the most valuable aids to me. Destroy it in ignorance, without giving either it or me a chance. That's like prejudice."

In another interview he talked again about the problems of keep-

ing a sense of direction.

"I walked down the path towards the woods by the school. And all of a sudden a dog and another boy rushed by. I was startled and jumped back and fell into some bushes. When I untangled myself and got up I couldn't find the path. I couldn't tell which direction was which. I couldn't hear any tell-tale sounds as a guide.

"I called. Nobody answered. I was surrounded by silence and confusion. Then after a lot of trying

and a lot of falls and bumps into the bushes, I heard the chimes from the old church that is north of the school. I knew then where I was. And I got back all right. But that awful feeling of not knowing where I was, which way to turn, which way to go. It was a terrible feeling.

"I decided that the worst thing that can happen to a person is to lose all sense of direction in life. And feel that you haven't got anywhere

to go."

Bob talked about his blindness one day: "I have often wondered what it must be like to see. I have never seen light. But if I have darkness around me all the time, I must learn to know that darkness. I think I do know it very well. Sometimes as a friend. Sometimes as an enemy. But then it isn't the darkness that I should blame.

"If wishes could come true, I'd wish I could see. But if I only had one wish, I wouldn't waste it on wishing to see. I'd wish that everybody could understand one another and how a person feels inside."

Frame Work

painting of a nude figure seen from the back. A charming study of a young girl, the portrait was a favourite of its owner, who had it hung in a conspicuous spot half-way up the main staircase. Late one night after a party in the living-room below, he started sleepily up the stairs. Suddenly he stopped, staring at the painting in rooted disbelief. The girl whose back he had so long admired had turned round and was facing him!

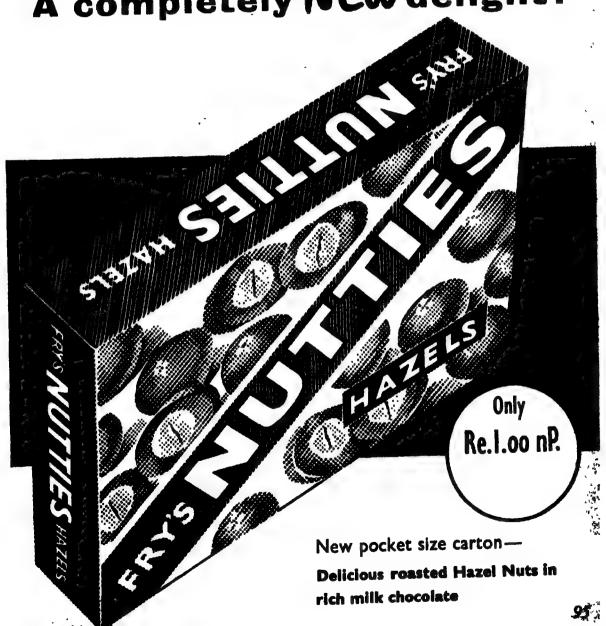
Friends later disclosed the hoax: they had arranged with the artist for another portrait of the same model, which they had slipped into the house and substituted for the original.

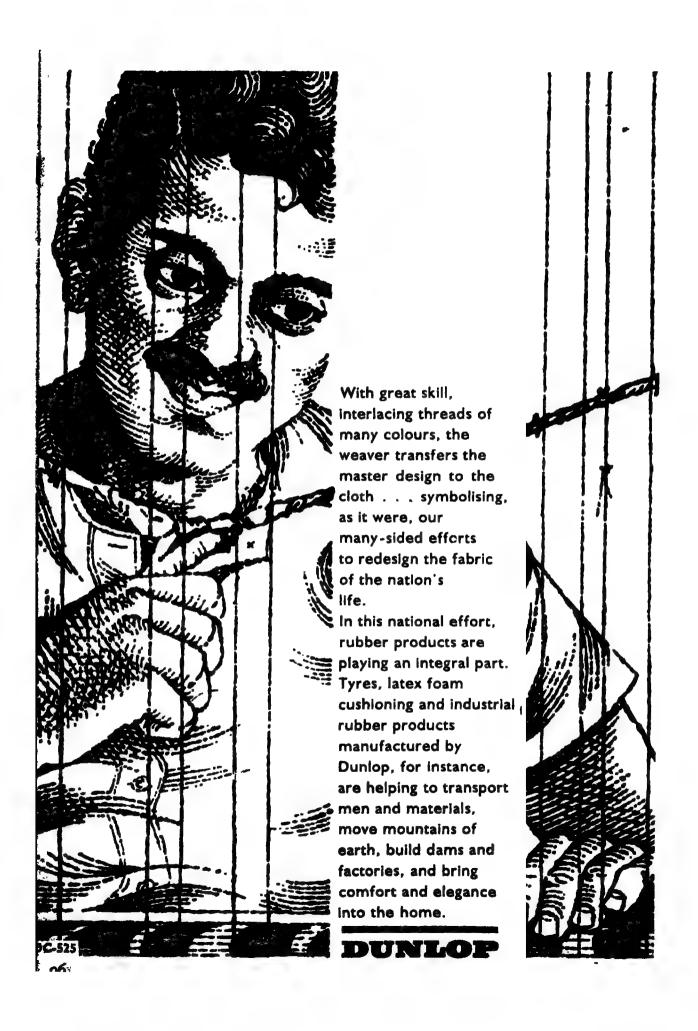
—John William Rogers

Casbury-Try

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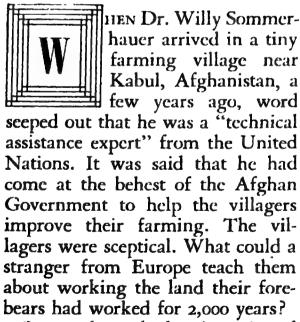




By offering skills rather than cash, the United Nations technical assistance programme is working wonders for the hungry people of the world

DO-IT-YOURSELF -U.N. STYLE

By Robert Strother



Sommerhauer had no intention of trying to revolutionize local agricultural customs by introducing lorries or tractors to this rugged, mountainous country. Nor did he have any money to give away. All he had was a very simple suggestion. The people were harvesting grain in the way that their ancestors had done—with sickles. It was a back-breaking job, and it went so slowly that much unreaped grain was left when cold weather struck. Instead of a small sickle, why not use a scythe? After five minutes' coaching, anybody could use it—and could cut five times as much grain as before.

The long-handled scythe looked unwieldy to the Afghan farmers, accustomed to sitting on the ground and grasping the stalks of grain

with their left hands as they cut. When Sommerhauer and a few helpers joined the reapers in the fields and demonstrated how well the scythe worked, however, there was a flicker of interest. Several farmers asked to try the scythes. Soon a revolution was spreading through Afghanistan's grainfields. It took only half an hour to teach Afghan blacksmiths how to make the scythes, and they could make them out of the same metal which they had used for sickles. With almost no major capital investment, grain harvests were doubled. Farmers' incomes increased. The way was open for further advances.

"We furnish skills, not money," a U.N. official explains. "And we try to keep things in context. A simple technique or a tool like the scythe, commonplace in one society, may be a great step forward in another. Almost every country has some knowledge or skill that may be useful to others."

U.N.'s Expanded The gramme of Technical Assistance (EPTA for short) has been largely overlooked in the glare of such expensive programmes as the Colombo Plan and the United States' International Co-operation Administration. But during the ten years that the programme has existed, almost 100 countries have welcomed U.N. experts.

Ingenuity is the key to most of these projects. In the State of Jammu and Kashmir, Indians had been

extracting only as much timber from their mountain forests as they could carry out on their backs.

Alfred Huber, a Swiss logging expert employed by EPTA, suggested a way of getting a lot more timber to the sawmills. No expensive equipment was needed: he simply advised waiting until winter and then sliding the logs down on the snow, as in Switzerland.

In Egypt, EPTA experts devised a simple chain-driven device, operated with foot pedals like a bicycle, which not only raises irrigation water faster than the old treadmill water wheels, but keeps the operator's feet out of the canal. This lowers the risk of bilharziasis, a highly prevalent disease transmitted by snails in the water.

In Thailand, British veterinary surgeon John Lancaster developed a vaccine against fowl pest, which was killing off the country's poultry flocks. When Buddhist farmers proved reluctant to inflict pain on their chickens by injecting the vaccine, he produced an equally potent preparation which could be given by medicine dropper. Fowl pest was virtually wiped out in Thailand.

From the outset, EPTA has been intensely frugal. It has found that the cost (a country requesting aid ordinarily pays the experts' local expenses) is vastly outweighed by the benefits received. EPTA spends about f 10 million (Rs. 13.3 crores) a year, of which Britain provides £800,000 (about Rs. 106.7 lakhs),



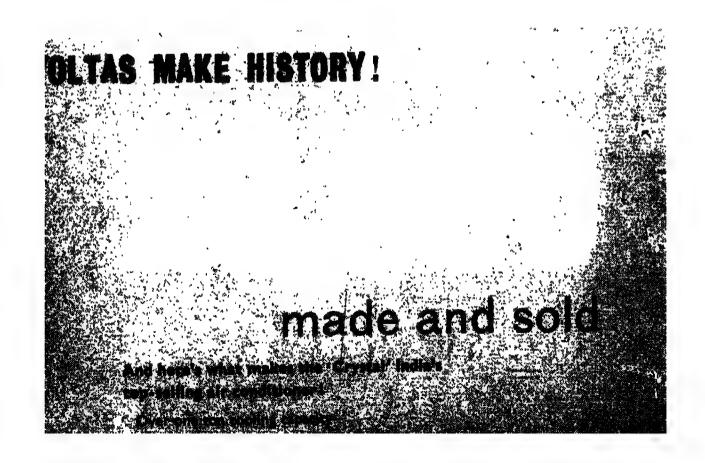
Spencer & Co., Ltd. , Spela Distributors.

and the average cost of an EPTA project is only £7,000 (Rs. 93,330)!

EPTA got under way in 1949, when it became obvious that the gap between underdeveloped and advanced nations was growing wider and wider. Half the world's inhabitants are poor, illiterate and permanently hungry, and with the pressure of rising populations their condition becomes daily more desperate. Plainly, relief, even on a prodigious scale, would be but a vanishing drop in an expanding ocean of want.

The sole hope lay in bringing to economically backward lands the technology that had created progress in the West. But this could not be given; it could only be grown, step by patient step, in soil prepared by the people's acquisition of the thousand needed skills. People and governments had to be transformed from apathetic onlookers into eager participants.

The U.N.'s specialized agencies for health, agriculture and education were already training a few people in underdeveloped areas. An Expanded Programme, financed by annual pledges of the 85 participating nations, could work through these agencies, sending experts to train people who would in turn train others. With international sponsorship, EPTA could work without arousing suspicions that



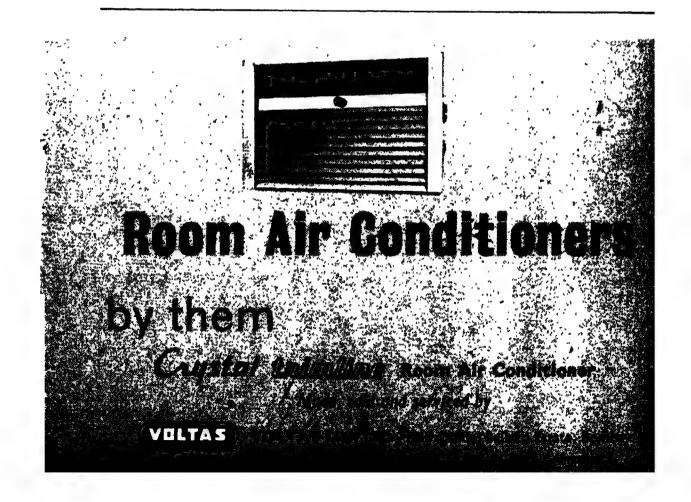
the donor was somehow enriching himself by giving money away.

The 2,400 EPTA experts in the field last year came from 77 nations. Significantly, a quarter are themselves from underdeveloped countries which have successfully dealt with the particular problem in question. India received 146 U.N. experts last year—and sent out 109 of its own. Mexico received 70 and sent out 64. On this give-and-take basis a nation feels much better about accepting help.

"Learn to itch where you can scratch" is a guiding precept of EPTA. Field men know that the prime minister of a new country may begin, almost as soon as he is installed in office, to dream of a steel mill just as a jungle savage dreams of a pocket watch. A sizeable part of the expert's job is to say "no."

In one remote land of nomadic herdsmen, officials pleaded for a country-wide telephone system. A communications man from Scandinavia, sent by the U.N. to look into the matter, saw that operating a telephone network would absorb all the country's few literate people. And for what? A few calls a week? And how would you fasten a phone box to the wall of a skin hut?

The visiting engineer proposed an alternative: build a Morse telegraph system, inexpensive, easily maintained, and adequate for many years



to come. Headquarters approved.

David Owen, a sharp - eyed
Welshman who heads the tenman Technical Assistance Board
at the U.N. in New York, values
common sense above all else.

ticular thrill of satisfaction when a chain reaction of social improvement is touched off by their work—as happened in Haiti. Georges Mouton, a barrel-chested rural-welfare expert from Belgium, arrived in the rocky and impoverished Haitian mountain village of Fermathe in 1952. Droughts were frequent; local farmers had only hoes and machetes as tools; they considered themselves lucky if they could harvest twice the weight of the potatoes they planted.

Mouton started clearing rocks for an experimental garden. A few farmers watched sceptically, then began to lend a hand. They learned how to plough the soil for sowing (earlier they had simply scratched the surface with a machete), how to space the seed potatoes instead of planting them in thick clusters, how to use fertilizers and insecticides. Before long, thanks to the new methods and to use of selected seed, harvests of seven times the weight of potatoes sown became common.

When one farmer received £15 s. 200) for his crop and another £12 (Rs. 160), Mouton reported: ENever in their lives had they seen much money at one time. Their y was unforgettable." Now, enjoying their trust, Mouton persuaded them to build tanks for storing rain-water, to put up windmills and to form a marketing co-operative to by-pass greedy market agents. New houses appeared, each with a water tank. The people began to wear shoes. Some bought watches and rain gauges to regulate their work. The chain reaction had started. The experiment is now being widely copied in Haiti. And except for Mouton's modest U.N. salary, the whole project cost only £14 (Rs. 187) a month!

It is part of the EPTA expert's job to make sure that the people's enthusiasm is tapped, and this often requires tact and patience. Roger Garraud of France at first encountered resistance when he tried to introduce rammed-earth housing in Ethiopia. Garraud took a team of 46 trainees from Addis Ababa to rebuild an abandoned barracks near the mountain town of Majete. Local tribesmen offered no help. Instead the chieftain glowered from afar as the strangers went through their devilish rites.

Garraud put a handful of earth in a jug of water, shook it up, let it settle, studied it. Soon he turned to a box-like machine. Trainees shovelled dampened earth into it, levelled the heap with a board, then pulled a lever that compressed the earth into a hard block. By nightfall, when the old chief went home to his leaky, verminous hut, the industrious strangers had made 150

The Strain burels

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Softlite



BOMBAY . CALCUTTA . NEW DELHI . MADRAS . KANPUR BANGALORE . PATNA . INDORE . WARDHA - GAUHATI building blocks with their machine (a cinvaram, invented by Raul Ramirez of Chile).

Day by day the chief drew nearer, and when a neat new house stood on the site, he consented to inspect it. The building was solid, termite-proof and delightfully cool—and it had been made out of the very earth it stood on!

"I say," the chief said in Amharic, "what about borrowing that house-making machine of yours?" And so began a housing revolution

in rural Ethiopia.

Since it is new skills that enable a poor people to help themselves, EPTA puts emphasis on training for trades. In Greece, 3,000 boys in the network of King's schools are learning, with EPTA aid, to be carpenters, masons, electricians, shoemakers, tailors, painters, blacksmiths. Trainees come to Turkey

from all parts of Africa and the Middle East to learn highway administration, road construction and bridge design at a new EPTA highway engineering training centre. Egypt is a centre for schools in business administration and air traffic control. EPTA has other technical schools in Ethiopia, Mexico, Israel, Ceylon, Libya, Indonesia and a score of other countries.

An eloquent testimony to EPTA's remarkable appeal was provided not long ago in Cambodia. A U.N. expert was coming to help a group of villagers in a remote part of the country. Their almost forgotten settlement was isolated in the woods, a mile from the only road, so with much work over a period of months they built a connecting trail. Then at the juncture they waited for the U.N. man, holding aloft a sign: "We need you. Come on in."

XXXXX

Word Play

The speech of introduction was excessively flowery and complimentary. When it was over the guest of honour stood up. "Now," he said, "I know how a pudding feels after treacle has been poured over it."

—E. K.

FROM office memo: "Please do not invite him to the meeting. He would only monotonize the conversation." - Contributed by Selwyn Kent

STARING hard at a surrealist painting, a woman remarked, "I have often had a migraine. Now I'm seeing it."

—Contributed by H. F. Aker

A LITTLE girl describing her appendectomy: "They told me it wouldn't hurt and then they stuck a needle in my arm and I disappeared."



Points to Ponder



Albert Einstein:

A hundred times a day I remind myself that my inner and outer life depend on the labours of other men, living and dead, and that I must exert myself in order to give in the same measure as I have received and am receiving.

Thomas Griffith:

We no longer have heroes in modern life: instead we have invented celebrities. The essence of the celebrity condition is that there, but for the lucky breaks, go l. We don't worship celebrities; we consider them as equals (or even inferiors) who have been tayoured by special advantages. They —the starlets, the sportsmen, the comedians-are ourselves, with one talent (or a bosom) writ large. They are not aristocrats with a whole set of values we could not learn in a lifetime; they are not scientists whose brainy triumphs would make our heads ache, but someone like us, who enters the night club and spends freely, indifferent to the bill, or builds a garish home with a swimming pool as we might like to do.

And since he is us—plus the artificial life of riches and notoriety thrust suddenly upon him—he will probably

make a mess of his marriage or of his life and provide us with an interesting morality play to read about as well. A certain kind of gossip-journalism has mastered the art of smacking over sin, so that it can be enjoyed vicariously and disapproved of in the same breath.

Sydney Harris:

One of woman's most admirable characteristics is her infinite capacity to be bored by men and pretend she is enjoying herself. She instinctively knows that a man will forgive a woman almost anything as long as he does not suspect that she finds him dull.

R. G. H. Siu in The Tao of Silence:

In addition to thinking, the student should be provided with the education of feeling. He should learn to transcend language, sharing the wordless communion with nature—typified by the story of a Buddhist Master lecturing to his monks.

Just before the sermon actually began, a bird started singing on a bough outside the monastery walls. The Master kept quiet and everyone listened to the song in attentive silence.

As soon as the bird finished, the Master announced that the sermon was completed and departed.

-Chapman and Hall, London

Thomas Merton in The Seven Storey Mountain:

The truth that many people never understand, until it is too late, is that the more you try to avoid suffering the more you suffer, because smaller and more insignificant things begin to torture you, in proportion to your fear of being hurt.

—Muller, London

Thackeray in Vanity Fair:

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon your, laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

-J. M. Dent, London

A. Powell Davies:

A young lady I have known since she was a baby wrote recently to tell me of her engagement; she was so full of the happiness of it that her letter was almost a song of joy. Then, at the end, she had a moment of misgiving and wondered whether I would think that what she had written was rather silly. So she said, "It is a surprising thought to me, but I suppose all the rest of the world of sensible people think that he is just an ordinary nice young man. It's amazing, but I suppose that this is what they think!"

I wrote back that she need not bother about "sensible" people. I told her that no young man beloved is ever an ordinary young man; that every time two people really love each other the world begins all over again; that, always, the world is what our own hearts take to it; that the love we carry with us makes all loveliness come true. And if you think I told her any lies, whoever you are, you have grown older than you needed to, and ought to be ashamed.

Freya Stark in Alexander's Path:

A good traveller does not, I think, much mind the uninteresting places. He is there to be inside them, as a thread is inside the necklace it strings. The world, with unknown and unexpected variety, is a part of his own

leisure; and this living participation is what separates the traveller and the tourist, who remains separate, as if he were at a theatre, and not himself a part of whatever the show may be.

-John Murray, London

Thomas Paine:

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and the angels know of us.

Robert Hutchins:

To destroy the Western tradition of independent thought it is not necessary to burn the books. All we have to do is to leave them unread for a couple of generations.

Sydney Harris:

The phrase, "You have to give the people what they want," has always struck me as a piece of dangerous nonsense. When I ask my advertising friends why better television programmes aren't put on the air, and kept on the air until the public is educated to like them, they reply, "You can't force the public to like anything."

But you can. This is the whole idea behind commercials. The television men know that if a product is promoted long enough and hard enough

the public will go for it.

If this is true (and it is), then it logically follows that the public can be educated (or indoctrinated) to respond to better music, better plays and better programmes generally.

E. J. Keifer:

Children cannot be made good by making them happy, but they can be made happy by making them good.



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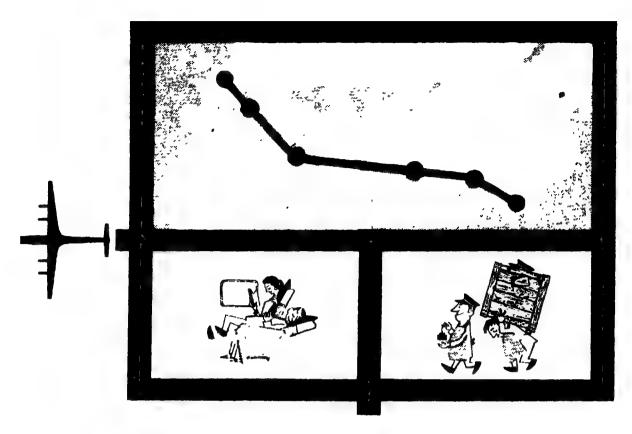


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A distinguished military commentator makes the charge that indifferent leadership and physical pampering, among other things, are drastically undermining America's ability to defend herself

This Army Fit to Fight?

By Hanson Baldwin

Distinguished author, Pulitzer Prize-winner and Military Editor of the New York Times

RE THE morale, the will to fight, the esprit de corps, the guts of America's armed services what they ought to be? To many experts the answer is negative. Let's look at a few facts.

The U.S. Navy estimated that it recorded some 42,000 courts martial in the fiscal year 1958. More than enough men for the full crew of an aircraft carrier were accused of desertion. In the last half of 1957 there was a naval prison population of almost 20,000, considerably larger than the Danish and Norwegian Navies combined. The U.S. Navy noted continued problems caused by promiscuity, venereal disease and black marketing. It cited the Chinese Communists' description of the typical American fighting man, which maintained that he has little or no concept of moral values, practically no understanding of American political philosophy and heritage; that he feels he has been forced into military service though into slavery and wants nothing in the world but to get out.

Eugene Kinkead's recent book, In Every War But One, pictures the deplorable conduct of many Americans taken prisoner in Korea. He asserts, on the basis of U.S. Army records, that "almost one out of every three was guilty of some sort of collaboration with the enemy."

It should be emphasized that there still are high-spirited units in the services—some of the Navy's

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

nuclear - submarine crews. the Army's paratroopers, the best of the Strategic Air Command, some but not all Marine Corps units. Invariably these fine units are: (1) well led; (2) volunteers. But for the services as a whole there are far too many unwilling time-servers. Despite increased pay rates and other benefits, the armed forces are unable to retain many of the men they most need.

Why is this? Why has man, the core of any armed force, been so

neglected?

The answer is: He has not been neglected; he has been pampered. In the past half-century America has changed from a "have-not" nation into the richest in the world. But she is vulnerable today, like all the rich and surfeited kingdoms of the past, to the slow corrosion of luxury, the attrition of ease. The automobile age has made her almost a legless nation. Her high standard of living and other advantages have robbed too many of her citizens of daring, initiative, push, aggressiveness, self-dependence. They are becoming soft, says General Randolph McCall Pate, commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, both physically and "in national thought."

Military man has changed because civilian man has changed. Look at the civilians the U.S. services must draw on for raw material; the call-up statistics are revealing. From September 1948 to November 1958 the rejection rate

for recruits for physical, mental or moral reasons was 38-3 per cent. In the same period there was a further rejection by the armed forces of 6.6 per cent of those passed by their draft boards. And even so, those who are accepted for military service are a disappointing lot.

In the words of Dr. G. Ott Romney, deputy executive director of President Eisenhower's Council on Youth Fitness, "Sedentarpush - buttonitis ianism, indoorism have taken a heavy toll

of fitness."

What about character and conduct? Among teenagers—the raw material for the younger generation of servicemen—the venereal-disease rate is now increasing, with at least 50,000 new cases annually, the Public Health Service estimates. In 1958, major crimes in the United States increased by eight per cent, and teenagers committed a disproportionate share of them. It is estimated that about one out of every five young Americans will have a police record in the foreseeable future.

From all this emerges a picture of a vacuous adolescent without motivation. This is, of course, a caricature, but the fact remains that 40 per cent of American youth is unqualified, mentally or physically or morally, for any kind of military

service.

The 20th century has been called in America "the century of the common man"—and he is very common indeed. The levelling-out process of



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1902

BRIGHT-

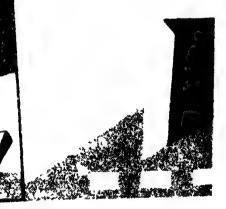
say



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the last 30 years has undoubtedly lifted some from the rabble but has pulled others down in the process. From a military point of view, the concept of égalité—"everybody is equal"—has spawned a host of problems. Today's intellectual and sociological climate gives little encouragement to the development of strong leadership but, rather, stimulates the cult of popularity, charm, "followership." The new gods of our age, the technician and the scientist, have replaced that type so rare in any age: the man who can stimulate the minds and bodies and souls of men to brilliant effort, who can produce a team disciplined and courageous even to death.

There is not enough of the oldfashioned patriotism today, and too little sense of public obligation, duty and service. The welfare state has assumed more and more of the burdens formerly shouldered by the individual, producing younger generations whose ideal is security rather than opportunity or adventure. American recruitment stresses what boys can get out of the armed services, not what they can put into them. Can American man, after years of such protective conditioning, retain the will to fight for his country?

In addition to the national trends which affect America's fighting men, there are those "reforms" forced upon the armed services by the executive department, by U.S. Congress or by public pressure.

One was the integration of negroes and Puerto Ricans into all branches of the armed sorvices. Though integration has undoubtedly led to more effective use of negro manpower, many officers think it has been at the expense of over-all morale and combat effectiveness. The average negro, often through no fault of his own, has neither the education nor the capabilities of the white soldier. By most indices absent-without-leave rate. real-disease rate, court-martial rate, and so on—it is the negro who has presented the most difficult military problems. There are capable negro officers and other ranks, some with fine fighting records. But integration has meant, at least in its first years, a levelling downwards, not up.

Various post-war Washington reorganization acts, plus politics, have also influenced the services adversely. Echelon after echelon of civilians -too many of them Civil Service "passengers" or appointees of puny capabilities—have been superimposed over the heads of the services' highest officers. The U.S. Chief of Naval Operations no longer commands the fleet. There are some 30 civilian officials in the Department of Defence who can give orders or directives of one sort or another to the Army Chief of Staff. Diffusion of authority and responsibility, together with undue emphasis on civilian bureaucracy, has distracted the services from their primary job, which is to win battles.



Oxygen—feeding the flame that knifes through steel, welding enormous broken castings and bubbling through molten metal to make pure steel, —the flow of Oxygen in modern industry never ceases. From tiny workshops to the great steel plants and shipyards, wherever there is metal to be worked, Oxygen is on the job



Post-war "reforms" which led to a revision of the U.S. Code of Military Justice were another concession to civilian pressures. They slackened discipline and brought more political intervention into the military chain of command.

The net result of all this downgrading of both officers and N.C.O.'s can be seen in a recent survey of its graduates conducted by the U.S. Military Academy. Graduates of recent West Point classes gave as one of their principal reasons for resignation from the service the reduced status of the officer corps.

But the services themselves are not without blame for the slump in Military Man and his combat effectiveness. There have been, and still are, waste and misuse of service manpower and a deliberate downgrading of élite units. In a U.S. Army division the ratio of support troops to combat troops is entirely too large.

Like the country which they represent, America's armed forces are keyed to a very high standard of military living, which contributes little to tough, hard, combat effectiveness. These, then, are some of the problems of service manpower, and these—not intercontinental ballistic missiles or missile gaps or nuclear-powered planes—are the most serious military problems faced by the United States.

What can be done? Of fundamental importance is a change in the attitude of the nation. The welfare state is probably here to stay, but state, church, home and school can ameliorate its undesirable effects, can compensate for the erosions of ease by proper training, physical conditioning and moral and mental toughening.

There is no substitute for leadership, no substitute for man. The retrogression has been pronounced since the Second World War. Yet the spirit of Iwo Jima, of Omaha Beach and of Huertgen Forest, and the courage shown by so many units in Korea are not dead.

America can rise again to the greatness of her military traditions if her leaders recognize that it is man, not the machine, that is the heart of any armed force.

Engaged Signal

Whenever he is home on leave, a young army captain I know is besieged by telephone calls from feminine admirers. I was visiting his mother when one of them called. The conversation was definitely one-sided, with the girl doing most of the talking. It continued for a few minutes. Then I saw the captain give a hand signal to his dog. Immediately the animal began to bark and, above the din, I heard his master say, "Sorry, dear, I've got to go now. Someone's at the door."

Don't Tell Me Things Arc Looking Up

Some people can't help being pessimists—and how lucky they are!

By H. Allen Smith

It was years ago when I saw my first shell game. The fast-talking man was shifting the walnut shells around with eye-dazzling rapidity and then challenging the onlooking yokels to pick the shell with the pea beneath it. I knew nothing about

the evil ways of the world, yet something caused me to pipe up in a shrill voice, "Maybe it ain't under none ubbem!" (That is the way I talked when I was a kid; that is the way I still talk.)

The man glowered at me a long

Condensed from the Kiwanis Magazine



time. Then he launched into a loud denunciation. "Ladies and genmun," he said, "this here boy you see before you, this miserable little boy, is gonna grow up to be a pessimist, a terrible pessimist."

I didn't know then what a pessimist was, but eventually I looked the word up. That man was right. A pessimist, says the dictionary, is "one who tends to expect misfortune or the worst outcome in any circumstances." That's me. I never sat down and decided to be a pessimist; I'm just pessimistic by nature. And I contend that I and my fellow pessimists lead a more sensible life than do our optimistic neighbours.

Every time I climb into a plane, for instance, I murmur a sad and silent farewell to the world, certain that this is the time I get it. I have the same sensation each time I put friends on a plane. I give each of them a final lingering look, knowing deep down that it is the last time I'll see them alive.

What's sensible about this? You can't imagine how superbly elated I feel when they arrive safely at their destination. And I feel absolutely ecstatic when I make it.

An optimist refuses to let himself think of calamities to come. A pessimist thinks of them all the time. And all this gloomy thoughtfulness is bound to pay off. Let me show you how. I live in the country, three miles from the nearest town, and I always knew that some day my house would catch fire and burn to

the ground. I speculated often on how it might start. The roof would catch fire from the chimney. Or the electrical wiring would be responsible. And what would I do when the fire was discovered? Would I faint dead away, or just start running? One thing I knew: my behaviour in the crisis would be so shameful that I would stand embarrassed before the world. That is, if I survived.

And so one December morning it happened. The house caught fire from a defective oil burner. My family still talks about how I behaved. I was almost heroic. I took charge. I did everything exactly as it should have been done, and in the proper sequence. I telephoned the fire brigade. I got the car out of the garage where the fire was centred, and I had a garden hose hooked up and playing on the flames before the first fire engine arrived. No optimist could have been so well-prepared. He would still be standing there wondering how such a misfortune could have happened to him.

My pessimism extends into my business. I write books and magazine articles. Whenever I finish a piece of writing I sit and shudder, thinking of the horrible things the critics will say about it. Thus, when I do get nasty reviews or comments they don't bother me; I expected them. If I happen to get some praise—or some money—it comes as a surprise and makes me very happy.



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I can give you an example. One summer afternoon my agent telephoned me and told me to get a firm grip on something solid. Then he said, "A film producer has agreed to buy the rights of your novel for—hold on now—one hundred thousand dollars!"

"That's nice," I said. "But I'm watching a terrific game on television. Let me call you back later."

My agent still tells people about my casual manner in the face of such splendid news. Actually, it was my devout pessimism at work. I just didn't believe a word my agent said. Nothing on earth could ever fetch me a hundred thousand dollars. So I went back to my television set.

Later on I met the producer and a contract was signed. The next step, on the following day, would be the delivery of the hundred thousand. It was never delivered. The following morning somebody went to court and forced the producer into bankruptcy. I never got a penny out of him. But it was all right. I had known all along that I wouldn't.

Someone has said: "A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better." Well, maybe. But I think that my particular brand of pessimism makes me, in the long run, a happy and contented man. When I realize that many people who anticipate only pleasant eventualities spend much of their time groaning about the unpredictable cruelty of fate, then I feel good. I start feeling downright optimistic about my pessimism.

Answer Men

At the home of a Scottish minister, my friend proffered his tobaccopouch to the reverend gentleman. The offer was declined: "Thank ya, no, laddie. I never smoke tobacco. When it's m'own I'm allus thinkin' on the cost. When it's another mon's, m' pipe is packed so tight I kinna draw on't."

—Contributed by E. C. Mason

ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, was asked by a member of a U.S. Congressional committee how much money the U.S. Navy needed to do its job. "That is nearly impossible to answer, sir," he replied. "It's like asking my wife how much money she needs. It's always more than I've got."

—New York Times

During his crusade in Australia, evangelist Billy Graham was asked whether he thought his revival meetings would have a lasting effect. Graham responded with disarming realism: "The effects of a bath don't last long, but you need it, and it's good for you."

—Time



Duelling for Beginners

By Paul Gallico

THERE ARE probably few sports which are more fun than the ancient and scientific game of fence. The average layman hasn't the slightest idea of the excitement of the sport; of the terrific, tiring exercise it provides; of the sheer joy of a violent, personal-contact sport that calls for strength, speed, agility, courage, nerves and ingenuity, all the thrill of a good boxing bout and none of the pain. Some people seem to consider fencing a sissy sport, but if you are not in shape, it jolly well kills you. When you have finished with a lesson, and a few bouts, you will be wringing wet from head to foot and dog-tired.

Also, it is the only personal-contact sport in which a skilled woman can give a man of equal skill all that he can handle. The best men fencers will, in nine cases out of ten, defeat the best women fencers, but among average people who fence for the fun of it, a man has no advantage over a girl. If anything, he is handicapped, because a woman's natural deceitfulness comes in handy at foils. Her character, which is to be tricky when it is just as simple to be straightforward, is usually found at the tip of her foil; and she makes a dangerous and highly exciting opponent. Whereas men breathe hard, make flourishes, look menacing and stamp their feet, and are as easy to see through as a newly polished window, the little fuzzy-headed darlings give you an angelic smile that completely disarms you—and then stab you. Or they droop a little at the mouth and lower their lids, and you begin to feel sorry for them because you think they are getting tired, the poor dears, and perhaps you had better let up a little. At that point they stab you again.

There are three types of weapons used: the foil, the épée and the sabre. The foil is the foundation weapon—-a slender sticker of finely tempered steel with a great deal of bend to it, light in weight. With it one learns the rudiments of the game—the attack, the parry and the riposte. It requires eye, wrist, nerves and extreme accuracy, since the target is restricted to the breast and flank, from the neck to the groin. Touches on the arm, hand, mask, neck, or below the groin are fouls and do not count. The foil is the only weapon fenced by girls.

The épée, which is a development of the ancient rapier or duelling sword, is a much more exciting weapon. It is stiffer than the foil, has a larger bell for a hand-guard; the blade is three-cornered and more rigid, and the entire body from head to foot is fair target. To the excitement of épée fencing, which calls for hair-trigger nerves, is also added a delicate touch known as the pointe d'arrêt. This is a little three-pointed prong that is fastened to the end of

the weapon and replaces the dull, flat button with which thrusting weapons are equipped to keep them from passing through you. These prongs are short, but sharp, so that they catch in the canvas of fencing jacket, trousers, or glove. They also, upon occasion, enable you to pink your opponent slightly, and you feel the very devil of a D'Artagnan—until he pinks you back.

In the fencing salles there is a constant clash and rattle of steel, and the shouting of the nervous, excited fencers—"Eeeeeeeh La!"—as one of them suddenly ends a period of watchful waiting and, catlike, leaps in for a touch, his nerves finding relief in a long-drawn cry.

The sabre is the real rough-andtumble man's weapon. It is a flat, dull-edged blade with a large handguard. The upper part of the body is the target, and you may either cut or thrust to attain a point. You can get a good drubbing with the dull edge of a sabre—it is closest of all to the real duello, because you pay for your blunders with a good thwack across chest, flank, or arm. However, I have never seen anyone get hurt in a sabre bout, for you are taught to cut with control, and half the fun of the game is to feint or catch an opponent wide open and bring your sword down across the chest in the most graceful and gentle of movements. It makes his ears grow longer and fuzzier than if you walloped him with all your might. A sabre match is the most exciting

type of fencing for the spectators. The steel rings loudly as sword meets sword, and sparks fly. Your eye catches magnificent parries, blades miraculously interposed between attacking blades, and almost with the same movement countering and meeting with similar opposition. Or the cutting rhythm is broken by a swift thrust that scores and ends the rally.

Masked, and protected by canvas though you are, the feel of steel in your hand and an opponent cycing you coldly and menacingly with a similar weapon in his hand have a thrill I have found in no other sport, and I have tried them all. I took up fencing at the ripe old age of 37 and in six months was having more fun than I ever had at any game. It is the greatest mental relaxation at the end of a hard day's work that I know, because it requires such tremendous concentration that you can't think of anything else. Every move presents a new problem. Will you lure him close? Is that opening you see a bit of carelessness on his part or is it

only feigned? Are you being lured? Will you pretend to fall into the trap, and then set one of your own?

Whether fencing actually makes one more graceful, I cannot tell. I have seen girl fencers who were magnificently graceful, and others who were all angles. The "On Guard" posture is not in itself particularly graceful, especially for girls, many of whom have not learnt to dress gracefully for the Salle d'Armes and turn up in badly-cut breeches that accentuate the distortion of the pose. Yet there is hardly a prettier sight than a smooth girl fencer in a short, divided skirt and starched white fencing jacket, well cut and well fitted; or in loose, white velvet trousers fastened at the ankles. Inside their jackets the girls have two thin, pliable, but amply strong metal plates that afford full protection. I thought you'd be worrying about that.

Fencing is not an expensive sport, and once the beginner has had sufficient instruction, any room in the house will do---provided he has someone with whom to fence.



Deft Definitions

Mink: Fur from money-bearing males... Conscience: A small, still voice that makes minority reports (Franklin Jones)... Antique: a fugitive from the scrapyard with a price on its head (Kenneth Shively)... Advertisers: People who make commercial television programmes possible and impossible at the same time (Dan Bennett)... School-bus driver: A man who thought he liked children (Harold Cothin)... Neurotic: A person who worries about things that didn't happen in the past—instead of worrying about something that won't happen in the future, like normal people.

Life's Like That

HAVING JUST moved into a new neighbourhood, I wanted to start off on the right foot and not disturb anybody with the party I was planning to give. To test the sound from the television, I turned it on full blast, walked out of the house, shut the front door and listened. An awful amount of noise came through, and I tried to open the door to turn it off. But I was locked out. Since my wife would return soon, there was nothing to do but wait in the car, although I felt more like crawling under it.

Soon a neighbour came tearing out of his house and headed towards me. As he approached, he shouted above the racket, "Look, old boy, if you'd turn the damn thing down you wouldn't have to sit out here to listen to it!"

—GROVER DUNN

WE WERE heart-broken when our dog disappeared, and after combing the area, we put an ad in the newspaper. The morning the ad appeared, the telephone rang and I rushed to answer it.

"I'm calling about your dog," a woman with a rather weak, quavering voice began. I waited eagerly, but she started coughing. Then she cleared her throat several times and apologized. She wasn't feeling well, she explained. As a matter of fact, she hadn't been feeling well since her husband dropped dead three years ago. After that her mother and father had passed on, and recently her sister had

contracted a fatal ailment. Her friends weren't doing too well either, she said. She gave me the details of their illnesses and described the funerals of several of them.

I tried to be sympathetic. I urged new friendships and suggested she should find a hobby. Then after 30 minutes I hoped it wasn't too soon to get back to the original subject. "About the dog," I said.

"Oh," she replied, "I haven't got him. I just thought I'd call to cheer you up."

—Doris Johnson

A SAD-FACED man came into my flower shop early one morning. I was ready to take his order for a funeral piece, but this time I guessed wrong. He wanted a basket of flowers sent to his wife for their anniversary.

"And what day will that be?" I asked.

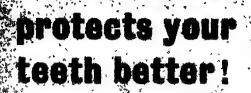
Glumly he replied, "Yesterday."
—ED COLEMAN

As AN AVID golfer, I prefer to have the course to myself at week-ends and think nothing of starting off with my foursome at 5 a.m. One Saturday I met my match. As we played, a twosome bore down on us from behind. Catching up on the sixth tee, one of them came over to ask if they could play

"I'm getting married at nine o'clock this morning," he explained, "and I'd like to get in 18 holes before the wedding."

—H. G. N.

through.



It's new! It's better! Because the rich penetrating foam of Kolynos Super White Dental Cream contains three cleansing agents instead of the usual two. Brushing the teeth with this additional cleansing agent effectively removes food residues that lead to cavities—and gives naturally whiter, brighter teeth.

No toothpaste anywhere can do more for you.

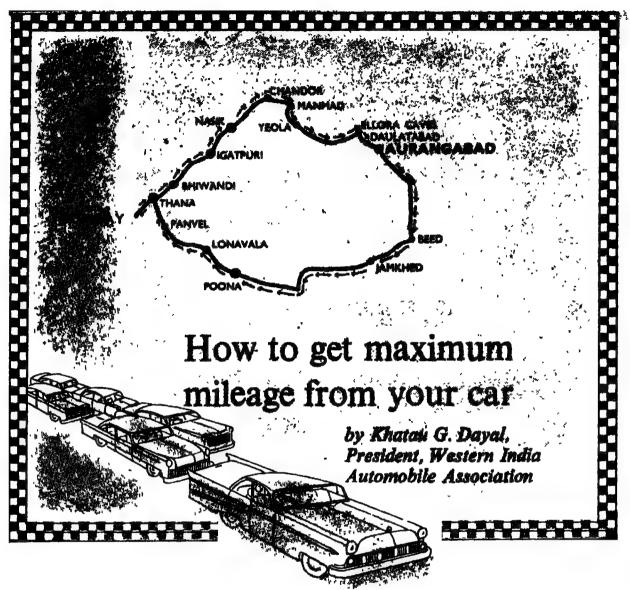
'Kolynos Plan' for healthier teeth-dentists agree

-Here is the 'Kolynos Plan'

- Use just half inch of Kolynos Super White Dental Cream on a wet toothbrush.
- Brush your teeth for two minutes morning and night, making sure that you brush all surfaces thoroughly.
- Night-time cleansing is *most* important to remove food residues which are the main cause of cavities.
- 4 Visit your dentist at least twice a year for a routine check.



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A few months back, some thirty mud spattered cars rolled in at the Stanvac Service Station behind the Stanvac building in Bombay. This was the finish line of a 609-mile run—the Mobilgas Economy Run, India, 1959—which brought good news of gasoline economy to motorists all over India.

The Run, first of its kind to be held in India, was not a race or rally. Its purpose was to demonstrate the remarkable gasoline economy of which ordinary cars are capable, if maintained and driven carefully, and using Mobilgas and Mobiloils. The winner in each of the five classes of competing cars, was the car that turned in the

highest average mileage per gallon of gasoline. All contesting cars were ordinary models, all drivers average motorists. The selected course of the Run was a gruelling drive from Bombay to Aurangabad and back.

No coasting

Elaborate precautions were taken all the way on the Run, to see that there was no coasting, free-wheeling or turning off of ignition. Gas caps were sealed after refuelling at pre-selected points, by specially-appointed Officials. Before the Run, all competing cars were carefully scrutinised to see that they were production models, without any extra or special gadgets. Every-

thing was checked, from tyres to spark-plugs. Then all cars were sent to Mobilgas stations where the crank-cases were drained and refilled with the manufacturers' specified grades of oil. After that, all cars were lubricated according to the Mobilubrication chart. Then a final re-check—in even greater detail.

Things we learnt

The Run underlined seven important requisites of gasoline economy. Here they are:

Keeping your car in top shape—A prime requisite of good gasoline mileage, is proper car maintenance and regular servicing.

Driving at economy-proved speeds—

Fast driving is hard on the gasoline mileage. At 40 m.p.h. you can get 20 to 30% more gasoline mileage than at 60 m.p.h.

Thinking ahead—An eye on traffic ahead of you helps good judgment of speed variation, can improve gasoline mileage by 10 to 25%.

Keeping tyres properly inflated—Underinflation of tyres by as little as three pounds, can result in a wastage of half a gallon of gasoline in every 15.

Avoiding idle running—Keeping the motor running when parked temporarily, and racing the engine unnecessarily, can send up the gasoline bills.

Using the right gasoline and oils—very important factors. All cars in the Mobilgas Economy Run used Mobil-

gas and Mobiloils.

Here are the results of the Run:

	Make	Miles per gation
Chair ! Lippa 1.000 x.c.	*Clirade	11.35
Class I-Upto 1,000 e.c.	Morris Miner	45.01
Class 2-1,001+1,000 e.c.	. Flat Milionipo	41.73
Chan (a-1,001-1,000) e.c.	Plan 1900	
Che 9-1.301-1,100 e.c.		
Chia 1-1,201-1,200 c.c.	Marris Galand	31.69.
Clar 4-1,1010,700 cc.	Sleppin Pangillan	.2475
A Shark-Jabi Long e	Zidle.	35.01
	Chapter Wester	35.46
120		21.43

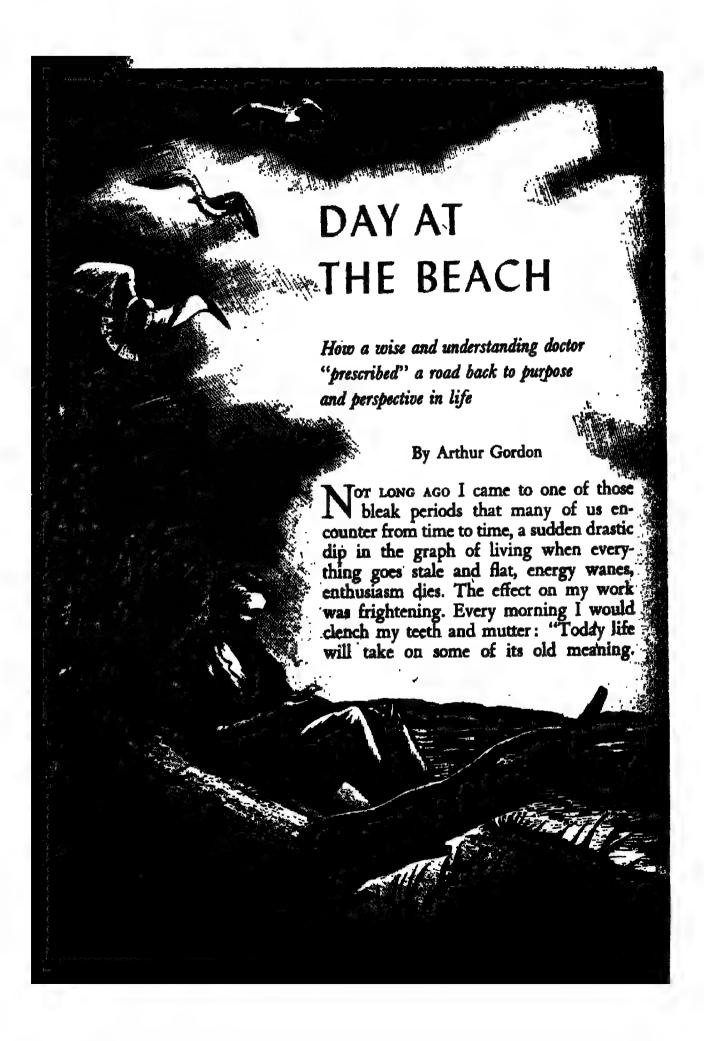
An eye-opener

The Run was an eyeopener to motorists all over the country in that it made them aware of the performance possibilities of their cars. It has brought good news to them, welcome news of the economy they can enjoy too.



The Mobilgas
Economy Run
was organised by the
Western India
Automobile Association,
and sponsored by the
Standard-Vacuum
Oil Company





You've got to break through this thing. You've got to!"

But the barren days went by, and the paralysis grew worse. The time came when I knew I had to have

help.

The man I turned to was a doctor. Not a psychiatrist, just a doctor. He was older than I, and under his surface gruffness lay great wisdom and compassion. "I don't know what's wrong," I told him miserably, "but I just seem to have come to a dead end. Can you help me?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. He made a steeple of his fingers, and gazed at me thoughtfully for a long while. Then, abruptly, he asked, "Where were you happiest as a

child?"

"As a child?" I echoed. "Why, at the beach, I suppose. We had a summer cottage there. We all loved it."

He looked out of the window and watched the October leaves sifting down. "Are you capable of following instructions for a single day?"

"I think so," I said, ready to try

anything.

"All right. This is what I want

you to do."

He told me to drive to the beach alone the following morning, arriving not later than nine o'clock. I could take some lunch, but I was not to read, write, listen to the radio or talk to anyone. "In addition," he said, "I'll give you a prescription to be taken every three hours."

He tore off four prescription

forms, wrote a few words on each, folded them, numbered them and handed them to me. "Take these at nine, twelve, three and six."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

He gave a short bark of a laugh. "You won't think I'm joking when

you get my bill!"

The next morning, with little faith, I drove to the beach. It was lonely, all right. A north-easterly wind was blowing; the sea looked grey and angry. I sat in the car, the whole day stretching emptily before me. Then I took out the first of the folded slips of paper. On it was written: Listen carefully.

I stared at the two words. Why, I thought, the man must be mad. He had ruled out music and news broadcasts and human conversation. What else was there?

I raised my head and I did listen. There were no sounds but the steady roar of the sea, the creaking cry of a gull, the drone of some aircraft high overhead. All these sounds were familiar.

I got out of the car. A gust of wind slammed the door with a sudden clap of sound. Am I supposed, I asked myself, to listen carefully to things like that?

I climbed a dune and looked out over the deserted beach. Here the sea bellowed so loudly that all other sounds were lost.

And yet, I thought suddenly, there must be sounds beneath sounds—the soft rasp of drifting sand, the tiny wind-whisperings in



Across a crowded room, you're conscious of admiring eyes....Suddenly, you are sure of your leveliness!

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the dune grasses—if the listener got close enough to hear them.

On an impulse I bent down and, feeling faintly ridiculous, thrust my head into a clump of sea-grass. Here I made a discovery: if you listen intently, there is a fractional moment in which everything seems to pause, wait. In that instant of stillness, the racing thoughts halt. For a moment, when you truly listen for something outside yourself, you have to silence the clamorous voices within. The mind rests.

I went back to the car and slid behind the wheel. Listen carefully. As I listened again to the deep growl of the sea, I found myself thinking about the immensity of it, the stupendous rhythm of it, the velvet trap it made for moonlight, the white-fanged fury of its storms.

I thought of the lessons it had taught us as children. A certain amount of patience: you can't hurry the tides. A great deal of respect: the sea does not suffer fools gladly. An awareness of the vast and mysterious interdependence of things: wind and tide and current, calm and squall and hurricane, all combining to determine the paths of the birds above and the fish below. And the cleanness of it all, with every beach swept twice a day by the great broom of the sea.

Sitting there, I realized I was thinking of things bigger than my-self—and there was relief in that.

Even so, the morning passed slowly. The habit of hurling myself at a problem was so strong that I felt lost without it. Once, when I was wistfully eyeing the car radio, a phrase from Carlyle jumped into my head: "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves..."

By noon the wind had polished the clouds out of the sky, and the sea had a hard, merry sparkle. I unfolded the second "prescription." And again I sat there, half amused and half exasperated. Three words this time: Try reaching back.

Back to what? To the past, obviously. But why, when all my wor-ries concerned the present or the future?

I left the car and started tramping reflectively along the dunes. The doctor had sent me to the beach because it was a place of happy memories.

Perhaps that was what I was supposed to reach for: the wealth of happiness that lay half-forgotten behind me.

I found a sheltered place and lay down on the sun-warmed sand. When I tried to peer into the well of the past, the recollections that came to the surface were happy but not very clear; the faces were faint and far away, as if I had not thought of them for a long time.

I decided to experiment: to work on these vague impressions as a painter would, retouching the colours, strengthening the outlines. I would choose specific incidents and recapture as many details as The hard iron lay dead in slumber deep

And we stirred it to life, ho!

In the dark depths of a million years it lay hid

And we stirred it to life, ho!

Tamed by our strong hands

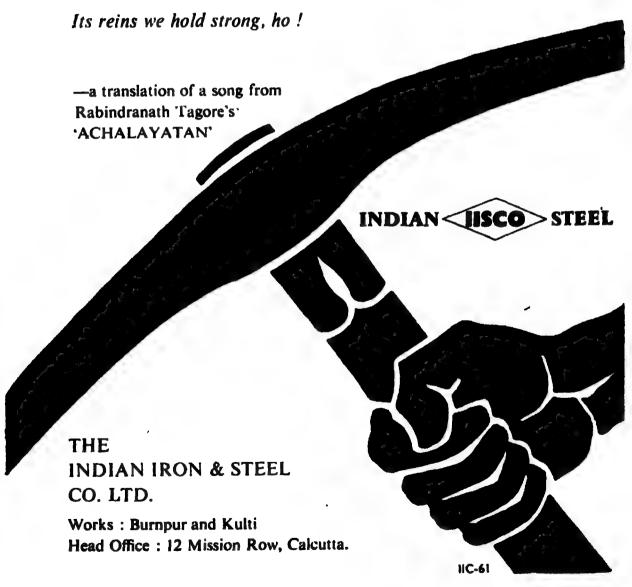
It sings to the tune we call.

Its silence of long years have we broken, ho!

The dead doth stir with new life today

And rushes forth the wide world to conquer.

Fearless with our two hands today



possible. I would visualize people complete with dress and gestures. I would listen (carefully!) for the exact sound of their voices, the echo of their laughter.

The tide was going out now, but there was still thunder in the surf. So I chose to go back 20 years to the last fishing trip I made with my younger brother. (He died in the Pacific during the Second World War, and was buried in Philippines.)

I found now that if I closed my eyes and really tried I could see him with amazing vividness, even the humour and eagerness in his eyes that far-off morning.

In fact, I could see it all: the ivory scimitar of beach where we were fishing, the eastern sky smeared with sunrise, the great rollers creaming in, stately and slow. I could feel the backwash swirl warm round my knees, see the sudden arc of my brother's rod as he struck a fish, hear his exultant yell. Piece by piece I rebuilt it, clear and unchanged under the transparent varnish of time. Then it was gone.

I sat up slowly. Try reaching back. Happy people were usually assured, confident people. If, then, you deliberately reached back and touched happiness, might there not be released little flashes of power, tiny sources of strength?

This second period of the day went more quickly. As the sun began its long slant down the sky, my mind ranged eagerly through the

past, reliving some episodes, uncovering others that had been completely forgotten. For example, when I was around 13 and my brother 10, Father had promised to take us to the circus. But at lunch there was a phone call: some urgent business required his attention in the city. We braced ourselves for disappointment.

Then we heard him say, "No, I won't be down. It'll have to wait."

When he came back to the table, Mother smiled. "The circus keeps coming back, you know."
"I know," said Father. "But

childhood doesn't."

Across all the years I remembered this, and knew from the sudden glow of warmth that no kindness is ever really wasted, or ever completely lost.

By three o'clock the tide was out; the sound of the waves was only a rhythmic whisper, like a giant breathing. I stayed in my sandy nest, feeling relaxed and content and a little complacent. The doctor's prescriptions, I thought, were casy to take.

But I was not prepared for the next one. This time the three words were not a gentle suggestion. They sounded more like a command. Reexamine your motives.

My first reaction was purely defensive. There's nothing wrong with my motives, I said to myself. I want to be successful—who doesn't? I want a certain amount of recognition—but so does everybody. I



want more security than I've got—and why not?

Perhaps, said a small voice somewhere inside my head, those motives aren't good enough. Perhaps that's the reason the wheels have stopped

going round.

I picked up a handful of sand and let it stream between my fingers. In the past, whenever my work went well, there had always been something spontaneous about it, something uncontrived, something free. Lately it had been calculated, competent—and dead. Why? Because I had been looking past the job itself to the rewards I hoped it would bring. The work had ceased to be an end in itself; it had been merely a means to make money, pay bills. The sense of giving something, of helping people, of making a contribution, had been lost in a frantic clutch at security.

In a flash of certainty, I saw that if one's motives are wrong, nothing can be right. It makes no difference whether you are a postman, a hair-dresser, an insurance salesman, a housewife—or what. As long as you feel you are serving others, you do the job well. When you are concerned only with helping yourself, you do it less well. This is a law as inexorable as gravity.

For a long time I sat there. Far out on the bar I heard the murmur of the surf change to a hollow roar as the tide turned. Behind me the spears of light were almost horizontal. My time at the beach had almost run out, and I felt a grudging admiration for the doctor and the "prescriptions" he had so casually and cunningly devised. I saw, now, that in them was a therapeutic progression that might well be of value to anyone facing any difficulty.

Listen carefully: To calm the frantic mind, slow it down, shift the focus from inner problems to

outer things.

Try reaching back: Since the human mind can hold but one idea at a time, you blot out present worry when you touch the happiness of the past.

Re-examine your motives: This was the hard core of the "treatment," this challenge to reappraise, to bring one's motives into alignment with one's capabilities and conscience. But the mind must be clear and receptive to do this—hence the six hours of quiet that went before.

The western sky was a blaze of crimson as I took out the last slip of paper. Six words this time. I walked slowly out on the beach. A few yards below high-water mark I stopped and read the words again: Write your worries on the sand.

I let the paper blow away, reached down and picked up a fragment of shell. Kneeling there under the vault of the sky, I wrote several words on the sand, one above the other.

Then I walked away, and I did not look back.

I had written my troubles on the sand. And the tide was coming in.

MARCH FEATURE SUPPLEMENT

For adventurous reading—two compelling stories of human endeavour



By Joseph Blank

Page 136

It was a beautiful, warm afternoon in Springhill, Nova Scotia, when 174 coalminers cheerfully began their descent into

the bowels of the earth for the day's work. Almost exactly five hours later they were in the midst of the worst mining disaster in Canada's history. Twelve thousand feet down, the Springhill mine collapsed. When the merciless earth ceased its catastrophic trembling, 75 men were dead . . . and perhaps a score more were trapped. Joseph Blank's account of the faith and courage of the survivors, and the agonizing toil of their rescuers, makes a thrilling drama of heroism and endurance.

Singing in The Wilderness

The name of John James Audubon is a world-wide symbol of man's love of wild birds. Behind the name was an extraordinary character whose life was dedicated to a single-minded purpose: to capture for all eternity the beauty of winged creatures. He succeeded with a series of unforgettable paintings. Donald Culross Peattie, a gifted naturalist in his own right, draws a memorable word-portrait of Audubon.

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

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THE BIG "BUMP" AT SPRINGHILL MINE

By Joseph Blank

FEATURE SUPPLEMENT

Trapped in one of the world's deepest coal mines, given up for dead by many, a group of survivors waited in darkness and despair . . .



o one who lives in Springhill, Nova Scotia, will ever forget I that fateful Thursday—October 23, 1958. It was a beautiful warm autumn afternoon as the 174 men scheduled to start the threeo'clock shift in the No. 2 mine at the edge of the town donned their mining clothes, and many of them groused a bit about having to go into the pits on such a nice day. Then they straggled into the lamp cabin, where each man received a locked safety lamp containing a freshly charged battery that would give him light for ten hours. After filling their water-cans, the men got into the cable-operated rake, a series of coupled, low, wooden trolleys.

Laughing, joking, singing, they sprawled on the rake as it moved down the rails of the 12-foot-wide main slope into No. 2. This mine, leased by the Cumberland Railway and Coal Co., was one of the deepest coal mines in the world. It slanted, following a rich seam of bitumin ous coal, 14,600 feet into the earth, and reached, at its greatest vertical depth, 4,340 feet below the surface.

As the rake descended, the temperature rose and the air grew more humid. At the main slope, 7,800 feet deep, the men transferred to a second rake. Groups of men swung off at the 13,000-, 13,400, and 13,800 foot "levels" (avenues leading from the slope to the face of coal), then



walked about 1,000 feet to the "wall"—the area where the seam of coal was being worked. Soon they were digging coal, breaking up stubborn sections with compressed-air-driven chipper picks and shovelling it into conveyer pans.

At 8 p.m. activity in the town, as in the mine, was normal. Mayor; Ralph Gilroy was opening a town council meeting; a number of church social groups were in action; a Cub meeting had just adjourned. Housewives had put the younger children to bed and were settling down to watch television.

It was exactly five minutes later when a violent "bump"—a kind of subterranean earthquake—ripped through No. 2. "Bumps" are phenomena associated with deep mining and generally attributed to the changing underground pressures resulting from man-made excavations. This one smashed along the working seams of coal from the 12,600 level down to the 13,800 level. The pavements (mine floors) heaved towards the roof, twisting steel rails like paper clips, pancaking steel coal cars, and shredding hardwood timbers that had been used to support the roofs. With enormous force, it shook every building in Springhill and registered on a university seismograph in Halifax, 70 miles away. When it stopped, it had killed 75 men and destroyed one of Canada's largest coal mines.

But at several places the bump

had whimsically refrained from pushing the pavements to their limits, leaving sizeable pockets where men might possibly survive.

Solange Maddison, at home with her 14-year-old daughter, jumped from her chair. "My God!" she exclaimed. "It's a bump! And your father is down there." Mayor Gilroy and the five councillors at the Town Hall ran for the door. "I knew this was something worse than we had ever experienced," he recalled afterwards. Throughout the town, doors opened and adults and children were silhouetted in the light. Then they started running down the streets towards the mine.

George Calder, the mine manager, stepping into his kitchen when his house shook, dashed to the phone. "We don't know what's happened," said the surface foreman. "The telephones are not working from the 7,800 level on down." Calder, himself a miner for many years, rushed out of the house. "I had only one idea," he said later. "To get into the mine and get as many men as possible out alive."

This was not Springhill's first disaster. In 1891 an explosion had killed 125 miners. Another explosion killed 39 men in 1956. Since 1881, some 180 more men had been killed in small explosions, rock falls and bumps.

THERE had been no foreseeable reason to expect a big bump this

October. True, in recent months No. 2 had been bumping in a small way every few weeks, tumbling coal off the face of the seam. But, after all, the mine had been laid out according to the most advanced mining knowledge, and it was regularly inspected by government experts.

Yet many of the miners were worried. As Theodore Michniak, a veteran of the pits since 1919, said, "I had a feeling of dread every time I went down. That mine was too deep." And whenever 22-year-old Larry Leadbetter, who had received his mining papers only the previous year, saw a mild bump shake coal off the seam, his mouth went dry and he found himself breathing heavily.

Regardless, these Springhill miners-mostly of Scottish, Irish, Engand French descent—were strongly attached to their community and to their work. Like their fathers, who were also miners, they were born and bred in Springhill, a sprawling hill town first settled in 1790, and they expected to stay there. Seven out of ten of them owned their own homes, had a car at the front door and a television set in the livingroom. And though their work was dirty and dangerous, they felt that it bound them together.

"On top," as Gorley Kempt put it, "I miss the *camaraderie* that we have in the pits—no jealousies, no seniority down there. We are dependent on each other, and in a crisis a man's first impulse is to help a buddy even if it means a 50-50 chance of getting hurt himself."

Vust before that smashing, convulsive bump hit No. 2, Gorley Kempt had been walking up the "wall" near the junction of the 13,000 level to repair a coal-conveyer pan. "Suddenly the pavement seemed to explode," he said. "Everything flew around with a terrible rushing of noise and wind."

At the same time, in the same area, Joe McDonald, grey-haired and older-looking than his 38 years -he'd been pretty badly gassed in the 1956 explosion—was bending over, digging coal with a pick. "Suddenly the face of coal came towards me, and the floor jumped seven feet," he said. He fell down with a coal pan on top of his legs. He groped for his light and tried to get up. His leg, broken in three places, buckled. Then he swung his lamp and saw a solid wall of coal and rock where seven men had been at work. He screamed.

Forty feet up the wall, Eldred Lowther was about to say something to Harold Brine when he was flung into the air, bounced off the roof and hurled against rocks amid choking coal dust. Ted Michniak was leaning on his shovel, waiting for a coal car. "Then I got pushed, and I was on my hands and knees. My shoulder and left side hurt. I heard a gurgling, and put my hand to my ear. Blood was running out."

Fred Hunter didn't hear a sound. He found himself spitting coal, trying to push a large rock off his legs and wondering how many men around him were still alive.

George Calder's first action was to order the slopes of the mine to be cleared—which meant that the coal cars had to be brought up and replaced with the passenger trolleys before rescuers could go down. Meanwhile, out of the hundreds who volunteered. Calder chose a team of 20 men for the first rescue party, including seven mine, union and government officials.

The slope area was roped off to prevent disruption of the rescue activities. Just beyond stood a growing crowd of townspeople, some silent, some softly weeping. Hastily erected floodlights glowed on the hopes and fears in each face. At All Saints' Hospital, emergency premade and parations were doctors stood by. Harold Gordon, general manager of coal operations for Cumberland's parent firm, Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, came racing down by car from Sydney, 264 miles away. Teams of "draegermen" (miners specially trained to perform rescue work in concentrations of heavy gas) drove in from other Nova Scotia mines.

At 8.40 George Calder and his crew rode down into No. 2, stopping to exchange words with dazed survivors climbing up the

slope. They tried to get into both the 13,000 and 13,400 levels, but found them blocked by methane, a gas released by coal.

On the 13,800 level the gas was less dense, and the men moved in, picking their way successfully for several hundred feet. Then they were met by a wall of debris, pavement, rails, machinery—everything torn to pieces. With picks, shovels, crowbars and bare hands the group dug through the rubble. Behind them, Dr. Arnold Bürden, who had worked in the mines to pay his way through medical school, checked and tended the injured.

By 10 p.m. the cable-drawn trolleys had brought up all threeo'clock shift men who were able to leave the mine, and had taken down some 100 local miners and draegermen to start the gruelling search for trapped survivors. Three and a half hours after the bump, Monson Harrison, a miner and president of the local mine union, led the first rescue team in a break-through to 12 men trapped on the 13,800 level. At 1.35 a.m. another rescue team freed 14 more miners at the 13,400 level and, at about 4 a.m., released three others. Before Friday's bleak, rainy dawn came to Springhill, 80 men had been rescued. Ninety-four others were dead or missing.

Now, hour after hour, shifts of miners and draegermen worked at top speed to get through the various rubble-blocked levels. Brothers looked for brothers, fathers for

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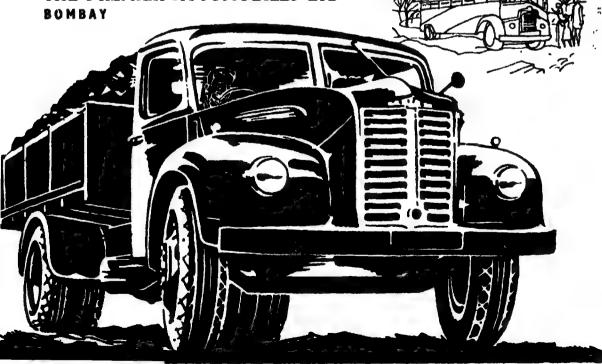
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sons, and miners who had escaped injury begged to go back down and search for their pit-mates.

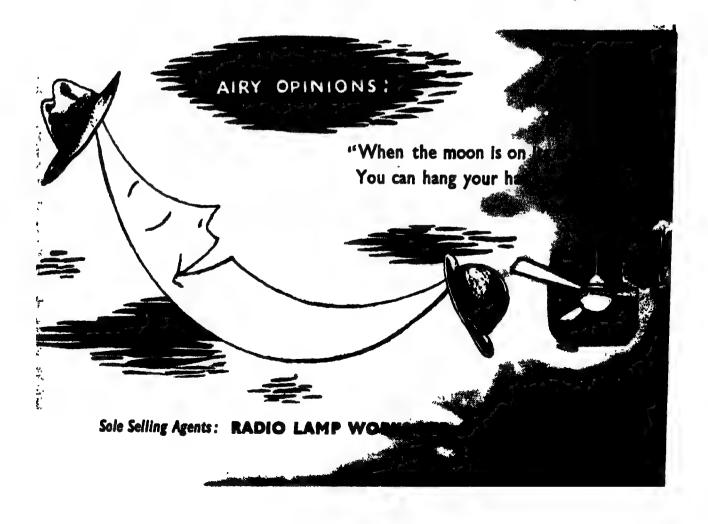
The task was brutal. Electrical equipment was forbidden in case it triggered a gas explosion. The men worked on their bellies and knees, with sawn-off shovels and picks, to hack out a yard-high, shoulderwide passage.

Progress was cruelly slow, sometimes less than ten feet in eight hours. And though the dangers of another bump (the pits continued to reverberate from time to time) or a tunnel collapse or a heavy concentration of gas continually threatened the rescue teams, nobody paid any attention. The job had to be

done. Every trapped man had to be accounted for.

At noon on Friday, general manager Harold Gordon came out of the mine and, with tears in his eyes, announced that there was little hope for the still missing miners. But few people waiting in the rain-drenched crowd accepted this as a signal to go home. They stood silently. In answer to enquiring looks from wives, Mayor Gilroy said, "We've got to pray."

By Sunday, three days after the bump, the mine officials privately accepted the deaths of all miners unaccounted for. But Johnny Calder, head mechanic at the mine and brother of the manager, thought

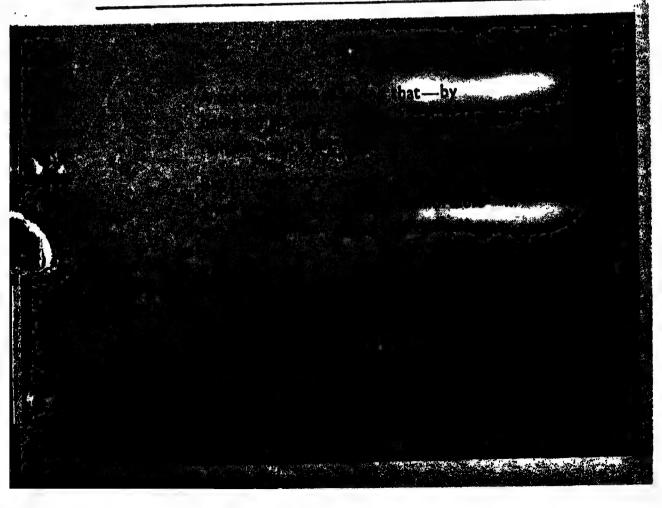


differently. "We're going to find men alive," he told his brother. "I know it."

In the homes of the missing miners, feeling ranged from unalloyed despair to trembling hope. Margaret Guthro, unable to eat or sleep, moved restlessly from neighbour to neighbour and occasionally went out to the mine to stand with the other women. "By Monday I was sure Hughie wouldn't come out alive." she said. "I told both our children he was dead. I made funeral arrangements and cleared some of the furniture out of the living-room to make space for the coffin." On the other hand, Marguerite Kempt, who had a feeling that Gorley was all right, kept the house lights burning each night. "It didn't seem right," she said, "to turn them out when you were expecting somebody to come home."

Dithering between hope and hopelessness, Solange Maddison remembered the stories of mine accidents her father used to tell her—how one man was killed and the man standing next to him wasn't even scratched. "I kept wondering which one Bowsie had been."

CNTOMBED nearly a mile below the earth's surface, Bowsie Maddison, whose lamp had been smashed off his helmet, had at first sat dazed and bewildered. Soon he heard



young Larry Leadbetter, trapped in a cubicle of fallen rock, screaming, "Help me! My God, don't leave me!"

He saw Gorley Kempt crawl towards Leadbetter and direct his lamp through a two-foot aperture. "You hurt?" Kempt asked. Leadbetter said no, and Kempt told him to come out. But Leadbetter was frozen with fear. To shock him into controlling his panic Kempt said, "Then stay there," and began to crawl away. The ruse worked. Within a few seconds Leadbetter scrambled out of his trap.

Then Bowsie discovered Caleb Rushton and Levi Milley near by. Twenty yards below them Joe Mc-Donald was yelling for help, and they crawled down to him. Moving gingerly as possible, they dragged him 30 feet over the rubble to a safer spot. It took them an hour. The pain in Joe's leg was excruciating; the bones sounded like crunching glass when he moved the leg with his hands, and it had begun to turn black from internal bleeding. A few yards from him lay Ted Michniak, his dislocated shoulder and battered ribs flaring with pain. He bound his left arm to his body with his belt.

After an agonizing search of the living and the dead, the men found that there were exactly 12 survivors among them: Brine, Guthro, Holloway, Hunter, Kempt, Leadbetter, Lowther, McDonald, Maddison, Michniak, Milley and Rushton.

They conferred on their next move. "I'll stay with McDonald," said Michniak. "He can't move. You boys take my lamp and try to find a way out. If you do, keep going, then send back help for us. Remember, there's gas in here. Keep low."

The ten men split into three groups to search for escape—up the wall, down the wall and along the level. El Lowther led Rushton and Harold Brine up the wall, scrambling over rubble, tearing the skin off their hands and knees. After advancing 40 feet Lowther hit a pocket of gas and slumped as if clubbed. His two mates dragged him back. Then Brine tried it, and he too was felled.

The other two teams had no more success. Working on their knees and bellies, they tore a path round battered mining equipment, only to come up against an impenetrable wall of fallen rocks.

By early Friday morning Kempt had the only lamp with any power. "We'll have to get batteries off dead men," he said to Lowther.

They found a body. To reach the battery case hanging off the back of the man's belt, it was necessary to embrace him. "I can't do it," Lowther said. "He and I used to eat supper together every night down here."

"I'll do it," Kempt said. "I know he'd want us to." He cut loose the dead man's battery case and connected it to his own head lamp. He used the lamp sparingly, flashing it Meals in minutes...
more leisure for the
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for half a second at a time to conserve power.

Water was becoming a problem now. During the tension following the bump, the men had unthinkingly consumed most of the water left in their cans. They scraped about in the rubble, searching for dead miners' water cans. By Friday evening they had collected about two quarts of water and delegated Kempt to ration it out. Every four hours, by Rushton's luminous-dial watch, each man received approximately half an ounce, and each time the men took turns carrying a ration down to Joe McDonald and Ted Michniak—a 15-minute trip over sharp rubble.

On Saturday evening Kempt's lamp flickered its last glow, and the men were plunged into darkness. They sprawled silently, each man scaled in his own thoughts. Lowther lay with head on arms, frustration and fear digging deep into his mind. Months later, asleep in his home, he would sometimes slide off the bed and crawl sweatily across the floor, fighting again the experience of trying to find an exit. Now he lifted his head to insist to the others that they try to get out. "Otherwise they'll find us only when they clean up-and that will be too late."

"It's useless to dig any more," Kempt argued. "We have very little water, and we're getting weaker. We know they're trying to reach us. We'll just have to wait."

The full impact of their plight

swept over them. They were nearly a mile below ground. They had no food, They had enough water to wet their lips for only one more day. Death was all about them—they couldn't escape the terrible odour of decaying flesh. And ahead of them lay the prospect of their own deaths, slow and torturous.

Caleb Rushton started humming. Milley said, "Let's have a song." Caleb began a hymn: "And I felt I could love Him for ever, so gracious and tender was He..."

Before the hymn was finished the group was praying silently and two men were trying to stifle sobs. "My grandfather was killed in this mine nearly 35 years ago," said Leadbetter chokingly. "Now it's me. My two-year-old will never remember that she had a father."

The others urged him to let go, and he wept until he felt relaxed. Then they reassured him: hundreds of their work-mates were trying to reach them; escape was only a matter of time. This established a pattern. If compelled, each man felt free to break down temporarily; then he was bombarded with assurances. "Each of us got strength from the group," Kempt said.

Lowther continued to grouse about the inactivity, so the men agreed to take turns pounding on the smashed coal pans with a broken pick. In his explorations Kempt had discovered a broken sixinch air pipe that jutted out of the debris 20 feet away. Now the men.

periodically crawled to it and pounded it 13 times to indicate life on the 13,000 level.

Once Rushton thought he heard a faint "hello" coming from up the wall. He nudged Brine. "Did you hear that?" The two men scrambled 150 feet towards the sound, then lay still, straining to hear it again. Brine screamed, "Help!" over and over. When he was exhausted, Rushton took up the cry until pain ripped at his throat. No answer came.

On Sunday morning Rushton brought the dial of his watch close to his face. "It's going on seven," he said. "They'll be getting ready for church soon." Without further word, the men began praying. Joe McDonald prayed almost continuously, using his fingers for a rosary. His leg, which had swollen to twice its normal size, was haemorrhaging, depriving his body of fluid and making him crave for water more than the others.

Though neither his tomb-mates nor he realized it, Fred Hunter was the most scriously injured. A mild concussion had made him oblivious to the damage done by the rock that had smashed into his thigh. A clot had formed, cutting off circulation. This brought on gangrene, which later necessitated the amputation of his leg. The men tried to relieve his pain with massage, but it didn't help, and he frequently let out a scream. "This," Hughie Guthro said, "scared the hell out of us."

Levi Milley seemed more susceptible than the others to the occasional drifts of methane. By Tuesday morning he was shaking his head, trying to erase a yellow glow before his eyes. Soon the others were beginning to see glows and flashes, too. "Look," said Joey Holloway, "it's almost bright in here."

Lowther worried about gas: it could kill one of them, and the others would have no way of knowing. Next to him Harold Brine hadn't moved for a long time. Lowther reached over and touched him. "I'm awake," said Brine. "I was thinking about a nice juicy steak."

"You shouldn't think of that," Lowther admonished. "Let's think about finding a way to get out of here."

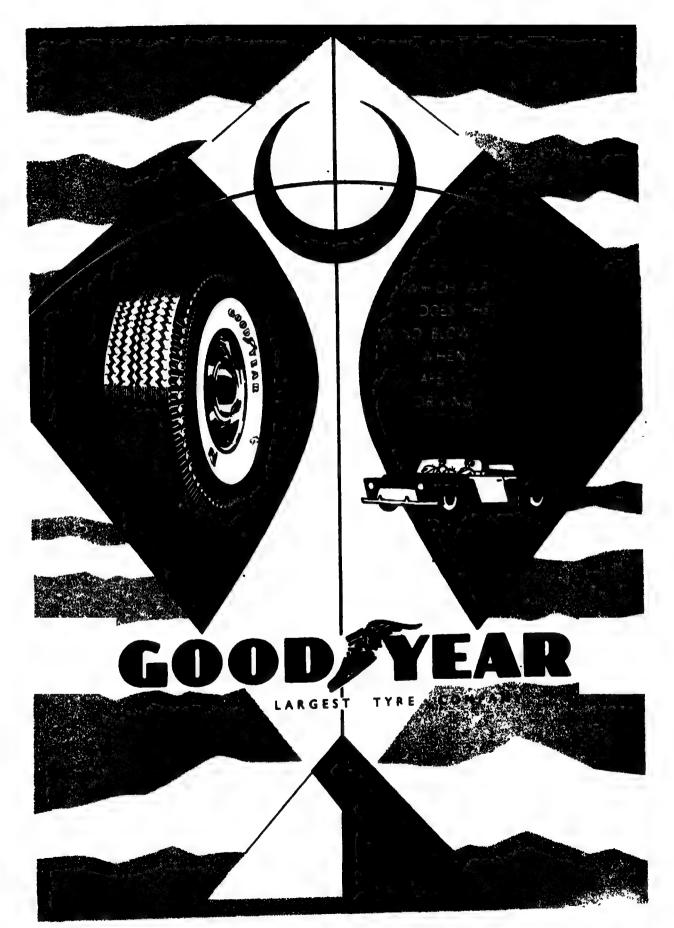
"We tried. It's no use."

"Look, we can't just lie here and die like rats. Somebody ought to bang on that air pipe."

Lowther started to get up, but Kempt and Brine volunteered to go and, crawling over the rubble, lay with their heads near the pipe. Suddenly Kempt put his ear against the opening. "I think I hear noises," he said. "Like pipes being disconnected." He took a deep breath and with all his power shouted, "Hello!"

"Hello," came a voice. And again, "Hello."

Kempt lay stunned. He didn't realize he was crying until he felt hot tears on his lips. Brine began



laughing and crying simultaneously. "Wake up, boys!" he yelled. "Wake up! They're coming to get us!"

OON THE 13,000 level, rescuers had been making slow progress through the mass of debris, so manager George Calder had decided to dig a parallel tunnel through the solid coal instead. As the miners pushed through the coal, an air pipe had to be advanced with them. They had progressed 700 feet when a rescuer's pick struck a disrupted six-inch air line (73 feet away, at the other end of the bent but intact pipe, lay Kempt and Brine). Calder immediately called in ventilation engineer Blair Phillips. "Sample the air from that pipe," he said. "If it's good, we can use it for our supply."

Phillips had just re-corked his air-sample bottle, and was backing out to analyse its contents, when Kempt's shout stopped him. He was both shocked and thrilled.

More hello's were exchanged; then Kempt croaked, "There are 12 of us." He rattled off the names. "For God's sake, come and get us!"

"Keep your courage up. We'll get to you," answered Phillips.

Kempt crawled back to the group, hugged the weeping Rushton. Then he returned to the pipe with Lowther's shouts following him. "Gorley, tell 'em we need water."

Dr. Burden, who had been filling in death certificates, immediately tried to get water down the pipe. The rescuers attempted to shove a plastic hose through, but it buckled. They pushed copper tubing down the pipe, but it was too short and they ordered more from the surface. Meanwhile, miners were digging towards the 12 trapped men.

At six o'clock that Wednesday evening, six days after the big bump, the copper tubing slid down the pipe and hit Kempt's hand. Water poured through.

"Caleb, say grace for us," said one of the men.

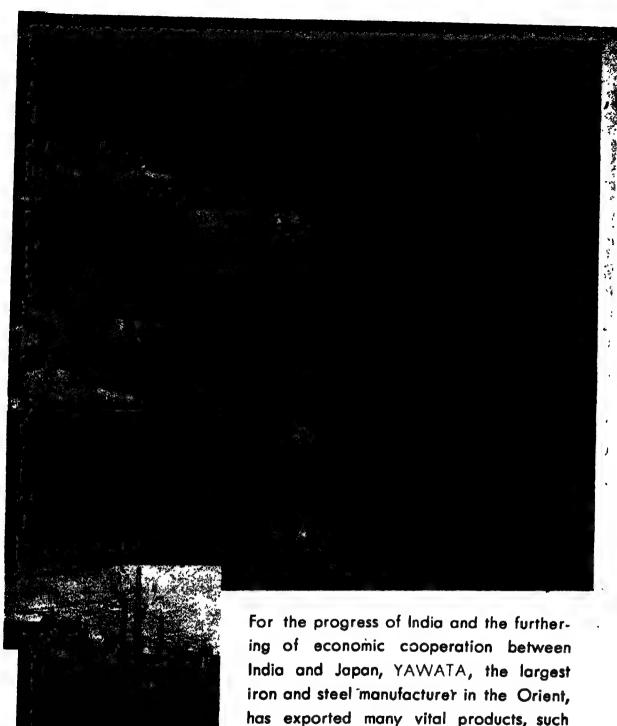
Rushton held his water can and said, "Oh, Lord, we thank you for the pipe and the blessed water that came through it."

Coffee followed the water. Then the men settled down to await the break-through. "Every minute seemed like a day," Guthro said later.

Before dozing off Kempt thought a final prayer: "We're close now, so close. *Please* don't let go with <u>a</u> bump."

At 2.25 on Thursday morning the rescuers chopped their way through the last foot of coal and crawled to the men. Dr. Burden quickly examined each man, told him to protect his eyes from the surface light by pulling up a blanket, and saw him to a wire-mesh stretcher. As tenderly as possible, the miners dragged the stretchers through the narrow tunnel and put them on the trolleys.

As they approached the surface one of the men asked, "What's the noise up there?"



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"Those are people cheering you." "That's good," he said, thought it was the bill collectors waiting for us."

FEW BELIEVED that there could be any other survivors in the wrecked mine. "But after finding those 12 men," said a supervisor, "I learned

to expect anything."

Johnny Calder now felt an inspired certainty that they would find others. Thus a crew of 30 immediately began crashing its way on up the wall to the 12,600 level. In 48 hours they tunnelled nearly 300 feet, and at 4 a.m. on Saturday one of the leading diggers crawled back to report that they could see a man -- "and he's alive!"

The diggers worked savagely to break through the rubble and broken timbers, shoring up their own passageway as they went, to reach the unconscious but still breathing victim, who was quickly rushed to the surface. And within half an hour they had pushed on through to a zone that was less heavily shaken. "What did I tell you!" exclaimed Calder as their lamps focused on six dozing men.

"Those lights!" muttered one survivor, blinking and staring. "They look like angels coming from heaven!"

At 9.15 that Saturday morning, after eight and a half days in the mine, the six men reached the surface to the cheers of hundreds of townspeople jammed around the

mine entrance. Said Mayor Gilroy, "It was as if those six men belonged to every family."

He voiced the sentiment felt all round the world. Springhill's ordeal had brought some 40,000 telegrams and letters, and nearly two million dollars in contributions. The money came in pennies from children, a 100,000 dollar cheque from a corporation, a liberal donation from Pope John XXIII. It was raised by college dormitories, square-dance clubs, professional wrestlers, church groups, a race track, newspapers.

To the nearly 400 men who risked their lives to free the trapped miners went the medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Association, the first time the award had been made to a group. To the same men went also a special gold medal from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, the second instance of a group award by the Commission. (The other went to the heroes at the sinking of the

Titanic in 1912.)

The bump left a great hurt in Springhill—but it also left great lessons. It taught the 7,000 townspeople that faith and determination can turn men thought dead into living, laughing human beings, and that in time of suffering the world is filled with brothers. To the world the lesson of Springhill was expressed by Canada's Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker. After he heard the details of the miraculous rescue operations, he said simply: "Courage paid off." THE END





from the book by
DONALD CULROSS
PEATTIE

Success Story

John James Audubon's creative life was a love affair with the natural glories of his adopted country. His great bequest to posterity was his tremendous work, *The Birds of America*. Today this monumental collection of prints in aquatint is worth thousands of pounds a set. In the world's most important museums and libraries, 90 of the existing sets are preserved as irreplaceable treasures of ornithology.

No mere bird book, the work consists of four enormous volumes, each measuring over three feet high by two feet wide and containing over a

thousand life-size and scientifically accurate paintings of birds.

To make these paintings direct from nature, Audubon tirelessly ranged the American wilderness of the early nineteenth century. Led on by a vision that none but his wife shared with him, he endured during the years of his young manhood poverty, ridicule and physical hardship. Many of the specimens which he thus dramatically preserved are all but extinct today.

Once the pictures were made, he spent 12 years more in reproducing and privately publishing them, at a time when every engraving plate had to be

etched and each lithograph coloured by hand.

E STILL trust the high

that trying

And finally he accomplished a really stupendous feat of salesmanship by travelling through Europe and America and personally selling 165 sets of *The Birds of America* at 1,000 dollars a set.

Today even individual plates, from broken sets, have acquired a value

that would have dumbfounded Audubon.

The genius and purpose of but few men endure a century after their death. In that time Audubon's name became a world-wide symbol of protection for the winged beauty of the birds he knew and loved. But, more than that, his life itself is a well of inspiration for other lives.

SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS

By this criterion, John James Audubon is a glittering example of the virtuous success story. But my great sympathy for him springs from a love of what he stood for, as artist, loafer, wanderer, lover of birds. He was all these things in an

belief

age when the worthy American pioneers, my ancestors, were slaying the passenger pigeon by the thousand and then fattening their pigs on the iridescent corpses; an era when men set fire to towering hardwood forests, last virgin wilderness of the temperate zone, because it did not vanish fast enough.

Of course, to such a civilization,

SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS

what Audubon lived for was fantastic. Almost alone among immigrants he journeyed to America neither to seek gold, nor stake land, nor escape a consequence at home. His motives were simply curiosity and delight—as exceptional and as worthy in my America as in his! We are impatient with a man who seems not to care how the world is going, who is so little occupied with

humanity that he does not even put his own family first. So men threw Iohn James Audubon into bankruptcy; they put him into jail; they laughed at him for a fool, and they sold the copper plates of *The Birds* of America for scrap. But now he has been canonized as a national

saint. In New Orleans, where he and his family almost starved to death, there is a fine statue of him, with sparrows hopping on its head.

Fame came to him even in his own day; and, long after, men were proud to say that they could remember him.

A Boy and His Birds

A unuson's origin is shrouded in mystery, but it is known that he was born in the seaport town of

Les Cayes, Haiti. He was adopted by Captain Jean Audubon, retired officer of King Louis XVI's navy. He was a child of four with a handsome, inquisitive face, when Captain Audubon (who had fought pirates off Cape Haitien, and had been with Admiral de Grasse when the British General Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington to end the American Revolutionary

War) brought him to the placid old city of Nantes.

The child's memories of Haiti faded early. All he could recall afterwards was that his father had taught him to look at birds, and that, before he knew that the tree-tops did not brush the skies. birds for were



John James Auduho.

"a frenzy." "None but aerial companions suited my fancy." So the Captain was sympathetic when the boy came in one day with half a dozen dead thrushes he had bought from a peasant.

"What are you going to do with those?" demanded Germaine, the family cook.

"Keep them," he said, "to look at."

"You won't keep them long," she predicted. "Whew!"

"But I have to keep one," he

explained gravely. "I can't get close enough to them in the trees."

His father pulled a book from his shelves. "Well, here you are," he said. "You can always look at this."

"But it won't be the bird as I saw it," persisted the boy. And then he had the inspiration that was the beginning of *The Birds of America*. "My birthday crayons! I'll draw my own picture of it!"

In his memoirs, Audubon admits, "My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples." Every year after that, he used to throw away everything he had drawn in the past twelvemonth, and start all over again. This is why there are extant no Audubon drawings dated before 1805, his 19th year. Only an artist would feel that cruel compulsion which doomed to destruction drawings he had so loved and laboured over.

The boy's instruction, besides drawing, included music and dancing, fencing, English and geography —for that age, an extraordinarily liberal education. The Captain and his soft-hearted wife meant to enrich his life as a gentleman; but it was not as a gentleman that he passed it. Nature herself, claiming him for her own, led him into the wilderness. The child hiding in the harsh salt grass to watch the green sandpipers was preparing himself for those ice-locked weeks beside the Mississippi when his trader's merchandise lay spoiling and business ruin stared him in the face.

Audubon's ledger balanced values that other men could not see. To be free, to be true, to follow a bird in the woods or an impulse with his pencil, these were riches when all else was destitution.

From the Old World to the New

▲ UDUBON'S memory (or his forget-A tory) has flung a charitable cloud across his school years in Paris. We know little of what he accomplished in the studio of David, official artist for the Empire. What would David, the classicist, say of a young man who wished to paint birds as they are? Did Audubon keep some tiny bright memory of Haiti, the scream of a parrot, or a glimpse of warblers slipping between leaves? Did he think of his father's estate of Mill Grove, in faraway Pennsylvania? To those whom Nature has marked for her own, come irresistible longings for fresh fields, the *nostalgie de partir*. So perhaps it was he himself who suggested America to his father all we know is that in 1803 he was in the prow of a vessel passing Sandy Hook, and the gulls of America were winging out to greet him.

The America to which Audubon journeyed was not the land to which other men had migrated. To him nothing ever really happened except birds, for he took nothing else seriously. Even love, marriage and home—these were to him as to the birds: a mating for life, a nesting

here and there, a wide roaming and a sure return.

At Mill Grove, Audubon was for the first time his own master, the squire of broad acres, with a gun and a dog and a horse-and the birds of America were on the wing to him. This was an age when the migration of birds was still widely disbelieved. Men still thought, with Pliny, that birds hibernated beneath the water or hid themselves in caves and hollow trees. But Audubon, becoming interested in a nest of phoebes, asked himself by what means they found their way over the sea and jungle to one particular spot. The thing was nearly miraculous; he sought a way of proving it. "So," he says, "I fixed a light silver thread on the leg of each, loose enough not to hurt, but so fastened that they could not remove it." It was so simple that no one else had thought of it. Thus, unconsciously, Audubon was the founder of the Bird Banding Society which, 100 years later, would plot the marvellous courses of migratory flight.

He Wins His Bride

HESE WERE golden hours for Jean Jacques. His manhood was as innocent as any the woods had ever seen. Gay and strong, he rose with the sun and spent the day with the birds. He painted and he hunted. In the leaf-strewn forest he met his neighbour, the Englishman, Mr. William Bakewell; and in the

Bakewell mansion, its two-storeyed portico denoting gracious living, he discovered the daughter, Lucy Bakewell. The wooing was open and zealous. So seldom wise in his decisions, Audubon did not even make the decision—instinct chose for him, from a world of women, the one perfect girl for him. And she must have seen the whole truth of him. for she never, in all the hard and bewildering years, tried by one gesture to turn him from the strange way he had to go.

Captain Audubon had sent his son to America in the fond hope that he could make a businessman of him. And at the moment there was little for Jean Jacques to do but to conform--or seem to conform. So Jean Jacques became John James Audubon, citizen of the young republic, clerk in a trading house in New York, translating letters and worrying about gloves and wines from France, coffee and indigo from South America. About the New York of 1806-7, Audubon complained that it had too many people—the noise and bustle were frightful.

But his New York neighbours complained about Audubon—of odours issuing from his lodgings where at odd moments he was stuffing and mounting bird speci-. mens. The harbour, the marshes of New Jersey and Long Island were happy hunting grounds. But the undiscovered empire of the birds lay to the west, beyond the Allegheny

THE READERS DIG ST

mountains. There, in the then unknown great water basin of the American continent, lay the trough of the mightiest bird migrations the wilderness, waiting for the man who would love it most.

He came, as a businessman, merchant trader, of his own firm, Rozier and Audubon. At Louisville, Kentucky, a rough settlement of 1,000 people, he set up a shop. And there seemed no reason why he should not become, in this future metropolis, a pioneer of big busi-

They had said he must show his worth in the world before they would give him Lucy. So he measured off his cloth, weighed his tea, counted his takings and totted up his ledger. In 1808 he came back to claim her, and Lucy faced the westward journey into life, buoyant and deeply certain.

She knew how he loved her; she had thought she knew how he loved the birds, but she had not guessed how they could take him away from her. In their 12-day honeymoon journey on the Ohio River flat-boat, John and Lucy saw more water fowl than I suppose I shall ever see. The Ohio then was a world of wings, for it was spring, and the wild geese were passing overhead in a wheeling crowd fleeing from southern warmth towards northern lakes, to mate in the brief Arctic summer. Lucy bore with the odd and strenuous honeymoon like a lady, but she was glad when it ended.

Ne'er-do-well of the Frontier

Tow the idyll is ended, and the IN tone deepens. Boyhood has vanished. Now the Frenchman, the chevalier, has become the backwoodsman with a fondness for practical jokes, with the fowler's pride in a full bag. Here is the idler, the whittler, the wanderer who, hating to hear his neighbour's cocks crow, must always move on into newer

country.

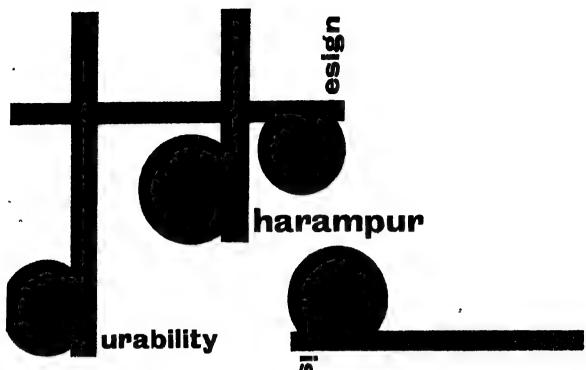
Louisville, on benches and doorsteps, passed him a thousand times in review—"Leaves his partner to mind the store, while he's off birdnesting" . . . "damn fine shot; he'll drive you a nail into a tree at 50 paces" ... "divine dancer, my dear, but would you like to be his wife no knowing when he'll turn up for meals; he's off in the woods for days" . . . "that wife of his-looks at you, straight, when you say something about him, and keeps her thoughts to herself" . . . "But those paintings"—this from **Nicholas** Berthoud, Frenchman of noble descent, an old friend, and now John's brother-in-law—"those paintings, sir, are finer than Barraband's. There must be 200 in that portfolio, and every one the bird to the life! He's a natural phenomenon, and there's no place for him. He's too late for the Garden of Eden, and too early for the millennium!"

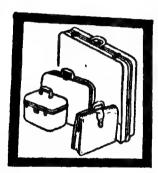
In 1810 the Audubons and Rozier moved to Henderson, Kentucky, hoping for better business in a

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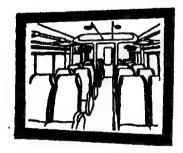




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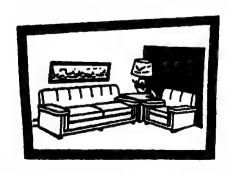
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thriving town. But Henderson, like other American communities, had advertised its intentions rather than its achievements. Here were only 200 people sheltered in a group of log houses. Their needs were meagre and primitive, and the firm found there no pot of gold. They sold little except pork, whisky, and powder, the partners taking turns at a return trip to civilization for fresh purchases.

Rozier, coming back to find the store closed and no Audubon, had the feeling of having made a contract with a child. Yet Audubon would turn up with such a smile, invite you up to a wild turkey feast with his arm about you, that the scolding you gave him came out like a weak complaint. And then his contrition made you feel pinched and ungenerous. And Lucy went about in her bride's clothes, now shabby, but with her straight, straight look. In all the world there is no pride like the pride of those who give all. But debt is an ugly thing, and poverty a harsh one. She felt already how far away he was from her; she kept him, it seemed, better in the glory of his drawings than in his body beside her. Yet he had such need of her that she possessed him in all ways, and it was only this that she asked out of life.

Call her blind, infatuated, call her reckless and seduced. But out of life she got that which she wanted, and in her turn she was loved as greatly and as warmly as she loved. Lucy

was a woman rich in sense, but it was uncommon sense.

Failure—and a "Come-Back"

WITHEN Audubon's business ven-W tures failed, we can imagine all that Henderson said. People are still saying it about the Audubons, for the world is made up of Hendersons, some of them with populations of millions. People are still seeing through Audubon: wonderful painter, charming fellow, but in the affairs of life, you know, in which you and I excel . . . But just what are "the affairs of life?" Each man's life is his own affair, and Audubon's failure was not half so pathetic as your failure would be, trying to draw those petrels of his.

It was in 1819 that his business finally failed. The law's hand was on his shoulder, and Audubon went to jail for the sin of insolvency. Bankrupt, his creditors descended like locusts, taking everything he owned. Three items they left him: his gun, his clothes, and that eternal portfolio. Plucked clean, without a penny in his pocket, he turned his back upon Henderson, upon Lucy and the two boys (four children had been born to them, but in the midst of this sad epoch both little girls died). Audubon set forth on foot to Louisville—"the saddest of all my journeys, when the birds all looked like enemies, and I turned my eyes from them."

But a door was open for him, the



door of Nicholas Berthoud. Audubon sank into a chair. "Nothing left! I'm good for nothing. Do you know anyone who wants a muleteer, a woodchopper, somebody to skin a polecat or paint a sign?"

"Well, mon ami, your talents are

diversified!"

"Yes, and worthless!"

"Wait, Jean Jacques! This signpainting. You've tried everything except what you were born to do. You're an artist; why not make the most of that? Remember that portrait you did of the Osage chief?"

"Tiens!" cried John. "That's an

idea!"

At five dollars a portrait, people crowded to him. More money now

entered John's pocket for an hour's work than for a day's slayery in trade. He could begin to send money to Lucy and the children.

Aflame with His Great Purpose

But now a dawn of conviction was clearing Audubon's mind. The birds' chorus was swelling to a call he could not deny. All the birds of America were bound for the south upon their great autumnal flight. Audubon too, on the flat-boat on the Mississippi, turned his back to winter, and at the river's lazy gait sailed south—to Louisiana at last, the French language, live-oaks and moss, and birds he had never seen

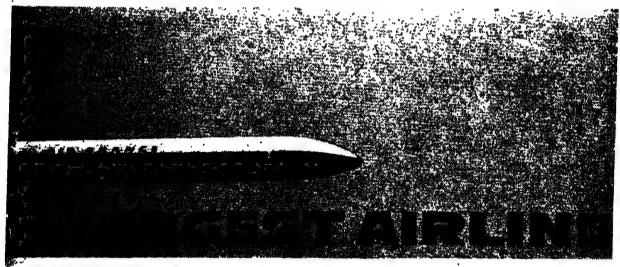


before. Sheet by sheet, the bird drawings were filling the portfolio. When there were enough, he had determined, he would try to publish them. This was now the single aim of his existence. Of difficulties, costs, rebuffs in his path he had no conception; but now he believed in himself; and Lucy, believing in him and in his destiny, had taken from his hands the support of herself and the children. She was a school-teacher now, back in Cincinnati.

"She said," records Audubon, "I must be a genius, since I certainly wasn't anything else."

In New Orleans at last, Audubon, searching out an American Ornithology, found that, as he had

instinctively known, he had captured birds new to science. And a new excitement—that of the scientist stirred in the artist. The most honest vanity, and the safest to show, is in accomplishment laid at the feet of the woman who loves one. I like to think of the glow in this man as he tied up the 60 drawings that he sent to Lucy from New Orleans. And what did she feel when they came? Open for yourself the great 60pound folios of The Birds of America. Suddenly the world is filled with wings—as if the grouse began to drum, the woodpeckers to drill, and all the warblers to burst into tiny song among flowers and leaves. Á master hand is here. Nothing is



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sweetened; the bloody lust of the hawk, the gluttony of the grackles, the wind-tossed, wave-beaten courage of the petrels, the quarrelling of the woodpeckers, the love of the two barn swallows close together on their nest under an old beam. I dare to think that Lucy was sure, now, that the birds would set them free.

But Audubon, without any wish to teach drawing, was obliged to become a drawing teacher, largely to young ladies of wealth who would have shuddered at the notion of becoming artists.

He managed to bring Lucy and the children to join him in New Orleans, but that winter there were few crumbs for the little family. Lucy, stepping into the breach, quietly found herself a position as teacher to the children of an aristocratic neighbourhood. John, too, was brought into the curriculum, teaching French, music, drawing, and dancing, but tradition says that he spent most of his time in the woods. At any rate, many of his greatest drawings date from this period.

Triumph

At LAST, in 1823, he decided that he had pictures enough for publication. With portfolios bulging he journeyed to Philadelphia, the intellectual capital of the country. There hostility and rivalry lay in wait for him. But friends rallied to him. At length Edward Harris bought up

every odd piece in the old portfolio, on sight and at the artist's own price—first recognition of a prodigious amount of hard and unique work.

Too few men grow from a single idea, and that a good one. It is an infallible design for a life. In this 1 am thinking about the way my hero's life had flowered. Not that he was perfect—he was vain, personally and artistically, as the creative so often are. His memory was untrustworthy; he seldom spoiled a good story for the truth. But often when he was charged with nature faking, he was in fact only perpetrating a joke. Then too, while Audubon was looking at birds, the industrial revolution was beginning, and he did nothing about a question that filled all minds. Instead, he invited our attention to little warblers hovering in an ecstasy among blossoming hawthorns.

Thus far Audubon had received help only from those close to him, but henceforth he was to enjoy extraordinary affection and assistance from the wealthy and famous of two continents. He was urged to take his drawings to Europe, where they could be properly engraved and better appreciated. This became his goal, and at length he set sail for England, with Lucy's savings of two years and her blessings.

From this point, he passed into the Golden Age of his triumphs. His pictures were exhibited in Liverpool, where his wolfskin coat, his long hair, and eagle eyes made

Scruffy and Smarty

"What happened?"

"I asked the boss for an increment and got thrown out instead! I just don't understand. I work hard and you can't say I am inefficient!'

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him a striking figure; the exhibition was jammed, and he cleared f_{100} . Lizars, the engraver, shuffled the great sheets until his eyes fell on the rattlesnake attacking the mockingbirds on the nest. "My God!" he cried. "I have never seen anything like that before." And at the end: "Mr. Audubon, the people here don't know you, but depend upon it, they shall know!" Audubon's letters show that the mercury had now gone up with a bound, "I am fêted, feasted, elected honorary member of societies, making money by my exhibition and by my paintings. It is Mr. Audubon this, and Mr. Audubon that. I only hope that Mr. Audubon will not be made a conceited fool at the last."

One letter was wrapped round a box, from which tumbled a golden brooch. Another letter—"the crowds cannot even get into the exhibition rooms of the Royal Society; an expert has valued the wild turkey painting at 100 guineas; Lord Elgin stands up to drink a toast to Audubon; Sir Walter Scott sends for him and makes him warmly welcome."

Subscribers flocked for the plates of *The Birds of America*. Presently, with Queen Victoria's subscription in his pocket, Audubon set off for the conquest of Paris. That was easy, after his work had been stamped with the approval of the mighty Cuvier, the Duke of Orleans, and Charles Lucien Bonaparte.

America grovels before a son,

previously rejected, who has won over European capitals. On his return Audubon, accordingly, partook of a triumph. Newspapers reported all his movements. President Jackson was proud to shake his hand. Precious collections were unlocked for him; a yacht was offered for his bird-nesting up the waterways.

The rest of his life was spent in the field, or in Europe superintending publication of his books. The last years were tranquil, with his wife and sons round him in his Hudson River home.

Long before the spirit took wing from the weathered body, a twilight fell upon Audubon. The mind dimmed. He knew that his Lucy was there, and his strong sons; there were, at times, men bringing him yet more honours, but he no longer felt them. The twilight deepened into shadows that veiled him—so passed death's wings. It was a little moment, that of dying, and after came a long immortality.

The life he lived has not gone out of the world. What he loved is here; the tanager's wing, the bluebird's egg tumbled on the young grass under the oak. What he wrought out of what he loved remains, living and imperishable. Life is holy ground. And thereon John James Audubon walked, with a woodsman's tread, venturing on unbroken trails, missing not one bright wing in the bushes, exulting in the gift of life itself, passing it on as a creator to others.



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Mr S. H. Turner, Chairman, Hindustan Lever Limited

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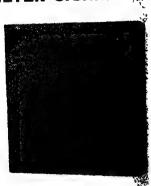


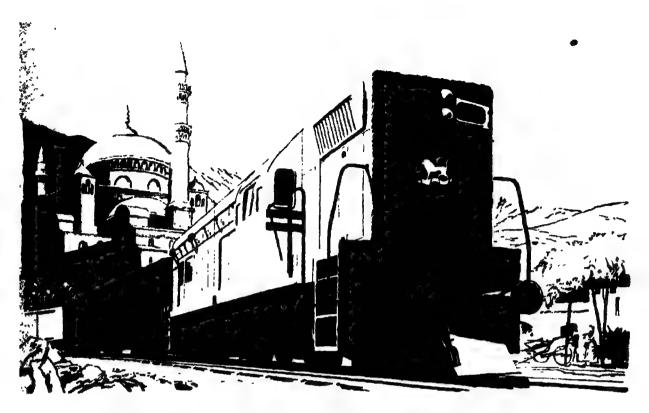


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Associate builders in Australia, Beigium,
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General Motors Subsidiaries, Branches or
Representation throughout the world.





What's in a name?

"WILL that be all, Mrs. Davies?" I heard the grocer ask the woman in front of me.

"Just this tin of peaches and that's the lot, thank you," answered Mrs. Davies, picking one up from the counter.

"Have you tried these?" said the grocer, producing another tin. "They've just come in and they're twopence cheaper."

"I've never heard of the name," said Mrs. Davies, scrutinizing the label. "I think I'll stick to 's" (she mentioned a well-known brand), "I'm sure they'll be good."

"No flies on Mrs. D.," chuckled the grocer to me after Mrs. Davies had left the shop.

But it struck me that Mrs. Davies had only behaved like any normally intelligent wife out shopping, who naturally prefers to buy something with a name she knows. A well-known name, she feels, is a guarantee of quality. A name clearly marked on a product means, basically, that the manufacturer is proud of it, and that he wants us to recog-

nize it. He tells us about it by advertisements in the Press, on hoardings, and in other ways. He hopes we shall like it and continue to use it; and he knows that if it doesn't live up to his claims, no one will want to buy it a second time!

Advertisements, therefore, are a powerful influence in maintaining the quality of goods—and in this way perform a real service to the public. But they are also useful in another way. By enabling the manufacturer to tell large numbers of people about his products, they help him to increase his sales. Because he sells more, he can very often reduce his prices, and so enable more people to buy better-quality goods.

Thus advertisements set up a chain reaction, benefiting the public, helping the honest and enterprising manufacturer. And because advertised goods are most likely to be not only good, but good value, it will pay you to read the advertisements in The Reader's Digest as well as the articles. Some of them may concern you just as closely.



makes white clothes whitest of all

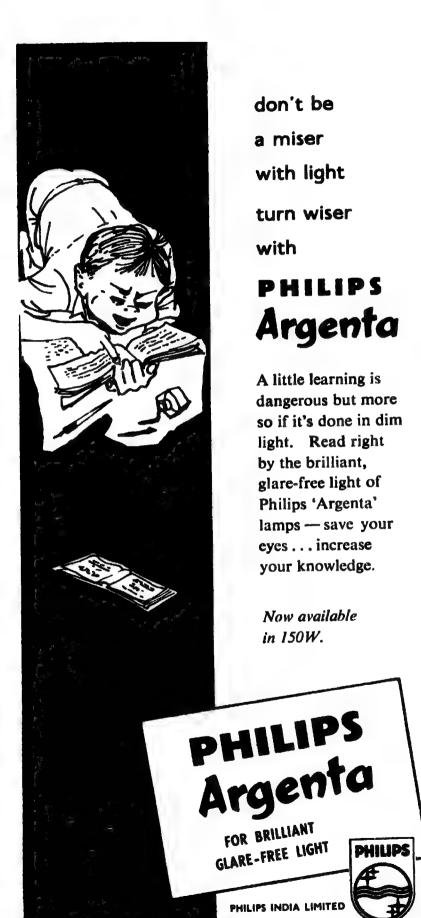
SUHRID GEIGY PRIVATE LIMITED WAD! WAD! BARODA

* TINOPAL is the Regd Trade Mark of J. R. Geigy, S. A. Basle, Switzerland



Sele Distributors: SUHRID GEIGY TRADING PRIVATE LIMITED, P. O. BOX 965, BONDAY-C







M wonderful years!

Ten years is but a brief period in a company's history, but it has been a distinguished decade for Alind.

A dramatic increase in installed capacity from 1500 tons to 13,000 tons of aluminium conductor is but one facet of the company's many-splendoured achievement.

Highlights of this eventful epoch are:

- the setting up at Kundara in 1955 of a continuous casting and rolling mill for producing redraw rod...the first of its kind in the country;
- the commissioning of a plant in 1957 for making covered aluminium conductors for outdoor weather-proof applications and indoor wiring...another first; and
- the setting up of a second plant at Hirakud.

And, now, Alind is on to the job of installing a steel wire mill at Kundara.

So far, Alind has produced 1,80,000 miles of aluminium conductor...almost enough length to reach up to the moon!

And as memory gilds Alind's past, hope brightens Alind's future!

THE ALUMINIUM INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Registered Office: Kundara (Kerala)
Plant No. 1: Kundara. Plant No. 2: Hirakud (Orissa)

Managing Agents:
Seshasayee Brothers (Trav.) Private Ltd.

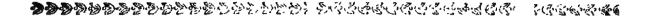




VOLUME 76

Reader's Digest

APRIL 1960



An exclusive interview
with an extraordinary young man—
Tibet's 14th Dalai Lama,
who has vowed unrelenting war
against the Communists

GOD-KING WITH A GLOBAL MISSION

By Vincent Sheean

HE DALAI Lama, 14th in the line of divine kings of Tibet, who fled from the Chinese Communists in his country to the freedom of India in March last year, has a global mission. He wants to visit every non-Communist country in the world to tell the true story of Tibet's downfall,

• See "Gunfire on the Roof of the World," The Reader's Digest, September 1959.

and to show precisely what the Chinese Communist military forces did in Tibet from the time of their entry in 1950 until the spring of 1959, when they forced him to make his secret and dramatic escape across the mountains.*

He will describe how, in 1951, China and Tibet, as equals, negotiated an agreement guaranteeing the social and religious customs of Tibet

and the rule of the Dalai Lama; and how this agreement was violated from the beginning by the Chinese military. He will reveal how high Tibetan officials went to Chinese banquets and were never seen again. Others were arrested and executed without trial. Any attempt at resistance to the Chinese was punished by death; 65,000 are said to have perished over the years, before the valiant revolt of March 1959 brought on wholesale a slaughter.

He is now preparing for this mission.

He would, in fact, have set out upon his travels many months ago except that he did not wish to embarrass the Government of India, whose guest he is, in their difficult and dangerous negotiations with Communist China.

The Dalai Lama is a handsome, vigorous young man of 24, surprisingly alert and knowledgeable. Though the severe training of his office consists mainly of memory disciplines based on religious texts, he has acquired from an Austrian tutor a knowledge of the contemporary world which is not indigenous to the mountain monasteries in which he was reared.

DEPENDENDE DE DE CONTROL DE CONTR

VINCENT SHEEAN is doubly qualified to write perceptively of the Dalai Lama: he has been a distinguished foreign correspondent for 38 years, and over much of this period has been deeply interested in the ancient religions of the East. He is the author of 21 books.

He has been an enthroned godking, sovereign of his country and at the same time the supreme incarnation of its religious belief, for a little over 20 years. According to the religion of his people no power on earth can change his status as long as he lives.

He himself doesn't remember a time when he has not been a divine incarnation. He was only two years old when he was selected by Buddhist monks as the reincarnation of his predecessor, and he unquestionably believes that he is the 13th Dalai Lama to be born again in a new body.

His earliest recollection, he says, is of a journey taken with his mother to a monastery where his eldest brother was a monk. He thinks that even this event took place after his "selection." Never at any moment has he consciously been an ordinary human being.

I first saw this unusual man on June 20 last year, at a Press conference after he had escaped from Tibet to India. I had not expected much.

One was tempted to think of the Dalai Lama as a figurehead, devoid of political identity.

I had even made some suggestion of the kind to Mr. Nehru a week or so before. But he replied that I was wrong, that the young man was exceptional, that he had "a kind of radiance."

The conference was a startling experience. The Dalai Lama exhibited the utmost composure, verging at times on a sort of majestic authority, while he read his general statement and then answered questions from the Press. He made a sweeping attack on Chinese Communist

aggression in Tibet, using facts and figures which at first seemed credible. hardly but which subsequent evidence has sustained. He declared that he and only he was the legal Government of Tibet and that every Tibetan in every part of the world would recognize him and no other. He never seemed agitated, although tape recorders and film cameras were grinding away all round him and the

seem like the onset of a great battle.

The Dalai Lama's statements were so uncompromising that they caused an international sensation. They were a declaration of war on Communist China, and further-

flash bulbs made the air of the tent

Communist China, and furthermore a personal intimation of intent to carry on that war.

Later I asked Mr. Nehru what would be the proper procedure for approaching the Dalai Lama about

a television interview. Mr. Nehru was then engaged in a vexatious correspondence with the Chinese Communists over a long series of aggressions and offences committed against India. He said that, in the

interests of peace, a television interview would not be desirable at the time. "But you're at perfect liberty to go and talk to him as much as you like," he said.

I drove up to Mussoorie and stayed for three days, during which I had two long sessions with His Holiness. We used an interpreter, for although the Dalai Lama understands English he does not yet trust himself to speak it.



The Dalai Lama

For our first conversation the Dalai Lama met me at the entrance of the sitting-room where he habitually receives guests. He motioned me to a sofa against the wall and sat on a quite ordinary chair which was placed against one of the big, square windows at the side.

The chair instantly became a throne, and my sofa seemed to sink two or three inches, so that the Dalai Lama was elevated above me and spoke down. These were complete illusions, but they were illusions created by his extraordin-

ary personality.

During the whole afternoon the Dalai Lama conducted himself, physically, in a manner which must by now be nature itself—it is without a trace of self-consciousness—but which must also be the result of arduous training.

He was never for one second arrogant or unduly authoritative. He displayed gentle, unruffled patience with even the clumsiest questions. He was serenely humble—that is, humble without the slightest shame or agitation when, for example, he admitted certain highly distasteful things he had been forced to do under Communist pressure.

At our second session the Dalai Lama recorded for me one of the most sacred prayers of Tibet. When I brought my tape recorder he was fascinated and asked several technical questions about it. He did not sit against the window this time, but moved down beside me. He chattered like the active-minded and curious boy that he really is. I was astonished and charmed at the change in him. I noticed that he has colour in his cheeks, like a European, and the ebb and flow are discernible with his excitement. He is much lighter in skin-colour than most Tibetans and his head has a more aquiline structure. The two young monk-secretaries, reverent

and dutiful, could not share his enthusiasm for tape recorders, cameras, radios and other gadgetry—nor, to tell the truth, could I—but I could not help sharing his rippling, youthful laughter.

But then, at the end, came another swift change. With the utmost seriousness he discussed his proposed anti-Communist mission. He made it clear that he has no hesitation in this matter.

He knows that in the eyes of the Chinese Communists all the Mongol peoples of Asia (in the U.S.S.R., India, Mongolia, etc.) should be subject to the Communist Peoples Republic.

He wants to refute that arrogant claim. He wants to tell of the Communists' cruelties—and exactions—in Tibet, their rapacity in looting sacred treasures, their consummate duplicity. He wants to show that every forward-looking plan or project on his part (including his plan for land reform) was blocked by their intransigence.

At the end of our meeting, when I said good-bye, I remarked: "I hope I may see Your Holiness again in my own country." He grasped my hand and forearm with a steely insistence which gave me a kind of shock, not so much at his muscular power as at the intensity of his resolution.

In a ringing voice he answered: "Yes, I will come to your country and I will visit all countries."

The world should listen to him.

The story of a victim of a disastrous night-club fire demonstrates that the resources of the human body and spirit are equal to almost any demands that are made on them

The Ordeal of Clifford Johnson

By Paul Benzaquin

1942, in one of the worst civil disasters in American history, fire raced through the overcrowded Cocoanut Grove night-club in Boston, causing the death of 491 people. Among the 181 living victims taken to hospital, the most critically burned was a 21-year-old Coast Guard named Clifford Johnson. No human being then known to medical history had ever endured such burns and survived.

Johnson, a farm boy from Missouri, actually got out of the fire unharmed—the first time. But he went back to save the girl he had dated. He went in four times, fruitlessly. On his last trip out he was completely wrapped in flames and fell on the pavement, unconscious.

When Johnson arrived at Boston City Hospital he was in deep shock. Nurses began stripping away the remains of his uniform and

Condensed from Life and from the book, "Holocaust!" © 1959 by Paul Benzaquin, 19
to be published shortly by Frederick Muller, London



underclothing. He was so terribly burned that often they could not tell where the clothing ended and his flesh began. His back, buttocks and legs were actually charred. The burns extended round his torso, so deep in one place that the ends of two ribs were exposed. His thighs were roasted, the left one down to the bone above his knee. A burn on his chin exposed the jawbone. Clearly the boy was mortally injured. It seemed just a matter of going through the motions until his heart gave out.

The first treatment of his burns was with triple dye, a garish purple solution sprayed over the exposed tissues to seal them from the air and help prevent infection. This was the recognized treatment at that time. After much searching, a usable vein was found in his arm, and he was given the first of 17 pints of plasma which he was to receive that day.

Philip Butler, a medical student who was working as a junior houseman at City Hospital, was pressed into service to stay with Johnson and keep him alive—if he could. Butler was largely on his own; the other harassed doctors owed their first attention to those with a better

chance.

For the next three days Butler kept the boy alive by ingenuity, devotion and buckets of intravenous fluids. But the signs of life kept fading. Johnson could have died at any second, yet his magnificent body clung to life by chemistry,

unconscious will and, some thought, divine power.

It was not until the fourth day that other activity in the hospital slowed down a little. Then three top doctors conferred: Charles Lund, in command of the hospital's entire emergency effort; Robert Aldrich, who probably knew more about the treatment of burns than anyone else in the country; and a general surgeon named Newton Browder. They studied Johnson's wounds and read the dismal chart. The one thing in his favour was that during the fire he had apparently not breathed much of the noxious gas that was killing so many other victims. Everything else indicated that the boy was dying.

Nevertheless, Dr. Aldrich finally said: "We can save this boy. I mean it. If we handle him properly, he can make it." Browder agreed to take the case.

Dr. Browder made Johnson the sole occupant of a four-bed ward. Six special nurses, supplied by the Red Cross, came on to work eighthour shifts in pairs. Every minute there was something to do: blood transfusions, saline infusions, pulse and respiration checks, food by stomach tube. Johnson's system kept sending serum out through his burns, so that his body dripped constantly, soaking through stacks of hospital bedding daily.

Dr. Browder, usually with Dr. Lund or Philip Butler, examined the burns minutely every day. Johnson lay face down in a frame which made it possible to raise him off his bed so that the doctors could pore over every inch of damaged skin. Each pocket of infection and loose crust had to be found, cleaned and re-sprayed with the triple dye.

Throughout December. Iohnson was most of the time in a state compounded sleep, semi - consciousness and shock. If he rose above this state he was brutally sent back by assaults of terrible pain. To cut down the pain, he had to have shots of codeine so much of it that the doctors knew he would become addicted to the drug.

No one could understand how the farm boy kept

going. They could see the relentless shrinking of his body as his chemistry converted muscle tissue back into liquid protein for use in basting his burns. The measurement of the protein he was losing against the little they were able to replace indicated that he was consuming his own body.

Newton Browder, Mercy Smith, an experienced nurse in her middle 30's, and Philip Butler toiled over their patient every day, seven days a week. They came to know him and one another as intimately as though they were all one family.

At the beginning of Johnson's 12th week he entered the worst crisis

of all: he began to develop oedema. He had lost four stone. The loss of protein from his blood left it thin and watery, so that fluids seeped out of his blood-vessels, saturated his tissues. He was swelling everywhere.

What made it sadder was that Clifford Johnson was now consciously working with the doctors. He had started showing signs of awareness in the middle of January.

His pain was monumental, his body almost destroyed, but he was no longer a vegetable.

At that point, Dr. Lund learned that a noted biochemist, Dr. Edwin Cohn, was experimenting with plasma fractionation, a process by which the various proteins in blood plasma could be separated and used individually. Dr. Lund believed that one of these proteins, serum



albumin, might check Clifford's oedema. With great difficulty he managed to obtain some of it, and over the next three days gave Clifford seven units. (Each unit was made from 18 pints of whole blood.)

Clifford was running a high temperature. His pulse fluttered faintly. But he did not die. Instead, the frightful oedema began to subside. Over the next 24 hours Dr. Browder could almost see the tissues shrinking back. Soon the swelling disappeared completely. For the first time since Johnson entered the hospital he was taking in more protein than was oozing out of him.

Once started, Clifford's comeback was breath-taking. He began to eat normally—and suddenly the boy who had been dying was in such good shape that Dr. Browder began planning skin grafts. Within a week Clifford was ready to receive the tiny spots of skin which, it was hoped, would grow towards each other and cover him again.

There is no more arduous, painstaking form of surgery than skin grafting. Using a needle which had three cutting edges, Dr. Browder would take upand cut away a grainsized speck of skin from Clifford's arm. The needle would then be passed to another surgeon, who would place the tiny skin patch on Clifford's raw back. In three or four hours the team planted between 1,500 and 2,500 of the grafts.

Dr. Browder had resigned himself

to the probability that half of the precariously located grafts of skin would slough off or rub off. But ten days later he found that 90 per cent of the grafts were seated perfectly and beginning to grow towards each other. The incredible Clifford Johnson had experienced another miracle of healing.

The doctors went ahead enthusiastically with the grafting sessions. When at last Clifford's entire back was covered, it was time to turn him over. His legs were stiff, the scarred tissues around his elbows and armpits had webbed together and it was difficult for him to lift his head. But he was pleased by the change in position. "Now I can see what you are all up to," he said to Dr. Browder.

Browder then began to work on the other side. He had to cover the gaping, infected bone area on Clifford's legs and patch up the hole that went down to his ribs. There were also tricky grafts to be done beneath his shoulders and on his hands. But Browder was spurred on by that beautiful back with its 6,000 separate grafts.

Then one evening the doctor came home from the hospital, his face dark with dejection. His wife had never seen him look so crushed.

"It's Johnson," he said. "We lost everything off his back."

They had probably turned Clifford over too soon. He had been restless. His twistings and turnings had taken a terrible toll. Every one of the thousands of laboriously

planted grafts had shifted, pulled away and sloughed off. They would have to start all over again, right from the very beginning.

Unfortunately, one thing Clifford Johnson now asked for continually was codeine, which over the months had provided the only respite from continuous, severe pain. Clifford got codeine every day, an extra dose before each grafting session. But, addicted to it now, he demanded more dope even after his pain began to slacken. Listening to his complaints and watching the perspiration glistening on his face, Dr. Browder decided that the time had come.

"Now, listen to me, Sonry Boy," he said. "If you want to make your-self a bum, that's okay by me. But you're not going to be a bum in this hospital. As from right now you're off that stuff, do you understand?"

Clifford went through hell for the next five days. He groaned, he cursed the whole world and he treated Dr. Browder with open hostility. But he did not once ask for another injection. And on the sixth morning he woke up smiling. He told Mercy Smith a long, slow story about how he used to walk through the woods in Missouri, just watching the squirrels and the birds. Johnson had beaten the drug habit.

From about that time, Clifford began to avail himself of a special form of self-prescribed therapy: girls. He adored them, and had a charm that brought them in gushing droves to his room. He had a

handsome face which had healed without a noticeable scar. Student nurses and aides all made him their pet.

But the visits of the girls were only incidents in the long, steady grind of grafting. Clifford's returning fitness made possible an incredible concentration of surgery over a four-month period. Dr. Browder worked through 21 surgical sessions on the grafting alone, taking between 25,000 and 30,000 pinpoints of skin and transplanting them.

But Clifford's struggle did not end there. For six months he had been unable to move, and his joints had become stiff and useless. Also the grafted skin became fantastically tough—as stiff and unyielding as a hide of tanned leather.

Every day Mercy Smith and a physiotherapist, Adelena Kelly, rubbed the grafts with cocoa butter. Gradually the skin began to soften. Then they started to exercise Johnson's tendons, ligaments and muscle fibres. He yelled in protest, but he never once told them to stop.

In July 1943, Clifford sat up for the first time. On August 31 he put his arms around Mercy and Mrs. Kelly and travelled about eight feet to a chair. On September 14 he walked by himself for the first time. "Ain't that something!" he said. In November, one year after the Cocoanut Grove fire, Clifford Johnson put on his Coast Guard uniform and was taken to the Brighton Marine Hospital in Boston to convalesce.

But for many months he kept returning for more skin surgery by Dr. Browder.

By then Dr. Browder had distilled a medical lecture from the welter of data on Clifford. He gave it dozens of times. One night he delivered it to a group of student nurses in an out-of-town hospital. After he finished showing the scores of slides and telling of the many crises of the Johnson case, the lights in the auditorium were turned on and Dr. Browder told the girls he had someone he wanted them to meet. In came a tall, handsome Coast Guard with a winning smile.

"Girls," Dr. Browder said, "this is Clifford Johnson."

Clifford glanced amiably from one face to another—probably picking out the pretty ones. The girls looked back for a moment, then with tears in their eyes broke into thunderous applause.

On September 5, 1944, Clifford was honourably discharged from the Coast Guard and went home to Missouri. It has been estimated that the total cost of his treatment, borne largely by the city, the federal government and the Red Cross, was 110,000 dollars (not including the fees his doctors would have received if he had been a private patient).

Two years later the infection recurred in his left leg, and he returned to Boston City Hospital, where he met a pretty student nurse named Marion Donovan. She was no more immune to Johnson's magic than any of the other girls, and this time Clifford fell in love too. On September 10, 1946, they were married.

THE IMPORTANT thing to remember about Clifford Johnson from this point on is that he and his wife had ten happy years together in the farm country that he loved—ten years no one ever expected would be his. But they are years that seem to lose their sweetness when the final fact of Clifford Johnson's life is told.

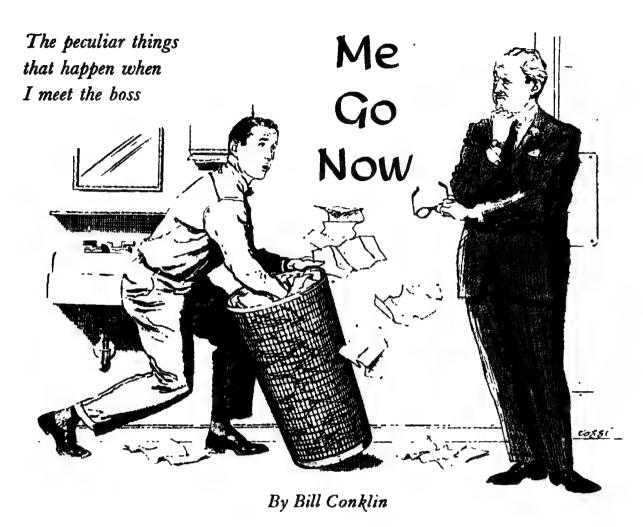
After trying several occupations, Clifford got a job as a game warden in his home town of Sumner. This brought him what was probably the best year of his life. His work kept him out of doors in the countryside he had always enjoyed.

On December 19, 1956, Clifford was driving home from the game preserve in a jeep. There was soggy snow on the ground, and thick, rising fog. His jeep struck a soft shoulder, darted off the road and turned over. He was pinned under it, alive. In the crash the petrol tank had broken. Petrol soaked the entire vehicle and ran down all over Clifford. When it reached the hot block of the engine, it burst into flames.

And so Clifford Johnson died a terrible death, in fire.

in and dandelions are very much alike. To get rid of them is a lifetime fight, and you never quite win it.

—William Allen White



In the advertising agency where I work as a copywriter, the word has long since got about that I am vaguely dotty. It's true. I rarely say what I mean. I'm a lad who becomes involved in impossible situations. I quite literally get into things. (For example, a lampshade once got stuck on my head in the middle of a rather exciting meeting.) And things have got steadily worse since Glenn Gordon came in as creative head of our agency.

The first time Glenn ever saw me was the day Gregory Peck toured our offices, gathering atmosphere

for a film part. I was in the art department, waiting for an artist friend to return from lunch. Sitting at a drawing-board, idly drawing rectangles, I suddenly looked up to see Glenn Gordon, Gregory Peck and other important folk filing into the room. Sizing up the situation quickly, I did what I maintain was the right thing. Glenn was there to show Mr. Peck artists. I became one. I drew rectangles furiously.

"This is what we call the bull pen," Glenn said. "Here our rough ideas are rendered into finished layouts to show clients." He smiled at the artists in the bull pen. He smiled at me. Gregory Peck smiled at me. I smiled back.

As soon as they left, I decided not to hang about for the artist any longer. I scribbled a note for him to phone me, took a short cut to my office and spun a piece of copy paper into my typewriter. Shadows fell across my opaque-glass cubicle. Voices murmured. I looked up, appalled. There were Glenn Gordon, Gregory Peck, the others.

"This is a typical copywriter's office," Glenn began. "Here, basic copy is pre——" He stared at me and his mouth hung open, caught on a syllable.

I smiled at him. I smiled at Gregory Peck. The group moved on and I returned to my work, but my heart wasn't in it. The battle was joined. I knew with a dread certainty that Glenn and I would meet in the lists again.

Sure enough. A week later a secretary had her handbag stolen. Presuming it taken by a transient messenger and hoping at least to recover the bag, she asked me to search the waste-paper basket in the men's room. I went in and began looking in the big basket. Glenn Gordon entered. It didn't occur to me that he had no idea why I was examining crumpled paper towels in the lavatory of a mammoth advertising agency. I saw it only as a good time to explain the Peck incident.

I rose up from the basket and said, "About Gregory Peck, sir. I wasn't

twins the other day. I was in the art department to see about cutting up some horses." (It didn't come out right, as usual, but I had been there that day to get some horse photos trimmed and mounted.) Glenn backed away slowly, nodding and smiling pacifically, and bolted out of the door.

After that, things went smoothly until the day we came face to face in the production department. Glenn motioned me to a chair. Obviously he needed 'to know more about me and, wonderfully enough, I was more than equal to the occasion.

We sat calmly together and chatted easily about a variety of things. As we talked, Glenn became visibly relieved.

I decided to retire while I was ahead. I stood up quickly and leaned towards Glenn to say good-bye. A simple "So long" or "Nice talking to you" would have sufficed. But as I searched for the appropriate farewell, my mind (never very stable) gave way completely. No words came. Glenn, having no inkling that I meant to leave, unable to understand why I was suddenly towering over him silently, froze like a frightened rabbit.

My mouth began to move wordlessly. Finally I managed to speak, "Me go now," I said hoarsely, and walked away.

Why I said that—like most of the things I do—had an explanation, but it's the kind that can never be

given without adding to the confusion. I had been reading about Robert Benchley. Once, during a bad play involving a character who spoke pidgin English, he had said "Me go" and had left the theatre. I suppose the phrase stuck in my subconscious until that terrible moment. Then it tumbled out to help do me in.

Soon there was another incident. The time, 4.20 p.m. of a hectic day. I had just escaped from a meeting where I had warmly shaken hands with a colleague at the agency instead of the client. I was heading for the 11th floor and the sanctuary of my own office, where I often have things under control. The lift door opened and there, naturally, was Glenn Gordon. He smiled resolutely and said, "Hello, there, how are you?"

I stepped aboard and answered, "Hello! Just getting back from lunch?"

Convene all the authors of all the articles on how to succeed in business. Ask them to select the one phrase *not* to be uttered to the boss at twenty past four in the afternoon. "Just getting back from lunch?" would score an enthusiastic victory by acclamation. Do believe me, that isn't what I meant to say. I meant to say something else. Exactly *what*, I really do not know.

That was Tuesday. Wednesday was worse. I took a late lunch and celebrated a crisp January day by buying my fiancée a huge stuffed poodle. On my way back I saw a pair of ear-rings I thought she would like, and bought those, too.

It was mid-afternoon when I returned to my desk. Sitting there, my quixotic mind far from advertising, I had a clever idea. I decided to put the ear-rings on the dog's ears and thus give both presents an original touch. I unwrapped the big poodle and hoisted it up on to my desk. Carefully I took a floppy ear in my hand and began fastening a gold, bell-shaped ear-ring to it.

Fate was tempted. Fate replied. As I bent earnestly to my task, Glenn Gordon came down the aisle and glanced into my office. Everywhere about me dedicated copywriters were hard at work. Typewriters were singing the praises of a myriad products—I was putting ear-rings on a stuffed poodle. I realize now that it must have been, on top of everything else, almost a traumatic experience for Glenn. I grinned a foolish grin and said non-committally, "Dog."

In films and plays I have often seen and admired a well-executed double take. Glenn performed not one, not two, but three takes. He stared, opened his mouth to speak, then rushed away. I have not seen him since.

I go about my business these days with firm purpose, but I open each pay envelope with trepidation. Soon a pink slip of paper will flutter to the floor. Then it really will be time to say, "Me go now."



By Joseph Sizoo

THE CHRISTIAN world is kneeling once again before the moving story of the Resurrection, of Easter, the one day whose sunrise is awaited by untold millions.

What makes this day so profoundly significant for our times? What does it say to us in this hour of tension and bewilderment?

Easter is the story of a discovery, the discovery that Christ lives. That fact has taken one deep fear out of life, the fear of death.

Have you ever thought how disappointed the disciples must have been with the events of those last days of Jesus' life? Calvary was to them an irretrievable disaster. He

who had been born in a borrowed manger, who rode to triumph on a borrowed beast, was finally laid away in a borrowed tomb. Their last act of devotion was to prepare His body for burial. Not a single disciple believed He would live again.

Then out of the sepulchral gloom of the garden of the Arimathaean came the glorious song, "He is risen." Suddenly the disciples were not alone. He had walked back into their lives. Death had not changed Him. His love had not ended; His compassion had not cooled. He knew Mary by her voice, Peter by his faults, Thomas by his doubts.

In the heart of the Easter story

stands the deathless assurance that we do not make our way alone through this world. Christ is not a memory, but a presence. When doors close and life tumbles in; when hope no longer sees a star; when horizons lose their crimson and skies become leaden—then comes a voice, saying, "Be not afraid. I live."

And because He lives, we too shall live. In answer to the age-old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Easter declares, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

But even more important than the discovery that Christ lives, Easter is the discovery that Christ triumphs. It takes out of life not simply the fear of death, but the fear of defeat.

What gladdened the disciples was not merely that Christ survived death, but that he *conquered* death. If Christianity had ended on a Cross, we should never have heard of it. If it offered nothing beyond Calvary, it would be a religion of despair.

Easter changed a martyrdom into a coronation. On Good Friday, the world said, "No"; on Easter Sunday, God said, "Yes." The world learned for the first time that hate, violence and greed are not the most potent forces on earth. That is why Easter is the essence of everything that makes life worth living. It means that truth is more powerful than error; that principle is more eternal than expediency; that giving is more divine than getting; that sharing is more lasting than saving.

That needs saying today. We live in a badly frightened world. We often seem like people who walk on streets which have no foundation, who live in houses which do not shelter, who eat food which does not nourish. Columns of smoke rising from the smudge pots of despair are hiding the stars. Meaning has gone out of life.

You hear people say, "Good will is a wonderful thing, but it won't work; kindness is a supreme virtue, but don't expect anything to happen because of it; brotherhood is a golden dream, but only a dream."

To such an age comes the Easter festival. God is still God; Christ is still Christ; love is omnipotent. I am willing to believe that many things happening in this world today are not in accordance with the will of God, but nothing happening in this world today can defeat His will. What holds the universe together is not chemistry, but spirituality; not blind chance, but eternal purpose.

The fundamental questions which every sufferer for truth must ask are: Is it worth while? The struggle for freedom, justice, good will—has it a chance in this world?

Here we are, seeking to live in peace and good will with all mankind. We want to live, let live, help live. Yet our intentions are wilfully misinterpreted by some men and nations.

What is the answer? Patience. One day when this insanity ends—as it will end—those who now speak

harshly will welcome us in friend-

ship.

Millions of people will greet Easter this year with services of worship. They come to hear the ageless assurance: there is no evil powerful enough and no hate bitter enough to keep the things of Christ in the grave. Truth may be postponed, but not conquered. Jesus speaks the last word: "Believe, and ye shall be saved." A man is a poor Christian who does not feel the steadying power of this story in his pilgrimage through the years. Take heart. This is Easter!

Condensed from "Notable Sermons From Protestant Pulpits," edited by Charles L. Wallis,
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Weighs and Means

PHILOSOPHER John Dewey once said of intelligence-testing: "It reminds me of the way they used to weigh pigs when I was a boy. They would get a long plank, put it over a crossbar, and somehow tie the pig on one end of the plank. They'd search all round till they found a stone that would balance the weight of the pig, and they'd put that on the other end of the plank. Then they'd guess the weight of the stone."

—A. S.

Voices of Experience

Pilot Jimmy Doolittle has a neat way of classifying the people he sees on planes. If a man is sitting quietly reading a newspaper, he's an experienced air passenger; if he's looking around nervously, it's his first air trip; but if he's sweating and biting his finger-nails, he's a pilot. —D. B.

My wife, on meeting a psychologist at a party, tried to get some free professional advice. "What kind of toy would you suggest giving a little boy on his third birthday?" she asked.

"First I'd have to know more about the child," the psychologist said

cautiously.

My wife took a deep breath. "He's very bright and quick-witted and exceptionally advanced for his age," she said. "He has good co-ordination, expresses himself very well..."

"Oh, I see," the psychologist said. "It's your child!" —H. W.

THE SOCIAL club was discussing the establishment of a new youth centre. As usual, one young woman was critical of the other members. She accused them of clinging to old-fashioned customs and old-fashioned ideas. "Our youth centre ought to be run by a young person," she declared, "someone young enough to know what teenagers really enjoy doing."

"And old enough," said one of the older women dryly, "to see that they don't do it."

—Mrs. A. W. J.

The looming problem of racial relations as seen in the strange lives of two million native miners

AFRICAN GOLD— THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

By Wolfgang Langewiesche

s Africa begins to take over from its White bosses, a pertinent question might be: "What kind of deal has the White Man been offering the Black Man all this time?"

I recently looked into Africa's biggest single deal for Africans: work in the gold mines of South Africa. When I was there, the gold mines had about 335,000 natives underground. These gold mines are allied with diamond, coal and copper mines which employ perhaps another 300,000 men.

The man-hunger of the mines is so great that South Africa's Chamber of Mines owns two gigantic recruiting organizations. One, the Native Recruiting Corporation,

works mostly inside the Union of South Africa. The other, "Wenela" (Witwatersrand Native Labour Association), draws from tropical Africa. The mines reach out thousands of miles for their labour, into British and Portuguese colonies and even into Ethiopia. Wenela runs an airline, AfricAir, devoted entirely to carrying mine labour.

Recruiters go after the tribesman living in a village in the bush—because he is cheaper and more docile than the city native. They make him a package deal. He must leave his wives at home. He must sign up for six or nine months. He is transported to the mines free. At the mines, he must live in a "compound," a labour camp. He gets his

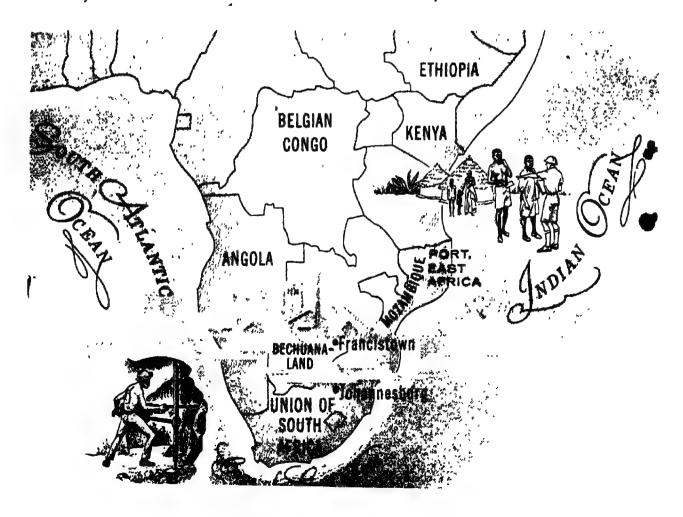
keep, plus five shillings (Rs. 3-33) a day. He can't leave. If he tries to desert, he goes to jail.

When he has worked off his contract, he can't stay in the city and look for a better job: willy-nilly, he is transported back to his village, and only then paid off. What he gets, after all his debts are settled, is usually about £7 (Rs. 93).

A new man now takes his place in the mines. But two years later the first man, broke again, may sign up for another term: some men go to the mines four or five times. So, if you count those who are temporarily at home, the number of Black miners is perhaps two million. And, if you count in their women and children and theold, perhaps 20 million Africans depend on the mines.

From the White Man's view-point South African gold mines are glorious—the richest, the deepest in the world. They produce more than half the world's gold. The gold is found in a rock layer, the "Reef." It is only two feet thick, but extends, underground, for hundreds of miles. The line where it crops out in the Transvaal is called the Witwatersrand—the "Rand," for short—and the mines "are strung out along the Rand. In places you can walk underground, from mine to mine, for 70 miles.

From the air, the Rand shows up as a line of yellow hills. Those are



the "mine dumps" of ground-up rock from which the gold has been extracted, the accumulation of three-quarters of a century. And here on the Rand is Johannesburg, with a population of a million, where Black and White come together at the highest level of intensity.

There are about 65 of these mines, but control of them is concentrated in eight big "Houses"—holding and management companies whose tall office buildings make up the Johannesburg financial district. Among these eight giants, which are South and French-African-, Britishowned and count among the world's most powerful enterprises, there is a wonderful state of togetherness. It is peculiar to gold mining that there can be no competition for markets: the world's governments buy all gold offered, at a fixed price. However, there could have been competition for labour because the more men you have underground, the more gold you get out. So the mines might have had to raise the Black Man's wages.

To avoid this, the mines have pooled their labour supply: the Chamber of Mines rations workers to each mine by a quota system. That's how they can offer the Black Man the five-shilling deal.

This low wage is essential. The mines are very deep. The Reef slopes steeply downwards; the longer you work it, the deeper you have to go. They are now mining at 10,000 feet. That's expensive. And

the gold doesn't run in rich, fat veins. They have to lift a ton of rock to the surface to extract perhaps four pin-heads of gold. That's expensive, too.

At White Man's wages, these mines would not exist. South Africa would be, like California, full of gold that is too expensive to mine. And without the mines, its main industry, its main producer of foreign exchange and its main taxpayer, South Africa would not exist—not as what it so desperately wants to remain: a White Man's Country, with a fully-fledged modern civilization. If the cheap Black Labour ever stops coming, the proud White State must shrivel and blow away.

So far, the Blacks pour in by the trainload every day. In Johannes-burg's railway-yard district, Wenela has a compound where incoming labour is processed. I went there one morning to meet a train arriving from Portuguese East Africa, tull of new "Boys."

The train was decent—third-class sleepers with wooden bunks. The boys piled out and formed up on the platform. Their poor belongings were in bundles or suitcases held together by string. Their clothes were European—trousers and jackets—but all rags and patches.

There was no pushing about, no shouting, nothing to suggest that anybody would try to be difficult. You could tell that many were repeaters, and the others had heard a

lot about the mines and how to behave. There was no joking or laughing, but nor did they look depressed.

The mine people say that in the villages, among the girls, a man going to the mines means what killing his first lion used to mean: it makes him a man. Wenela's recruiting poster is angled like that: it does not show money, or what money can buy. It shows the mine boy standing big and strong in heavy boots and knee-guards, with the miner's helmet and electric lamp on his head, and in his hands the pick.

The boys walked in a loose file along a path between board-and-barbed-wire fences, through the back gate into the Wenela yard. Inside, they were given a medical examination: they had a shower and walked in long files through various rooms. With their clothes off, their dignity was miraculously restored. It was an impressive collection of men—huge shoulders, slim hips, flat bellies: better specimens than any White Man within a mile.

More convoys came in, and presently the compound was full of lines of naked men, all converging on the X-ray hall. Mine work is dangerous to the lungs, and lungs are the tropical man's weak point. So each man is X-rayed when he comes and again when he leaves. (Later I saw gigantic mine-owned hospitals where the sick are cured at company expense.)

By mid-morning the yard was full of men—tribesmen from the

hills, wrapped in blankets, and imperturbable; others in ragged European clothes; some with filed pointed teeth, or faces scarred with the markings of their tribe. They were photographed and got their passes. In South Africa a native does not dare to step out-of-doors without his pass; he would go to jail. This pass also states the man's wages. Actually they begin at 3s. 6d. (Rs. 2.33) a day, but after a couple of weeks there is an automatic rise, and each time a man returns to the mine he gets 6d. (33 n.p.) extra per shift. Wages also go up with the skills he has. A machine hoy, who handles the pneumatic drill that bores the holes for blasting, can earn £1 (Rs. 13-3) a day.

Why do they come? Because they need the money. Even deep in the bush, the days of the moneyless life are now long past. A man needs pots and pans, soap, knife, axe, blankets, cotton fabrics. He craves a bicycle, a pair of shoes, a lamp, a gramophone. He also has to pay a head-tax—in some areas it is £3 (Rs. 40) a year. To marry, he must pay the bride-price. It is paid in cows, but he has got to buy the cows. And he has no way of earning money—unless he signs up for the mines.

AT THE MINE, the new boy is given an aptitude test. There he sits, his blanket wrapped round him, working with nuts and bolts and blocks. Some of the tests are surprisingly difficult. I failed the one I tried. Those who pass are selected for the more difficult jobs in the mine.

The boy must also learn a new language, "Fanagalo." Some 40 tongues are spoken by the different tribesmen who come here; hence this special mine language, a mixture of Portuguese, English and Bantu. The men sit under a tree in the mine, yard; the teacher holds up a hammer and says: "lo hamela." The class repeats.

Then comes job training. Mocked-up above ground are typical mine set-ups—tunnels, complete with all the complex equipment: railway tracks, electric lines, compressed - air lines, water pipes, winches, cables, machines of many kinds. Here the men learn their jobs, and here they return to learn better jobs.

I watched a man qualifying on the pneumatic drill, the same rattling tool that the same rattling up our city streets.

To handle it is harder than you think—because he drills into a vertical wall, not a flat road surface, and because it is precision work. He must drill at the correct angle to the correct depth in order to reach the spot where the dynamite charge should be placed. There was something familiar about the man as he worked with the utmost effort and concentration and tried not to be put off by the White Men watching him. He was exactly like a learner driver taking his test.

All this bears on one of Africa's

main problems. The Black Man lives in poverty because he is incompetent in the White Man's world which has engulfed him. He can't farm; he can't read or write, calculate or measure. He has no notion of accuracy, or of hard work. And all because it has been nobody's job to teach him. But here at the mines' school you see what could have been done.

Underground, working conditions are hard. To get into a mine, you climb into a two-storey steel cage that carries about 40 men. Signal bells ring, and it drops at ear-popping speed, 5,000 feet in one swoop. When you step out of the cage, it is dark and hot. There is a long line of lights receding into the distance. You start walking—but only to the place where you get into a cable car and start really going down, down a steeply sloping tunnel; and at the foot of that you walk again and get cable car-down, another down and down. It takes an hour.

You feel right away the main problem of deep mining—the heat. The deeper you go into the interior of the earth, the hotter it gets. At the deepest mining levels rock temperature is 50.6 degrees Centigrade, almost too hot to touch. The mine fights it with a gigantic ventilating system. Big fans blow cool air in, suck hot air out. But the cool air heats up by compression as it flows down, and arrives at the working level as a hot blast.

In this hot labyrinth of dark passages, the men are swallowed up. They work in small groups at many different levels, each man just a dot of light. Few operations are pure muscle. The ore is blasted loose—not chipped with picks. On its way to the hoists, almost everybody handles it with machines—scrapers pulled by electric winches, miniature railway trucks, small locomotives. Could they mechanize and pay higher wages? They are already mechanized.

At the actual working face, as you take out the gold-bearing layer, you create a slot two feet high. This is too low to work in; but enlarging it means breaking much sterile rock and adds enormously to the cost. So the mines heighten it only to about 40 inches. In this space the men must crawl and crouch and contort themselves. I saw one man working the drill while lying on his back and pressing the heavy tool against the rock wall with his feet.

Working conditions are brutal, but the brutality is nature's, and the White Man takes it right alongside the Black. Approximately every tenth man underground is a White miner, bossing a gang of natives. Many are Europeans, recruited as five-year indentured servants.

Here the abyss between Black and White was narrower than I had seen anywhere else in South Africa. The Black miner with the drill was struggling, trying to get a new hole started. The White boss was acting as his assistant, helping him to steady the bucking, clattering thing. The Black Man's sweaty hands kept slipping on the handle. The White Man picked up some rock grit and rubbed it on the Black Man's hands. For the moment, the Black Man was the champion, attended by his trainer and manager. Even underground, however, there is that South African effect: the races look through each other, like two people "not speaking."

And the colour bar: the Black Man is barred from all the jobs next above him, those held by the White miners. Only a White Man, for example, can hold a dynamiter's licence. Thinking men in the mines would like to give some of those jobs to the Black Man. It would give him more, cost them less. But to let a Black Man take a White Man's job is not an idea you can advocate publicly in South Africa.

The mines know that their present system is dangerous. They can be throttled from outside the country by anybody who organizes a boycott of their labour. And the mines have before them the example of a better system. In the Belgian Congo, mining concerns settle the native worker at the mine for good, in a house of his own, with wife and children. They are developing a new type of African, born and raised among machines and workshops, churches and schools, a man who earns more, produces more and buys more. One of the big "Houses" was ready in 1950 to try the Belgian system. But by then the Nationalist Party had control of South Africa, and the idea was too late; the government quashed it.

So far, the South African system is holding up well. Among the mine boys, I saw no sign of resistance or resentment such as you see plentifully in Africa now. These Africans have not yet got the word: that simply by slowing up a little, they can drive the White Man back into the sea. As the word spreads, look out!

It takes hours for a mine to get all its men down or to bring them up again. So they work staggered hours—first in, first out. All the afternoon, all over the Rand, you see the mine boys in their rags, walking back to the compounds. They don't seem exhausted, they stride along.

From outside, the compound looks like a prison: a high blank wall, no windows; only one gate—guarded by mine police. Inside is a bare yard, perhaps 100 yards square, lined with long rows of low buildings. Three or four thousand men live there, eight or twelve to a room, in bunks stacked two or three high. The main furniture is a stove. Some compounds have an arena where the famous mine dances, tribal dancing by mine boys, are held on Sunday mornings (visitors invited.)

The mine boy is treated like a valuable dog or horse. The mine issues him with a heavy "pneumo-jacket" which he must wear on the

way up from the mines, to keep from catching cold in the air-blast that comes down the shaft. As he comes "home" from work, he must take off his boots at the gate, pull up his trouser legs and hold out his hands: this is to stop him neglecting small cuts and bruises. If he has any, he is sent off to an infirmary.

Then he goes to the big bathhouse and showers. (The tribal man likes to keep very clean. All the rooms I saw were clean and smelt clean.) He lines up at the big cookhouse and presents his tin pot and gets his food, ladled out from huge pressure boilers in huge portions. The mines try, within economic limits, to cram proteins and vitamins into the men. In addition to their staple maize, they get beans, meat soup, fish soup. Five times a week they get meat; twice a week, fish. It is a better diet than they get at home; coupled with the regular hard work, it builds the men up. Three times a week the meat is issued raw, and the men cook it in their rooms. This is perhaps the nicest time the mine boys have. While they sit about and talk, the meat cooks and smells good, and the atmosphere is chummy.

One often hears that the men are not allowed out. But I have seen them walk out, without being checked in any way. On Sundays, some men go by train to visit friends in other compounds, and to window-shop in the towns. But for most men there is little incentive to go.

Outside the compound, the world is hostile. The mine boy has no money, no language. He is on the outskirts of an industrial city, in a wasteland of mine dumps, barbedwire fences and railway embankments. If he walks on the roads, he gets scant courtesy from the White motorist. If he visits the towns, he may be challenged for his pass at any time. He can sleep only in the "locations," places set aside for natives. In these locations (actually grim, vast suburbs) live the city natives. And here the mine boy would be a bumpkin among city slickers. From that world, the compound is a sanctuary of sorts.

To see something of the recruiting, I flew in a small aircraft deep into the bush, to Bechuanaland, a British protectorate. It has almost no White inhabitants other than the administration. It is mostly thin trees and thornbushes widely spaced and, from above, seems uninhabited its native villages rare, its fields so feebly scratched that the eye almost fails to pick them out. I flew above a road that ran for 300 miles through this almost - emptiness. Wenela has built thousands of miles of such roads in Africa, to open up inaccessible regions.

I landed at a small settlement. Wenela's representative there was a big, pleasant man, the son of a missionary, with a calm, fatherly-boss touch. His "compound" was a beautiful garden by the river. There he

had a large, agreeable house and a group of native buildings where his recruits collected. Once a week the Wenela aircraft, doing the rounds of remote stations, would bring back a batch of returning miners and pick up the new ones.

His quota was six men a week. To get them, he worked directly through his own "propaganda boys"—natives who are the door-to-door salesmen, so to speak, of the Mine Deal. His own job was mostly to keep the fences mended for the mines—butter up the chief, pay the outgoing man's taxes and debts (and charge his account), and also to repatriate six men a week and pay them off.

That day he had an errand: a mine boy wanted seven shillings taken to a woman, and the woman could not be found. We drove for two hours through the bush, the back of our safari truck full of hitchhiking natives, to a village—a group of straw-thatched huts. It was a sad bunch of humanity that faced us there, after the magnificent specimens I had seen in the induction station. People say that the mines drain the villages of vitality. About half the young, strong men were at the mines. Their work in their own village would have been more valuable than the little cash contributions which they sent home.

A village meeting was now held. We two Whites and the headman were in chairs; the lesser men sat on the ground in a semi-circle. The meeting lasted an hour. Big speeches and counter-speeches, through the interpreter: always happy to visit headman So-and-So and his people. The woman, we were told finally, was ill in a distant village. Her whereabouts could have been found through normal channels. Clearly the Wenela man was dramatizing the effort the mines will make to fulfil even the slightest obligation to their boys.

I also landed at Francistown, Bechuanaland, to see the recruits brought in from all over southern Africa by AfricAir, Wenela's airline. Francistown is just outside the Union of South Africa, but the airline's terminal is there because of a political quirk: inside the Union, mine boys must travel by rail. The South African Government owns the railway and wants the revenue.

Like everything connected with the mines, the airline is well and strictly run. I watched as the DC-3's and -4's came in at short intervals, each with a full load. The ragged new recruits filed out and lined up, each with his bundle or brokendown suitcase on his shoulder. They marched off towards the railway and the mines.

Then the new load, to be taken back to their villages, marched up. You could almost feel these men glowing with pride. Every one of them wore new shoes and a new suit—dark and flashy, with perhaps a purple shirt. Some wore horn-rimmed glasses—with window glass

in them. All wore new hats, almost cowboy in style. Each man carried on his shoulder a new tin suitcase. In it he had blankets, pots and jewellery for his women.

THAT is what I saw of the great South African Mine Labour Deal. I believe it is a clean, decent operation, with no brutality and no cheating. And, as jobs for natives go, it may well be the best of all the large-scale deals which the White Man offers the Black Man.

So much the worse for the White Man. Because it is, after all, a monstrosity. For six to nine months' labour, the Black Man gets paid—after deductions for his debts, overdue taxes, transport, and allotments to his family during his absence—only that £7. That, plus a new suit, shoes and hat, is the net result of going to the mines. His head-tax alone will swallow it up within three years. And he is back exactly where he started, on land where he cannot make a living. He has built up nothing in the mines or at home.

Meanwhile, he has seen how the White Man lives, and what the gap • is. How long can this last?

A South African Native Affairs expert told me, unofficially: "Don't blame Africa's unrest on the Communists. The Africans simply want a higher standard of living and a nearer approach to human equality. All over Africa they are kicking out those who won't give them these two things."

The Time the Sky Fell on Us

A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

By Edith Squier

sakes in the cellar, I found the photographs we took years ago in Chicago's Union Station. There was an automatic booth where you could strike a pose and, while you waited, your picture, framed in dull metal, would drop out of a slot.

I sat and looked at the photographs for a long time. It was like seeing the faces of two strangers—a woman in her middle 20's, a man in his early 30's. But the clothing was familiar: the off-the-face hat and black dress, the blue pin-stripe suit from an end-of-the-season sale.

There are several pictures of each of us, for we had kept on dropping in coins to give our hands something to do, and our voices something to talk about, while our minds became adjusted to a new and terrifying world. Although our lips in every picture are smiling, somehow the eyes don't match the lips.

WE HAD boarded the train before daylight that morning. As the wheels click-clacked through the flat farmland, they had a cheerful and reassuring sound. The train pulled into Union Station and he took a pair of dark glasses from his pocket and clipped them on to the spectacles he wore. We walked rapidly to a taxi.

A bitter wind howled round the building where the famous specialist had his consulting-room. I had no doubt that the doctor could settle everything. He would advise a new treatment or a drug, perhaps even an operation.

It had begun suddenly, about five years before, with headaches and rapid and frightening changes in vision until there was a pile of discarded lenses in his drawer. After a while the headaches had come less frequently, but his sight had continued to fail, slowly, relentlessly. His work as a junior accountant had become more and more difficult, a physical and mental strain that sent him home at night exhausted.

The long months had been a succession of examinations, eye-drops and massive doses of vitamins. Now our own optician had urged a consultation with this specialist in Chicago, "to be sure."

Although there had been nights when I sat up in bed with the full weight of possibility suffocating me with panic, I was confident now, with the invincible optimism of the young. This man would know what to do. Our kind and sympathetic doctor's "to be sure" meant only to be sure what treatment to use.

As we waited his turn we planned what we would do afterwards. A day in town was always a treat. We decided to make a full day of it, staying on until the late train.

Then a nurse called him and I leafed through magazines and watched the scurrying crowds below until nearly one o'clock, when he came out. They wanted to make some more tests after lunch, he said. They hadn't told him a thing. No, he couldn't tell what the doctor thought. "But he can't understand how I do my work."

We had lunch in a snack bar, found a cinema which was showing

a new film that we wanted to see, and a restaurant with a rose-shaded lamp on each table, where we would have dinner. Then we went back to the waiting-room and he went into the doctor's surgery. He was in there a long time.

Finally he came out; his expression told me nothing. I couldn't ask in the crowded waiting-room nor in the lift, but outside in the street I stopped and pulled him over against the building. My heart was beating so rapidly I could hardly speak, but I tried to keep my voice as calm as if I were asking what he would like for dinner. "What did he say?"

"There's—it's not very common. They don't know much about it." "What's he going to do?"

"There's nothing he can do. Nothing anybody can do."

The suffocating weight was there again, and the panic.

It was cruel to question him further but I had to know, now. For the young can't wait. Whatever the verdict in a crisis, they feel they must have it at once. The middle-aged, having learnt that true-life stories don't always have happy endings, are willing to postpone hearing the truth. They want to hold on to hope a little longer. And the old, whose ears have heard many heart-breaking pronouncements, would as soon not be told at all.

"Will it get worse?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Will you be---?"

"In time. He can't say how long."

That was all. He put his hand under my arm and without a word more we began to walk rapidly towards the station. On that long, silent walk I thought of many things. Golf. He had stopped smoking to buy his clubs and mine. Fish-

ing, bridge.

Most serious, of course, was his work, for which he had a singular aptitude. We had planned that, when we could afford it, he would go to evening classes to become a qualified accountant. I could go back to teaching—but a man shouldn't have to sit out his life alone, in the dark. Not a man of intelligence and pride.

And there were torturing whys. Why blindness? Why him?

There would be a train in an hour. We walked about the station. stopped to study posters, travel brochures and magazine displays, notice boards. We went into the snack bar, drank a few swallows of coffee, tasted the rolls, and then we began another tour of the station walking—walking. In a far corner we found the photographic booth a desert oasis for two thirsty nomads. I read the instructions aloud and we began taking turns, one picture after another. Twice I went for more coins; and then, finally, our train was announced.

I watched the lights until we were out of the suburbs. Now the wheels clicked with a difference: they had a malevolent sound, for they were ticking off precious seconds of sight.

My hand lay on the green plush between us. His closed over it and we sat like that, without speaking, all the way home.

That was more than 20 years ago. When I came up from the cellar yesterday with the photographs, I looked out of the bedroom window.

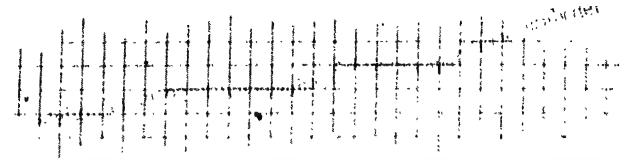
I saw him come out of the hen house where he had been feeding the 1,700 laying hens in their long rows of individual wire cages. Since their feed and egg troughs are in front of them, their automatic water troughs behind them, a man of patience and perseverance can care for them with a minimum of sight.

As I watched, he adjusted the variable-density goggles he wears out of doors, found the centre of the gravel path and started towards the house. The late February sun was bright and he was having more trouble than usual in finding his way. But he got there.

After lunch I brought out the photographs and his powerful magnifying glass. "Do you remember these pictures?" I asked.

He examined them carefully. "That was the time the sky fell on us," he said. "I thought it was the end of everything."

And then, handing me the photographs and the glass, "If you could help me worm the new pullets this afternoon, perhaps we could go fishing tomorrow. It's early yet, but it we get some new flies . . ."



It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

To take this test, tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) baneful—A: harmless. B: poisonous or destructive. C: frightening. D: sharp.
- (2) carillon (kăr' ĭ lŏn)—A: musical scale. B: story. C: epic poem. D: chime of bells.
- (3) debouch (de boosh')—A: to emerge into the open. B: waste. C: grow large. D: corrupt.
- (4) periphery (pě rif' eri)—A: straight line. B: diameter. C: outer bounds. D: diagonal line.
- (5) conjecture—A: exclamation. B: argument. C: positive statement. D: judgement based on incomplete evidence.
- (6) dalliance (dal' ē ence)—A: affectation. B: flirtation. C: feigned fatigue. D: tardiness.
- (7) caprice (kă prēs')—A: whim. B: daintiness. C: fantasy. D: selfishness.
- (8) acrimonious—A: humorous. B: emaciated. C: bitter. D: stingy.
- (9) espouse (es powz')—A: to explain. B: advocate. C: expose. D: claim.
- (10) prurience (proor' è ence)—A: purity of mind. B: gossip. C: decay. D: state of lustful longing.

- (11) mundane—A: worldly. B: dull. C: pertaining to the moon. D: sad.
- (12) salutary (sal' ū tri)—A: pertaining to an address of welcome. B: healthful and beneficial. C: flattering. D: lonely.
- (13) clandestine (klan děs' tĭn)—A: calm. B: friendly. C: secret. D: riotous.
- (14) miscreant (mis' krē ent)—A: wanderer. B: escaper. C: urchin. D: evildoer.
- (15) incumbency—A: term of office. B: clumsiness. C: handicap. D: power.
- (16) contiguous—A: narrow. B: diseasebreeding. C: argumentative. D: adjoining.
- (17) apogee (ăp' ō jē)—A: the horizon. B: expression of regret. C: highest point. D: humility.
- (18) align (ă line')—A: to join with others in a cause. B: accuse. C: measure. D: defame.
- (19) integral (in' tě gral)—A: powerful. B: essential to completeness. C: complicated. D: simple.
- (20) untenable—A: unendurable. B: stubborn. C: that cannot be maintained. D: relaxed.

2

Answers to -

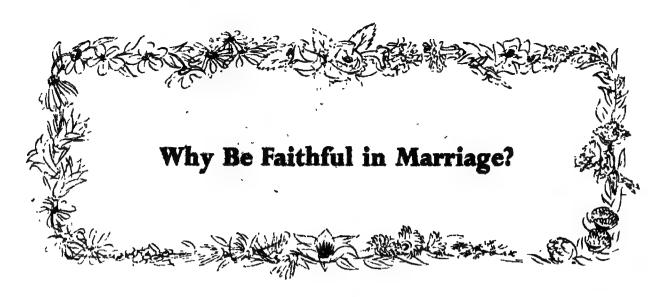
"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) baneful—B: Poisonous or destructive; causing great harm; as, baneful herbs. Old English bana, "murderer" (later, "deadly poison").
- (2) carillon—D: Chime of bells; a set of bells so hung as to be capable of being played upon; as, "Matins was announced by the carillon." French.
- (3) debouch—A: To emerge into the open, or into a wider space or passage; as, "The crowd debouched into the square." French déboucher, "to emerge."
- (4) periphery—C: Outer bounds; encompassing limits; as, the periphery of her social circle. Greek periphereia, "boundary."
- (5) conjecture—D: A judgement based on incomplete evidence; surmise; guess; as, a mistaken conjecture. Latin conjectura.
- (6) dalliance—B: Idle trifling away of time, especially in amorous flirtation; as, to engage in dalliance. Old French dalier, "to chat."
- (7) caprice—A: Whim; sudden change of mind without apparent reason; as, an answer dictated by caprice. Italian capriccio, "prank or caper."
- (8) acrimonious—C: Bitter; spiteful; caustic; sarcastic; as, an acrimonious exchange. Latin acrimonia, "sharpness."
- (9) espouse—B: To advocate, as a cause; as, to espouse a new religion. Latin sponsare, "to marry."
- (10) prurience—D: State of lustful longing; lasciviousness; as, motivated by either curiosity or prurience. Latin pruriens, "itching."

- (11) mundane—A: Worldly; temporal; secular; as, mundane affairs. Latin mundus, "world."
- (12) salutary—B: Healthful and beneficial; wholesome; healing; as, a salutary experience. Latin salutaris, "healthful."
- (13) clandestine—C: Secret and undercover; covert; stealthy; as, a clandestine meeting. Latin clandestinus.
- (14) miscreant—D: Evildoer; villain; rascal; as, "The vandalism was the work of a miscreant." Old French mescreant, "disbeliever."
- (15) incumbency—A: Term of office; as, during his incumbency. Latin incumbens, "leaning upon."
- (16) contiguous—D: Adjoining, touching; as, contiguous farms. Latin contiguus.
- (17) apogee—C: That point in the moon's orbit which is farthest from the earth. Hence, the highest point; climax; as, the apogee of her career. Greek apogaion, "away from the earth."
- (18) align—A: To join with others in a cause; as, to align oneself on the side of justice. Latin linea, "line."
- (19) integral—B: Essential to completeness; as, an *integral* part of the body. Latin *integer*, "whole."
- (20) untenable—C: That cannot be maintained or held; as, an untenable theory. From un-, "not," and Latin tenere, "to hold."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19	correct.	•	•	•	•	•	•	•				•	•	C	X	C	el	lei	nt	
18-16	correct.												•				g	OC	d	
15–14	correct.																	fa	ir	



By Henry Neumann

happiness all round, many people, hardly open to the charge of being merely wicked, would have a marriage only where there are children. Second, they would save young people from unwise commitment by granting every freedom to experiment. Third, to quote Bertrand Russell, "Where a marriage is fruitful and both parties are reasonable and decent, the expectation ought to be that it will be life-long, but not that it will exclude other sex relations."

Much as can be said for these pleas of the champions of this sort of freedom, they cannot be left unchallenged. Most of them even agree that the one permanently valuable fact in the sex relationship is that it is a union not merely of bodies, but of the entire personalities.

Consider well the implications of that thought. Here is a union in

which, at its best, the deepest intimacies of the total personality are involved. How can any thoughtful being do other than shrink from squandering what is essentially so intimate and so exclusive? To the woman whose sense of fundamentals has not been confused by the libertarian fashion of the period, there are certain fine privacies which it is sacrilege to offer to anybody but the one person from whom she wants exclusive and permanent love.

Physical mating is but a single incident in a process of wooing before and after. The rebels may insist on the wooing before but they are silent upon the need which the woman feels for the continued tenderness afterwards. Where the intimacy is not so exclusive and continued, every fibre of dignity in her protests against the cheapening that is otherwise suggested.

When we are told that experimenting will fit young people better

to find their partners for life, again we cannot help wondering. This freedom before marriage is presumed to fit the young people to choose wisely and so make the permanent union a success. But successful marriage is an achievement much less simple than that. It is an affair for grown-ups who have disciplined themselves. Husband and wife need such gifts as forbearance, seeing their difficulties in proportion, a willingness to share burdens, a growing understanding of each other.

These are achievements that require more than a trifle of practice. Will people take the trouble to cultivate them when they know that they can change their partners lightly? When the accent is laid upon freedom to change, there is less incentive to look for the qualities in the future partner which will wear well.

Still more, if impermanent relations are encouraged, will people feel the need to cultivate solid, lasting qualities in themselves? Can looseness and promiscuity prepare people for a relationship which requires the utmost consideration, self-control, unselfish loyalty and respect for privacy?

It is also proposed that people who are married should get over their jealousy, and should tolerate temporary fancies in which their mates may become involved, provided the underlying affection remains intact. The jealousy which

frowns upon these temporary fancies is dismissed as a restrictive and possessive emotion rather than a generous and expansive emotion such as love.

What about being jealous of a partner's good name and still better that other's good life? A wife has shared with her husband years of trouble as well as joy. She has borne children. She has given them her care. Years of watching over them in health and in sickness have robbed her of the beauty which a less responsible or a younger woman still possesses; and now, if she is jealous of her husband's new infatuation, is her feeling only possessive? May it not be quite as much a reminder to him of that finer possibility, his capacity for loyal partnership?

Bertrand Russell has said: "To close one's mind on marriage against all the approaches of love from elsewhere is to diminish receptivity and sympathy and the opportunities of valuable human contacts . . . Like every kind of restrictive morality, it tends to promote what one may call a policeman's outlook upon the whole of human life." A strange love this, afraid to commit itself and open always to "approaches from elsewhere." It is like saying, "I love you, but with my fingers crossed." "I am yourswith reservations." "I promise to be faithful-but only until I am tempted." Assuredly if a man remains true to his wife, he is cutting

himself off from other "valuable human contacts." But somehow this does sound very much like arguing, "Certainly, unless I steal that car, I shall be missing the valuable contacts I might enjoy through possess-

ing it."

It has been contended, too, that since women outnumber men in many societies, allowing them to share with the more fortunate will decrease loneliness, envy, jealousy, and multiply happiness. Perhaps it will, for certain types of people. On the other hand, sensitive women take such intimate relations very seriously. When their physical attractiveness wanes and the men betake themselves to younger women, will the loneliness, jealousy and envy in the world be so hugely diminished?

Seeing what an obstacle jealousy raises to the sort of permanent marriage in which they believe, the rebels recommend that jealousy be expelled from people's lives by changing public opinion about it. This is rather a curious line to take. Although they have been insistent that to suppress natural impulses is hurtful, they would eliminate natural jealousy:

On hearing this plea one cannot help asking, "Why pin your faith to a moral education in this one particular direction? If education is the way, why not educate for the kind of living which makes the jealousy unnecessary?"

Perhaps all this is but one aspect

of the general problem of forgiveness. There is no field of conduct in which people can be more fiercely tempted than in sex. Husband and wife, like parents, are obliged often to remember how imperfectly civilized most of us still are. But it is one thing to forgive with an eye to the restoration of the transgressor and quite another to say, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and repeat the offence."

Again, the affairs of men and women are not entirely their own business. The looser conduct of those who are childless weakens the moral stamina of many parents whose children need from them the utmost loyalty to each other.

In the true marriage, the husband seeks to encourage the best in his wife, and she the best in him, for the sake of a still different best in their children. This is a life-long job, not likely to be prospered by the philosophies of impermanence. A noted educator tells us that broken homes contribute three to four times more problem cases among students than homes which might be classed as normal. The reason is plain enough to those who understand what still distinguishes a home from a stock-farm.

The best contribution of the parents to their children is a spiritual gift. The man encourages his wife to offer their children all that is most excellent in her, and she exercises this influence upon the father. So engrossing a relationship

requires a growing knowledge, each of the other, and long years of a comradeship in which control over roving inclination is only a minimum essential. In the beginning the two people want to unite their lives because they trust each other. Marriages succeed to the extent that people keep on trying to deserve the trust.

What then can be done? In many ways, the home of the future will be changed for the better. Needless economic strains will be removed. A wiser understanding of the psychology of sex will prevent many a wreck.

But the paramount need is a training for marriage which must begin with children's earliest years. Sometimes successful marriages just happen. But school and home can do much to increase the certainty.

Take, for instance, the need to discuss with young people the views of marriage which they get from their reading, or see on the stage, or at the cinema. Parents and teachers must do no little plain speaking on this subject. Endless tales give the impression that the main thing in marriage is the physical joy. It requires a skill not always at the

command of Hollywood to paint the relationship in which this side of marriage finds its place among other- equally relevant considerations.

On all these matters there is ample opportunity for education. Similarly with respect to "experimenting." If people desire to promote progress, the proposals of the libertarians are not the only avenues open. Even the exponents of sexual freedom acknowledge that life-long marriage is the best arrangement. Why not experiment here? The union of men and women in a truly spiritual relationship offers endless chances to do so.

The failures are sad enough. But it is no solution to erect into a standard the conduct of those who have failed. Men and women fail in other ways too. They lie and cheat, many of them; and no laws can force them to be honest. Should this suggest that we give up trying to develop in children a love of honesty? It would seem a more deserving direction for human effort to hold up as a pattern, not the one which takes people's weaknesses as final, but the one which puts its trust in their potential strength.

GOVERNMENT official has launched a campaign to get his employees to write letters in simple language rather than bureaucratese. The campaign began with himself, and he has been taking pains over his letters. The other day he received this reply to one of them: "Your letter is so clear that I fear your service in government will be short-lived."

Golden Nuggets

By Harry Golden

upremacy of the Individual: Sometimes we hear someone talk about six million Jews who died at the hands of the Nazis, and perhaps because he knows we cannot respond properly the speaker is indignant and rhetorical. But the man whose little girl has been hit by a car is the least indignant and rhetorical of all men, and when he sees the crumpled body he is too all-believing.

The great sadness of our history is that mortal imagination cannot summon the same grief for the casualties of an earthquake that it can for one little girl. Because it is only to individuals that compassion and sympathy belong. The desperate fact is that we cannot will our sympathy to the group.

Bitter though this truth is, we

HARRY GOLDEN, who spent his early life in New York's lower East Side, is editor of *The Carolina Israelite* and author of *According to Me*, which appeared in The Reader's Digest, May 1959.

have not betrayed our heritage. We have made the individual supreme, because that is the only hope of exciting compassion and sympathy. Perhaps the day will come when our imagination will not be surprised by vast numbers and we will be able to see every individual as integral in himself. If that day comes, it will be because we placed such high value on the single individual.

The Tyranny of the Telephone:

There's something about the telephone that only a trained psychologist could explain. You receive a letter and you either open it or leave it unopened, as you wish; it awaits your pleasure. If a visitor knocks, you still hold the initiative: you can open the door at your leisure, or maybe not at all. But let that telephone ring and all hell breaks loose. In summer and winter, in bed or out, you make a beeline for that instrument—nothing matters except to reach it. And then what? A wrong number perhaps, or some fellow says, "How are things?"

What's Happened to Debating? Students report to me that there are no debates in their English, civics and history classes. In fact, some of them have never even heard of debating. What's happened? Is it part of the current fear of controversy or criticism? In the old days there was no phase of school-work which was more interesting, more valuable, and which left a more lasting

impression on the students than a good debate.

Ask any man who participated in classroom debates, and he'll rattle off a whole list of subjects—and show a reasonable familiarity with all of them to this day. "Open Shop" or "Closed Shop"; "Protection" or "Free Trade"; "Resolved, That Women Shall Have the Vote"; "Resolved, That Alcoholic Beverages Be Prohibited By Law"; "Resolved, That Immigration Be Restricted"; and dozens of other issues of the day that made going to school mean something more than learning how to sell football tickets.

Undoing of My Diet: If my diet had not been so successful, I might have been in much better shape to-day. A few years ago my doctor gave me a diet which I followed religiously. At the end of two months

I had lost a stone and a half, and I felt better than ever. Because of the great success of this diet, I said to myself: "If that is all there is to this, I can do it anytime. So why not wait for a more appropriate moment?"

And that's where it stands now.

The Best Conversation: One of our problems, I think, is that we don't discuss the arts or politics naturally. We try to sound too intelligent and too sage instead of human.

The best discussion of Shakespeare I've ever had was with a booking agent who was arranging a Shakespeare lecture for me. He had a profound and honest comment to make. He said, "What I most admire about Shakespeare is that he was a guy who said when he made enough he was going to quit, and when he made enough he quit."



Scientific Approach

Asked if he had any children, a young scientist who test-fires rockets replied, "No, not yet, but we've started our count-down."

-Contributed by Hugh Medford

Slow but Sure

One morning when the country bus that takes me to work stopped at a corner, the driver saw one of his other regulars—a very stout man—still some way down the road. The latecomer started to run, and the driver waited for him. Boarding the bus, the portly passenger thanked the driver for waiting, then, panting heavily, added, "I'd have got here quicker if I'd walked, but I wasn't sure that you'd wait!" —Contributed by J. M. B.

SAFE-CONDUCT FOR KHRUSHCHEV

Here, pieced together for the first time, is the mosaic of events behind the most fantastic police-protection programme ever undertaken

By Lester Velie

NHREE WEEKS before Nikita Khrushchev began his visit to the United States last September, Major-General Nikolai Zhakharov, the hawk-faced Russian in charge of Soviet State Security, arrived to launch the most fantastic police-protection programme of all time. He conferred with the State Department security division, which is charged with the safety of visiting chiefs of state, and then he and the security men sat down with the police in each of the seven cities which Khrushchev was to visit.

In General Zhakharov, police and security men found an alien and unfathomable mind. There would be a hotel across the street from Khrushchev's suite in Pittsburgh, for example. Zhakharov asked that all guests on the side facing Khrushchev be evacuated and the blinds

drawn. "I'm sorry, General," a local police superintendent said, "We don't push people around like that." Instead, police armed with rifles and binoculars kept watch on the hotel.

In Los Angeles, police chief W. H. Parker gave Zhakharov tickets for a professional football game at the Los Angeles Coliseum and sent an aide along to explain things. The Russian studied the 52,000 well-dressed fans, marvelled at the quantities of hot dogs and beer consumed, and was amazed at the acres of cars in the stadium car parks. Then, to a State Department man, he confided: "Parker thinks he fooled me. But I know he assembled those people in the stadium just to put on a display for me."

Zhakharov's conviction that a city police chief could order 52,000 people to goose-step into a stadium

was a chilling insight into police authority in the Soviet Union. It also served to show that such a mind could interpret any misadventure to Khrushchev as officially inspired.

If U.S. officers refused to push anybody around, there was never any laxity in their guard once Khrushchev arrived. On every occasion, seven State Department security men towered over him, ready to "provide the body"—use their bodies as shields—for this leader of world Communism if an assailant should throw a bomb or start firing. Also protecting the Soviet Premier were his own ten bodyguards.

Everywhere Khrushchev went, bomb-demolition experts checked the limousines that were to carry the party, and plain-clothes police circulated among the crowds. Crimelaboratory technicians went over hotel suites with Geiger counters, and X-rayed packaged gifts and flowers.

In hotel kitchens only those cooks with special badges were allowed near the food, and every morsel was checked with Geiger counters. Fear of radiation poisoning reached phobia dimensions with the Russians, perhaps because its effects cannot be detected until months after the victim has been exposed to it. Even a frankfurter which Khrushchev ate approvingly had first to be tested with the ever-present Geiger counter.

In Washington, every sewermanhole cover along Khrushchev's route was checked and sealed. In New York, Khrushchev asked to see Wall Street, "the heart of capitalism." He was whisked through in 35 seconds flat, for a slow-moving car could have been a sitting duck for pot-shots from the towering buildings. The tense faces of Khrushchev's personal bodyguards reflected the general anxiety.

For days before Khrushchev arrived anywhere, the local police screened refugees from Iron Curtain countries for potential assassins, checking against a list, supplied to them by the State Department, of "persons whose presence might be dangerous." The document's lack of identifying markings suggested that the names stemmed, at least in part, from Soviet intelligence. But the State Department would "neither confirm nor deny" the theory.

Extraordinary precautions were taken in California. Over the 18carriage special train, bearing Khrushchev from Los Angeles to San Francisco, flew official helicopters, approaching scrutinizing every bridge, culvert and clump of trees. Speeding beside the train in squad cars, other police offered additional eyes as well as a moving shield for the train. The squad cars, with yellow numbers painted on their tops for the occasion, could be spotted easily by the helicopters and alerted to danger by radio. An army major commanded the train; all crew members had been screened. As the train flashed by small towns,

local police, some armed with rifles, were perched on top of buildings.

In the royal suite at the Mark Höpkins Hotel in San Francisco, the Premier slept behind walls two and a half feet thick and gazed out of windows of bullet-proof glass. Demolition experts, bearing Geiger counters, had gone over every inch of panelling, unscrewing each electric-light bulb and examining the sockets. They had crawled up the flue of the newly installed marble fireplace and looked behind the books of the built-in bookcases. They had taken apart and examined the giant bed, eight feet across and originally built for the visiting Shah of Persia. To prevent a demonstration, chief of police Thomas Cahill had let Hungarian refugees parade a day in advance. But every parader's picture had been taken and filed for later identification.

Pittsburgh was Khrushchev's last stop before his return to Washington. Three hours before the Soviet Premier's arrival, police superintendent James Slusser sent a reconnaissance patrol along the ten miles of airport-to-city motorway that cut through hills from which the Khrushchev motor-cavalcade could be ambushed.

A company commander in a tankdestroyer battalion during the war, Slusser hates 'tright places," defiles through hills where a stalled lorry could slow down or trap a convoy. So teams of dogs were sent to clear each hill. The dogs are trained to corner a man and stand growling before him until police arrive. As each area was searched and cleared, police were stationed along the route within view of one another.

Slusser then assembled the force that would convoy Khrushchev. In it were 400 men mounted on 40 pieces of equipment, including nine combination patrol-car ambulances.

As the police convoy headed for the airport, Slusser received word that another convoy, 200 Hungarian demonstrators in 30 cars, was assembling, with signs proclaiming Khrushchev the "Butcher of Budapest." Slusser gave orders over his car radio. As the Hungarian convoy headed for the airport, the traffic lights were manipulated so as to let only a few of the demonstrators' cars through at a time. Caught in this stuttering flow of traffic, the Hungarian convoy was broken up. When the convoy reassembled later along the motorway, motor-cycle police escorted the demonstrators away from the airport.

On September 27 the historic visit ended when a giant Russian jet rose into the sky. Nikita Khrushchev was without doubt the most hated visitor who ever set foot in America.* Yet not once did an incident threatening the Soviet ruler's life mar the long and gruelling tour.

^{*}Under a photo of Khrushchev in New York, Pravda ran this caption: "The New York authorities mobilized 3,000 police to keep order. Such a demonstration of police strength was designed to prevent the ordinary citizens from expressing their sympathy to the goodwill emissary from the Soviet Union."

the best medicine

THE HUSBAND arrived home one evening to find his wife distraught. "I've had a terrible day," she complained. "The baby cut his first tooth; then he took his first step; then he fell down and cut his lip on the tooth."

"What happened next?" the husband asked.

"Then," she added in a shocked voice, "he said his first word!"

-Family Weekly

WITH ONLY a local anaesthetic I was fully conscious during my recent operation, and even able to watch some of the proceedings. I noticed four doctors keeping busy, plus a few nurses. One doctor was making notes as the head surgeon dictated. "This is like a board meeting," I said. "You seem to be the secretary; Dr. G. there is evidently the chairman, and I suppose those two other fellows are directors. But what am I?"

"You, Mr. McMillen," came the prompt answer, "are the financial controller!"

—Wheeler McMillen

An insurance salesman was getting nowhere in his efforts to sell a policy to a farmer. "Look at it this way," he said finally. "How would your wife carry on if you should die?" "Well," answered the farmer reasonably, "I don't reckon that's any concern o' mine—so long as she behaves herself while I'm alive."

-E. E. K.

THREE GENTLEMEN appeared at the railway station, alcoholically propelled. As they reached the platform the train began to move, and all three staggered towards it. A porter managed to bundle two of them aboard, but they didn't get the third gent on the train. He stood sadly on the platform, watching the train disappear.

"Too bad, mister," the porter said.

"Wish you could have got on."

"Yes," replied the man, "an' my frens'll be sorry, too. They were seein' me off."

—C. M.

"Town Hall," said the switchboard operator, answering a call. There was no sound on the other end of the line. "Town Hall," the operator repeated. Still no reply. Finally, after the third time, a rather nervous female voice said, "Is that really the Town Hall?"

"That's right, madam," said the operator. "With whom do you wish

to speak?"

There was an embarrassed silence. Then the female voice said softly, "I suppose nobody. I just found this number in my husband's pocket."

-Contributed by Sandra Martz

"How no you like my new evening gown?" asked the wife. "Pretty, but confusing," was the reply.

"How do you mean, confusing?"
"Well," said the husband, "I can't
decide whether you're on the inside
trying to get out, or on the outside trying to get in." —Contributed by J. Fogarty

Look—No Wheels!

Britain's Hovercraft is the first of an exciting family of new vehicles; call them boats, planes or sleds, they all behave like magic carpets

By Harland Manchester

I climbed into the cockpit of the world's newest air vehicle. It was a thick, aluminium-clad pancake, 30 by 24 feet in area, surmounted by a squat tower resembling a liner's smoke-stack. The weird craft sat flat on the concrete, without wheels or landing gear. Lieutenant - Commander Peter Lamb, chief test pilot of Saunders-Roe, Ltd., who built the beast, revved up the engine and pulled a control stick. The craft rose gently about 15 inches above ground and

hovered there like a humming bird. It was like sitting on an air-cushion, which was exactly what it was. A horizontal fan in the tower forced air through ducts beneath the craft.

"This is her top ceiling!" shouted Lamb over the din of the engine. He pivoted her as though reining a horse, and she slid on her invisible cushion down a ramp and out over the water. He let her out to 25 knots, and we skimmed away, stroking the sea like a shaving brush.

"What happens if the engine conks out?" I yelled.



"Let's ditch her and see," he said, and cut the motor. We settled to the

water with a gentle bump.

This amazing vehicle is the Hovercraft, Britain's exciting entry in an international race to produce a new type of airborne vehicle. People call it an air sled, a flying saucer, a magic carpet; engineers call it an air-cushion craft. At least a dozen inventors—from Finland to America—have built and tested vehicles of this type. Their size and innards vary widely, but all have one thing in common—they ride on a thin cushion of constantly compressed air.

I stood on the dock with the Hovercraft's inventor, Christopher Cockerell—a tall, lean, bespectacled man of 49—and watched Lamb put the craft through more paces. Beyond the blunt-prowed pioneer, the Queen Mary ploughed grandly by;

high above screamed a jet.

'She won't take over either of those jobs," said Cockerell. "She will be an intermediate craft—faster than a ship, slower than a plane. Because of the low friction of the air cushion, such a craft could do 140 miles an hour. (The single engine also provides air blast for horizontal propulsion.) Furthermore, it can do things neither a ship nor a plane can do. It can climb a beach and load or unload passengers and cargo with no dock. It has vertical take-off, costs much less to build and operate than a plane, and can carry cargo cheaper. In essence, it is

a completely new method of transport."

In size and performance as well as in basic engineering, Cockerell's craft stands well ahead of its competitors. In one test the Hovercraft crossed the English Channel. In another it carried 20 Marines with ease. I have seen it climb a one-in-twelve incline. While its air cushion is too thin to carry it over high seas or comparably rough terrain, larger and more powerful successors soon to go into production could ride at a height of 30 feet. Cockerell has plans for several craft —the biggest designed to carry 21 loaded trucks at 100 miles an hour.

"We will get greater efficiency as we build larger models," he said. "I believe the craft has an important future as a fast over-water vehicle for intermediate distances. It could bring about a 20-minute ferry service across the Channel. It could be used on remote rivers where there are no docks, and as an amphibious cargo carrier over fairly flat, undeveloped terrain lacking highways and bridges."

Cockerell, the son of Sir Sydney Cockerell, director of the Fitz-william Museum at Cambridge, has always been mechanically minded. As a boy, he rigged up a steam engine to run his mother's sewing machine. At school he hated Latin and loved motor-cycles. His father finally gave in and let him read engineering at Cambridge.

During the war Cockerell worked

for Marconi, the wireless firm. He headed the team which developed the radio-direction finder used by R.A.F. bombers, and later worked out a system for long-distance television transmission.

Always an individualist, he cut loose in 1950 and set up a small boat-building business.

"I decided that there must be some way to make a boat go faster," he said. "The most obvious solution was to reduce the friction of water on the hull. I thought of pumping a thin layer of air beneath the boat. I made a device out of an old vacuum cleaner and a fan, and tried it on a punt. It worked, but it took a lot of power. The real problem was how to imprison an air cushion beneath a boat."

Cockerell solved the problem with two inverted tin cans, one nested inside the other. Air blown through a hole in the top of the outer can formed a "jet ring" or curtain, which created and kept trapped an inner compressed-air cushion. The model craft rose from the floor, and his tests showed that it took very little power to overcome gravity with this device. He built an improved model which he demonstrated at the Patent Office for a group of officials. One, Ronald Shaw, assistant director of aircraft research at the Ministry of Supply, was fired by Cockerell's idea and got him a small sum for further work. Later, the National Research Development Corporation took over,

and Saunders-Roe was commissioned to build the Hovercraft, with Cockerell in a consulting post. Last June the pioneer craft caused a world-wide sensation with its trial runs.

Other air-cushion pioneers are equally excited about their craft. The first commercially available ground skimmer, Curtiss-Wright's 'Air Car," was demonstrated in New York last November—about a year after Arnold Kossar, a former helicopter engineer, proposed building one. This four-passenger, 300horse-power, 21-foot wheel-less car can travel over water as well as land at 60 m.p.h., and the company reports successful tests over bogs, marshes and inlets. Pilots have dropped it a few times with no damage to the car or themselves. Compared with a car, it is a heavy fuel-user, but it consumes less than a helicopter. Experts, speculating as to the Air Car's possible roles, have suggested using it in spraying swamps for mosquito control and in patrol service on desert pipelines.

Some years ago William Bertelsen, a doctor in the little town of Neponset, in Illinois, decided that there should be a better way for a doctor to make his rounds over icy roads. A helicopter would be too expensive. He had studied engineering, and in his father's workshop he built a model aircraft, with a movable curved wing that would give him vertical take-off. The model worked, and the behaviour of the

slipstream gave him the notion that if you pumped air under a flat vehicle you could lift it free of ice and snow. He built a small model from plywood, a lawn-mower engine and a fan, discovered that he was on the right track and built a bigger one that would hover an inch high. Last year he and his father built a full-size craft in five months at a cost of 600 dollars (Rs. 2,850).

At the Bertelsen garage I saw the doctor put his "Aeromobile" through its paces. It is easily guided in any direction by a simple control stick. He has driven it over fields, highways and water at a top speed of 40 m.p.h. Since it rides only six inches above the ground, it bumps its nose on a slope. He has plans for a new craft—a plywood aluminium "raft" about 8½ by 6 feet—which will climb a slope.

"Since the Aeromobile needs no wheels, tyres, transmission, differential, axles, brakes or suspension," he told me, "it should be much cheaper to manufacture than a car. Any good boat-builder should be able to turn out a four-passenger job for less than 1,500 dollars (Rs. 7,125). You could drive it to lakes and go fishing."

Meanwhile, on a lake near Tampere in southern Finland, a determined engineer named Toivo Kaario is working on his own version of the air sled. In 1930, watching a sleigh cross the ice, he conceived the idea of a vehicle that would travel on a thin layer of air.

He built a small model and towed it with a car until it built up an air cushion on which it rode. Since then Kaario has built several powered craft which will lift him from the surface and glide about four inches above ice, water, land or snow.

At the Ford Motor, Co. in Dearborn, Michigan, I rode round a track in still another type of airborne vehicle—the experimental "Levacar," brain child of Dr. Andrew Kucher, Ford's vice-president in charge of engineering and research. It rides on a film of air about 1/50th of an inch thick, which is forced through tiny holes in its base. The single-passenger car weighs four hundred-weight, but once it is airborne you can push it with your finger.

While Dr. Kucher sees no great value in ground-cushion road vehicles, he thinks they may be useful as off-the-road carriers to move cargo over rough terrain. And he is chiefly interested in putting the Levacar on rails.

"It would make possible highspeed inter-city passenger trains riding on air a fraction of an inch above the track," he said. "I foresee a noiseless, vibrationless, 300-mile trip in less than an hour. No one knows just how this new form of locomotion will be used, but the major technical problems have been solved, and when that happens you can't arrest the development."

Household and industrial devices are also riding on air. The exhaust of one vacuum cleaner is diverted

through the bottom of its round tank, and the housewife pulls it about effortlessly on its air cushion. Douglas Aircraft engineers have developed "Glide-Aire" devices for moving trolleys of heavy cargo along smooth runways on thin cushions of air, and moving materials along benches for processing. They see the day when air-cushion trolleys will supplant wheels, castors and rollers on warehouse floors, loading docks, trucks and goods wagons at a great saving in time, damage and brute strength. Before long, removal men may float your new piano into the house without scratching your floor.

Last October more than 200 inventors, scientists and engineers from six countries met at Princeton University to exchange information and discuss common problems about ground-cushion vehicles.

Many of these men had been working in the dark. "It is as though the Wright brothers had called a symposium on flying in 1904," said one man. "This is bound

to give the new craft a big impetus."

To conclude the meeting there was a "magic-carpet rodeo" at the hangar, where seven air sleds of various types were on display. The Princeton Department of Aerodynamics showed two saucer-shaped craft. One was an air scooter with a bicycle seat and handle-bars, which a young engineer rode four inches above the ground, steering by body movements. A larger saucer, 20 feet in diameter, was in the testing stage. The U.S. Army Ordnance Tank Command Automotive "raft" about 12 feet long over pavement and grass, and the Marine Corps had a similar entry.

These pioneer craft have their limitations. They stir up too much dust to be allowed on the roads. Side winds blow them off course and would make them a menace in traffic. To these points the inventors reply that it always takes time, work and money to adapt a new discovery to its proper role. But one thing, they say, is certain: flying carpets are here to stay.

In Confidence

Bowled over by her first symphony concert, a 12-year-old girl reported excitedly to her father that evening: "They played Beethoven's Fifth. It was marvellous! I wouldn't have changed a note of it!"

—B. C.

A professor, telling a student that there was no excuse for his poor spelling, said, "You should consult a dictionary whenever you are in doubt. It's as simple as that."

The student appeared confused. "But, sir," he replied, "I'm never in doubt."

—Contributed by R. W. L.

PART JUNE

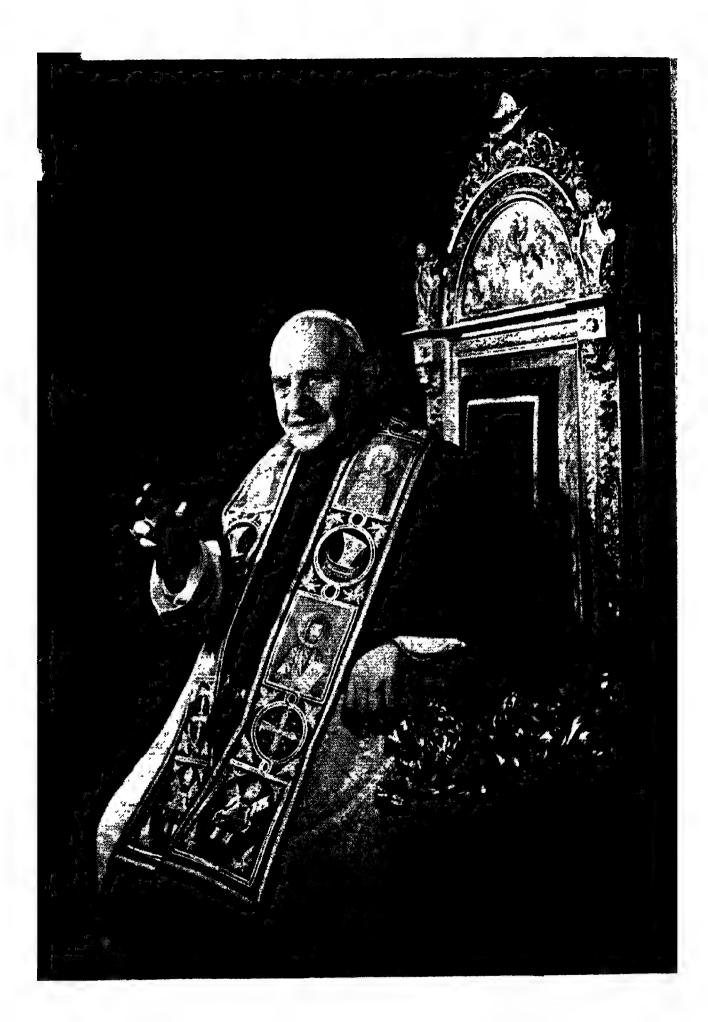
'The best-loved Pontiff of modern times' brings to his august office warm humanity, irrepressible humour and amiable wisdom

By Barrett McGurn

N OCTOBER 28, 1958, elderly Cardinal Canalistood on the balcony of St. Peter's, in Rome, and in a voice that broke with emotion announced the election of a new Pope—"The Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal Roncalli, who has chosen the name of John XXIII."

First there was great rejoicing throughout the Catholic world. Then there was a great enquiry: Who is this man who is now a Pope?

For nearly 30 years Cardinal Roncalli was known in various European capitals as a Vatican diplomat; he was a familiar figure in Venice,



where he had been the Patriarch for five years. But to Catholics in general, including members of the clergy, the 262nd Pope was almost completely unknown.

Today the round, good-natured countenance of Pope John XXIII is recognized everywhere, and people enquire of one another, "Did you hear what Pope John did today?" Some Catholics have grown so fond of the Pope that they call him "Uncle John," and it has been said that he is already the best-loved Pontiff of modern times.

Many of Pope John's actions have delighted the public because they have revealed so clearly his warm attachment to all kinds of people. He had not yet been crowned Pope when he visited the carpentry shop in the Vatican. Remarking, "This looks like thirsty work," he ordered wine for everyone. And on the day after his first Christmas as Pope he visited the Regina Coeli Prison, the first papal visit to a jail for 90 years. "You could not come to see me, so I have come to see you," he told the prisoners, then recalled for their benefit that "one of my relatives who was out hunting without a licence was caught by the carabinieri and sent to jail for a month."

He has surprised people both outside and within the Vatican because he has done so many things that are unusual in a Pope, often shattering papal precedents and traditions. He insists, for instance, that when the Vatican newspaper, L'Osservatore Romano, quotes him it must use the phrase "The Pope said," not the traditional "These are the words of the Most Holy Father as we are able to gather them from his august lips."

It had also been a tradition that the Pope should eat his meals alone. But Pope John, the gregarious former diplomat, enjoys company round the table. From the very beginning he expressed doubt that his spiritual life was enhanced by eating in isolation. "I tried it for one week," he lamented, "and I was not comfortable. Then I searched through Sacred Scripture for something saying I had to eat alone. I found nothing, so I gave it up and it's much better now."

Pope John ordinarily speaks Italian in his audiences, and claims to speak French merely comme ci, comme ça. "He is the only person in Italy who admits to speaking French imperfectly," one man said after an audience. "And it isn't true. His French is fine."

The Pope also speaks Spanish, Bulgarian, Turkish, modern Greek and, of course, Latin. He is now studying English, tutored by his secretary, Monsignor Thomas Ryan, who hails from Tipperary. A prelate at the Vatican observed that "the Pope is going to have an Irish accent. But he seems to like the idea."

Almost everyone who visits Rome wants to see the Pope, even though it may be only a view from among

a throng of thousands in a general audience. To a considerable extent Pope—John has succeeded, through his intimate manner, in converting these mass events into something that is not at all impersonal. Part of the reason is that he acts on his own conviction that simplicity is a major virtue. His theory, as he has explained it to visiting priests, is that the people need and want to hear the simple old religious truths recited patiently and good-naturedly over and over again.

Another quality that has endeared Pope John to his audiences, be they large or small, is a sense of humour that does not spare himself. One day he received a group of Italian prelates. Among them was Bishop Arrigo Pintonello, chief chaplain of the Italian Army, who wore the insignia of a general. Pope John walked among the bishops so that each might kiss his ring, but when he came to Bishop Pintonello he snapped to attention, saluted and said: "Sir, Sergeant Roncalli at your command." As a chaplain during the First World War, Pope John was a sergeant.

Although Pope John may rise in the middle of the night and work for an hour or two, he is the first one up in the Vatican every morning. He begins his day at 4 a.m. by reciting the Angelus and several prayers that were taught to him in childhood. The Pope's Mass is at 6.30, and is usually attended by his valet, Guido Gusso, the three nuns who

are the Pontiff's cooks and house-keepers, and one or two priests.

The Pope breakfasts at eight (coffee drowned in hot milk, bread without butter, and fruit), and at nine the papal audiences begin. The first visitor is the Vatican's Secretary of State, Domenico Cardinal Tardini, the Pope's "prime minister." He briefs the Pontiff on the main events of the day, gives a review of world happenings, supplemented by a stack of newspapers and cuttings marked in red and blue. The audiences for ecclesiastical visitors and the public come next, ending by two o'clock.

Sometimes at lunch there is music (the Pope is fond of Brahms, Mozart, Handel) and after lunch a nap. Then, if the weather is good, there may be a walk in the gardens—and then back to work.

One of the first acts of Pope John was to take firm command of the affairs of Vatican City, whichmeasuring 108 acres and having a citizenry of 921—some Roman Catholic clergy cheerfully refer to as "our golf-course state." The very day after his election, he inspected almost every corner of the territory. It was the first time for 40 years that a Pope had made such a tour. The people were flabbergasted when they found the Pope suddenly among them, swinging his Malacca cane, chatting with workers about their jobs and families, listening with obvious delight to everything they said. "It was as though a country

curate had dropped in for a talk," said one worker.

Among the first things the new sovereign discovered was that there had not been any pay increases for Vatican employees for years. Even with the help of low Vatican rent scales and with the right to use the tax-free grocer's and chemist's, many employees found it hard to manage on the wages that they were getting. The new Pope nearly doubled some salaries, with the biggest rises going to workers with the smallest incomes and the most children. This entailed an annual increase of £800,000 (about Rs. 107 lakhs) in the Vatican payroll, a large commitment, for the little state, since its funds are dependent on the offerings of affluent Catholics. But Pope John has made his policy clear: a Church preaching social justice has to set an example, and trust in God for the needed income.

Pope John has displayed an amazing inclination for getting about and without escort when he can manage it. One day last winter a message was sent from Vatican City to the Rome police that the Pope was missing. What a wild scene of consternation followed! An hour and a half later the Pope was found, calmly visiting a home for old priests some miles from the Vatican. He had gone on a sudden impulse and hadn't bothered to inform his staff or ask for the usual police escort. There have been other occasions when the Most Blessed Father

has been missing, and the Rome police now keep two motor-cycle officers on duty at the exit of the papal palace so that when His Holiness tries to "slip off" they are ready to move into position with the Pontiff's car, whether he wants their services or not.

The Pope loves travelling, and two days after his election he expressed a desire to visit the Lourdes shrine in southern France. But Vatican officials shook their heads, and explained why such a papal trip, unprecedented in modern times, was impractical. If the Pope started to travel from one country to another there would inevitably be hurt feelings in places he did not visit. So the Pope is now confined to Rome, and when he tells visitors to call again he often adds, with a touch of sadness, "I am always here."

In his first year, Pope John XXIII has established himself as the Pope of the individual—of the common man. "Good Pope John," one cardinal calls him. But he is a Pope of statesmanship as well. After his many years in the Holy See's diplomatic service, he has well-developed ideas about the role his Church should play in world affairs and, in his desire to vitalize the Church, has made two major and unusual moves.

Even while he is reigning, the Pope considers his own death and is concerned lest the Chair of St. Peter remain vacant too long. One of his first acts, just two weeks after his

coronation, was to prepare for his own succession by adding 23 members-including Archbishop Godfrey of Westminster—to the Sacred College of Cardinals. Later he added eight more, among them Monsignor William Heard, Dean of the Sacred Roman Rota, who is the first Scot to be a member of the College for almost 150 years. These promotions raised the College's membership to 79. In so doing, Pope John broke a centuries-old precedent that specified a limit of 70, but in the opinion of eminent churchmen he has thus provided the college with at least three outstanding papabili—prelates "able to be considered for the Papacy."

His second major move: the Oecumenical Council, which he announced in January 1959 and which will be held three or four years from now. This council, the 21st of its kind in 20 centuries of Christian history (the last one was held 90 years ago), will bring together the 2,700 Roman Catholic bishops, archbishops and cardinals to discuss the "whole range of Christian thought" and to promote the unity of all Christian faiths.

Pope John has also made a reputation as an administrator and

organizer. Anyone looking into his study on the top floor of the Vatican Palace, on a typical day, would find two desks piled high with documents about which decisions must be made. On one desk, however, is a symbol of the help the Pope utilizes so wisely. It is a telephone, painted white. No one may call the Pope, but he may call his assistants and does—often.

Pope John has sometimes shown signs of fatigue as he copes with his work. No other Pope in two centuries has assumed Peter's throne at such an advanced age (he was 76). Even so, the Pope has told visitors, the sharing of his responsibility has been so extensive and successful that he has often felt less burdened than he did as Patriarch of Venice. "Here," the jovial Pope told one diplomat, "all I really have to do is decide; and often, considering how they put the question, I don't have to do that. It's decided for me."

"He was born to be a Pope," people of the Vatican say as they watch the Most Blessed Father go about his business with friendliness, humility and authority—a combination of qualities not often found in one personality, even a holy one.

They Asked for It

HIGH-PRESSURE research team recently toured the Tottenham district of London asking people what they thought was the most important thing in the world. They came back with the answer: "Minding your own business."

—"Atticus" in The Sunday Times, London

Big Ben: The Voice of Britain

No clock in the world has such a place in the hearts of so many people

By Peter Browne

on the morning of June 3, 1959, Mr. Macmillan and leading politicians of all parties assembled in the courtyard of the Houses of Parliament and stood looking up at the great clock in the tower above them. A silence fell. Then came the sound for which all London had been waiting: the resounding chimes which marked the 11th hour of the day—and the celebration of the clock's 100th birthday.

Big Ben is much more than a fine
66 Condensed from The Atlantic Advocate



timepiece by which life in Britain is regulated. It is a personality inspiring affection and regard. Nor is this affection confined to Britain. The B.B.C. once asked its overseas listeners, to whom it transmits in 41 languages, to name their favourite broadcaster. The winner: Big Ben.

The majestic tone of Big Ben's hour bell is transmitted 81 times a day in B.B.C. services to Europe, North and South America, Africa, the Pacific, the Arab countries and Asia. In San Francisco its recorded chimes strike the hour on a bank building's revolving clock. In West Berlin they boom over loudspeakers to attract customers to watchmakers' shops. In Australia and New Zealand they are broadcast throughout the national broadcasting systems.

Anyone in Britain would find it difficult to imagine a national occasion unheralded by the solemn tones of Big Ben, whether it is a declaration of war or peace, the Sovereign's round-the-world broadcast on Christmas Day, or the end of a reign (when the hour bell tolls once a minute for every year of the dead Sovereign's life). Especially poignant is the sound of Big Ben striking 11 on Remembrance Sunday, when traffic halts and men stand bare-headed in the streets, remembering the dead of two wars.

Since the B.B.C. began to broadcast the chimes in 1923, people have been writing to Big Ben as they would to other international celebrities. A birthday greeting arrives from St. Paul's Carillon Tower in Rome. An inventor in Trieste sends a bottle of his specially concocted oil—anti-freeze, anti-soot, anti-rust and pigeon-repellent. A letter in copybook script, addressed to "The Radio Bells, England," is signed by one Peter Paul Nbofu of Nigeria, who asks for "a complete record, please, that I shall spin in my gramophone."

Much of Big Ben's mail is from listeners in European countries, recalling times during the German occupation when they risked execution to listen to the news broadcast from London. A Frenchman wrote: "For us, Big Ben heralding the news was the sound of freedom and the promise of liberation. Its bell will always be synonymous with liberty to a degree no other music can match." Ex-prisoners of war speak of the emotional lift it gave them to hear Big Ben in a German prison camp, where guards sometimes listened surreptitiously to the B.B.C.

Because everyone knew the chimes were broadcast direct from the clock tower in the heart of London, the B.B.C. made it a point of honour that transmissions should go out as usual. All through London's 1,224 air-raid alerts Big Ben boomed its reassurance that Britain was fighting on, often against a background of sirens and gunfire. Only for a brief period during flying-bomb raids in 1944 was a recording used—and then because the tone of

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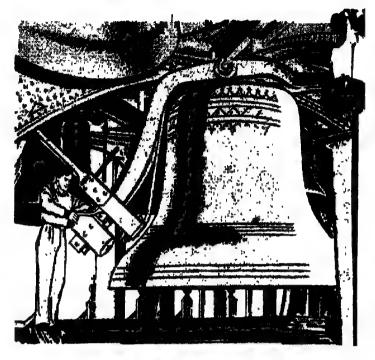
the bell revealed enough about weather conditions over London to help the Germans to set the bombs' automatic controls.

Just before Dunkirk in 1940, the Silent Minute was proposed by a London industrialist, Major W. Tudor Pole, and launched with the backing of all denominations and political parties. As Big Ben struck nine each evening, those who could tune in their radios—wherever they might be—would pray for peace and think of families and friends separated by the war. Those who could not listen to the B.B.C. would observe the Minute at 9 p.m. local time, so that in effect there would be a world-wide circle of prayer.

The B.B.C. estimates that, in Britain alone, some two million people kept the Minute. Perhaps the greatest tribute to the Minute's influence is the comment of a Nazi official interrogated by British Intelligence in 1945: "With the striking of Big Ben every evening you had a secret weapon which we did not understand. It was very powerful and we could find no countermeasure for it."

Big Ben's "ancestors"—a long line of clocks in the Palace of Westminster—go back to 1288. After the Palace had been destroyed by fire in 1834, the Commissioner of Works promised to Parliament in the reconstruction plans "a King of Clocks, the biggest and best in the world."

The Astronomer Royal wrote



A technician checks the 131/2-ton bell which sounds the deepest note in Big Ben's chimes.

specifications for a clock accurate to within one second on the first stroke of each hour. This was so narrow a limit for a clock so big, controlling a heavy striking mechanism and driving long hands exposed to wind and weather, that the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers protested that it was impossible to achieve. However, three makers competed for the honour of building the clock, and the firm of E. J. Dent won. Assembling the five-ton mechanism took two years, and it was kept on test in the factory for another five years while the new clock tower was being built.

When the huge hour bell had been installed, members of the House of Commons met to decide a suitable name for it. Some, aware that bells, like ships, are feminine,

chose "Queen of Bells." Others favoured "Victoria." By the time Sir Benjamin Hall, the burly, popular Commissioner of Public Works. joined in to urge that the bell be named "St. Stephen," many M.P.'s were weary of the whole business. There was a shout of, "Why not call it 'Big Ben' and have done with it?" The discussion broke up in a roar of laughter, and Big Ben the entire clock has been ever since.

To climb the 292 steep steps inside the 300-foot tower to the narrow gallery running behind the dial faces is an unforgettable experience. Each of Big Ben's four faces is 22 1/2 feet across, a mosaic made up of 312 pieces of opal glass. Through the glass you can see the shadowy outline of the nine-foot hour hands and the 14-foot minute hands, made of hollow copper and weighing nearly two hundredweight each.

The heart of Big Ben is the clock chamber. Small, whitewashed to clinical cleanliness, with well-oiled tools neatly racked on the walls, it is built around a 16-foot complex of gears, shafts and pulleys which have seldom stopped. Only once has there been a mechanical defect: the original pendulum spring had to be replaced in 1944, three years after the clock tower had been badly shaken by bombs which toppled the House of Commons. Big Ben's famous

accuracy is maintained with a typically homely touch: on a collar round the 13-foot pendulum rest three small piles of copper coins; so delicately balanced is the mechanism that if a single halfpenny is taken away the clock will lose one second in two days.

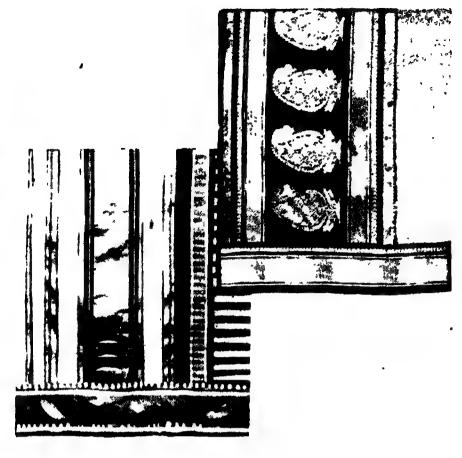
Big Ben's voice is another 50 feet up the corkscrew staircase, a giant of a bell 71/2 feet tall, hanging from a stout steel girder. So shattering is the sound when the bell strikes that it splintered the first B.B.C. microphones installed in the tower. Today two microphones strapped to a beam a safe distance from the bell feed the sound to Broadcasting House, two miles away.

On a fine day Big Ben's gilded faces can be seen glinting in the sun for four miles; at night, whenever the House of Commons sits in late session, a lantern gleams high in the clock tower.

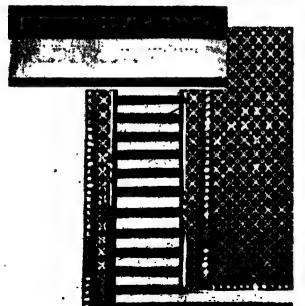
When the lantern was relit in April 1945, after five and a half years of wartime blackout, M.P.'s crowded into the Commons to hear the Speaker say: "I pray that with God's blessing this light will shine not only as an outward and visible sign that the Parliament of a free people is assembled in free debate, but also that it may shine as a beacon of sure hope in a sadly torn and distracted world."

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manufacturers, who lesale and retail dealers in Silk Sarees If the West gave up all the weapons that now deter major aggression, would the world be any safer? An American commentator gives his answer to this tremendous question

Total Disarmamentthe *Real* Meaning

By Francis Vivian Drake

cently been asked one of the most tremendous questions of our lives: will we agree to total disarmament, to the actual destruction of every fighting ship, aircraft, tank, cannon, atomic bomb or missile that we possess, until nothing is left in each country but an internal police force equipped with pistols and rifles?

This proposal was expounded by Khrushchev in a dramatic speech before the United Nations. The Soviet Premier called on the countries of the world to throw down all their arms under international inspection—although the details of the latter were a bit hazy. He declared that the plan would save £35,000 million (about Rs. 50,000 crores) a year and free 100 million people for peaceful tasks.

Should the proposal, considered by many to be a grandstand

gesture aimed at impressing unthinking people with Soviet Russia's lofty intentions, be granted serious consideration? The British and U.S. governments, and the leaders in the United Nations, are treating the proposal with the greatest care. But because total disarmament could affect all our lives so seriously, it is the people themselves who will have to decide our ultimate answer. We know we must not let a genuine chance for lasting peace go by. Which of us has not desperately longed for an end to the arms race? Who has not prayed for a Communist change of heart which would enable the world to live without the threat of war?

To make an intelligent decision, we would need to know the answer to one great question: If we gave up all the weapons that now deter major aggression, would we and our children really be safer? In other

words, would the Soviet proposal ensure world peace—or would it leave the democracies helpless before the sheer brute power of 900 million Russians and Chinése under Communist control?

To find out what the actual effect of total disarmament would be, leading military authorities have been consulted. Here are the main points they believe should be considered:

What would we have to scrap? Abandonment of atomic weapons is the heart of the Soviet proposal. But this idea is not a Soviet invention: it was proposed in 1946 in the Baruch Plan, which called for the surrender of all atom bombs and their means of production (of which America then had a monopoly) to an International Atomic Development Authority. The Authority was to destroy stockpiles, prevent production of atomic weapons and have power to punish violators.

The Russians rejected this proposal, declining to give up the right to veto punishments. Thus the plan perished. Faced with an unrestricted nuclear-armaments race, the West was forced to go full ahead with its own programme.

As a result, the transformation of defence policy has now reached the point where the United States, for example, depends almost 100 per cent on atomic weapons to deter aggression. And to pay the immense costs of this transformation, much of her ability to wage non-atomic warfare has been sacrificed.

The effect of these new atomic weapons in Western hands has been, so far, to prevent the Third World War. Sir Winston Churchill once declared that Europe would long since have been overrun by Communist armies had it not been for America's Strategic Air Command. To give up this means of restraining brute force would be, therefore, a most serious step. It could lead to catastrophe.

Under the Soviet plan, the West's air forces, all the intercontinental and defensive missiles, would be destroyed. Every warship would be sunk or sold for scrap: the supercarriers with their atomically armed planes, the cruisers and destroyers with their atomic missiles, the conventional and nuclear submarines. Armies, now deployed for atomic warfare, would be stripped of their nuclear and other weapons and transformed into internal police forces equipped only with rifles and pistols. They would, of course, be utterly outnumbered by the Communist land forces, and we would have no means left of transporting them anywhere. The U.S. space programme would have to be cancelled, except for scientific exploration.

In brief, we would be stripped of all power to prevent aggression.

Could the process of total disarmament be adequately controlled and inspected? This is the crux of the whole problem—and on it the Soviet proposal is vague. The proposal does

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provide for inspectors in every country, but omits any method of dealing with cheaters. How could violators be restrained?

It would be comparatively easy to police the destruction of navies, air forces, land weapons and the means of producing them. But how could we make sure that no existing weapons were secreted away, perhaps even before the disarmament process began? Would every military authority, without exception, resist the temptation to hoard a few dozen super-bombs which could be transported by civil airlines? To make control and inspection utterly foolproof, not one secret hiding-place, not a cave, a vault, a deep forest, could remain uninspected; and this not merely in the great stretches of the United States, Canada, Russia and China, but anywhere else on the globe where cheating powers might possibly conceal bombs.

Furthermore, the technique of manufacturing atomic bombs is now known. Disarmed, how could we prevent small countries from diverting peaceful atomic raw material into the production of bombs? To try to inspect the entire planet would require not tens of thousands but hundreds of thousands of U.N. inspectors. The cost would be great—and so would be the risk that bribery, ambition or fanatical nationalism might tempt some of the inspectors to look the other way.

One method by which successful betrayal might be prevented could

be the establishment of a fully armed U.N. police force with its actions not subject to veto by Communists or anybody else. But how many nations would be willing to surrender their sovereignty to such a force? The Russians have stated in no uncertain terms that they would not.

Lacking this all-important factor of properly policed control, the world would be forced to rely solely on the pledge of the Communist states, without being able to prevent or punish aggression.

Have we the legal and moral right to disarm? This may seem a strange question for sovereign nations to ask themselves, but the problem is only too real.

The nations of the Free World are bound together in a whole series of mutual assistance treaties that offer promises of security to weaker allies. Should we throw away the arms necessary to make good our guarantees?

Suppose one of these countries were to say: "We disagree with your trust in the Communists. They border our country. They could walk over us at any time. We believe you are mad even to think of giving up your arms. We insist that you retain enough weapons to make good your promises." What would we do? It is unthinkable that we would denounce our treaties and thus make all other agreements worthless—including the disarmament agreement itself.

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JWT-P.71 (a)

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Would the existing Soviet proposal really bring lasting peace? To seek the answer, let us suppose that, by a series of miracles, all the mechanical and legal difficulties which have been enumerated had been overcome in all nations, that all arms except pistols and rifles had disappeared, and that we all stood simply man to man. The democracies would then face 900 million Communist-controlled Russians and Chinese, able to walk or drive across the whole of Europe, the Middle East and most of the Far East. The power of sheer numbers is enormous, even when confronted by superior conventional weapons—as we found out in Korea.

During the past ten years, the Chinese Communists have invaded or infiltrated parts of India, Korea, Vietnam, Burma, Laos and Tibet, and they are still poised opposite Formosa, restrained only by the threat of atomic retaliation. Soviet Russia has taken over Poland, Lithuania, Estonia, Romania, Bulgaria, Albania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Latvia and East Germany—a total of 100 million people enslaved before they had time to ally themselves with the West.

In a world disarmed, would there be an infiltration of "tourist" volunteers into West Germany, France, Italy, Spain, backed up by Soviet-"internal security police"?



With these facts in mind, must we not conclude that real hope for peace lies not in the dramatics of a Khrushchev speech but deep in the hearts and minds of men?

To be successful, total disarmament would require a true and complete brotherhood of main. But true brotherhood can be based only on trust. And what evidence of trust, or even humanity, can be found in the Communist record? Communist policy for decades has been based on malevolent hatred of all free men. Communist acts have ranged from a stream of vetoes paralysing the United Nations down to sabotage of small nations all over the world.

In the face of this record, it is only

elementary common sense to ask the Soviet Union for evidence of a real change of heart before we throw away our only effective deterrents to war, and gamble our lives and those of our children on the unsupported word of the Kremlin. Let the Communists show us deeds, not words. If Hungary were to be freed, if the incessant aggression of Red China were to be halted, if world sabotage of every act of betterment were to cease, we might hope that the beginning of the brotherhood of man was really in sight. Then proposals for total disarmament could be considered more seriously.

Perhaps the sensible approach would be step by step. For example,

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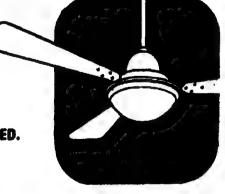
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we might propose that all or part of the West's destroyers, cruisers, nonnuclear submarines, its jet interceptors, its heavy guns and tanks, be moth-balled for ultimate scrapping, providing that the same actions were taken throughout the world. At the same time, a system of inspection, control and enforcement could be set up in each country. If this first step succeeded, an approach could be made towards the scrapping of more powerful weapons and, if all went well, the final step of total atomic disarmament might reached.

Such a plan for gradual disarmament would be based on common sense and the actual facts of life in the world today. It would save an enormous amount of money, and if a foolproof system of international

inspection, control and enforcement by the United Nations could be set up, there is every reason to hope that the plan might eventually be successful. At least, it would give the world an opportunity to see how the controls worked before too much deterrent power had been scrapped.

Some such gradual scheme is probably the only realistic approach to disarmament. It is the method by which politics, science, medicine, even civilization itself, have advanced—step by step. The world lives in the dark shadow of a terrible destructive power. If we could lead the way in erecting an edifice of peace, built not overnight, but brick by brick, testing the strength of the structure as we climbed upwards, we should have the best chance of emerging into the light at last.

April is Promises

WPRIL IS a good month. It is youth. It is hope. It is promise. Couples walking hand-in-hand in the park. Young mothers proudly pushing prams. Young fathers proudly pushing prams. Neighbours calling across fences. Housewives hanging out winter clothing to air.

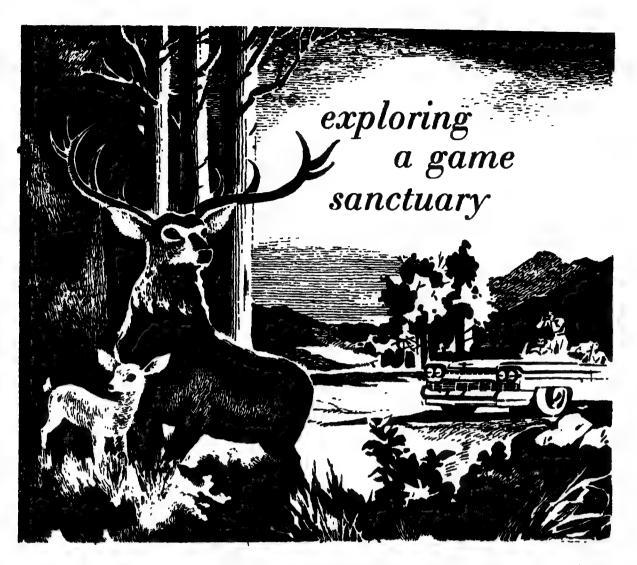
April is mist on the hilltops, rain on the roof. The smell of fresh-turned earth. It's violets, flaming azaleas, gardeners putting out pansy plants. The dandelion. Buds on the lilacs, the shining green of first leaves, boxwood fragrant in the warming sun.

April is water-cress along streams' edges. Tiny green paint brushes on the evergreens. Seedlings reaching upwards from neat rows. Rakes, forks, spades and lawn mowers on the pavement in front of ironmongers' shops.

April is rain at week-ends. Mud on the kitchen floor. Earth stains on the knees of blue jeans. Sparrows carrying bits of straw up under the eaves.

April is the great stirring. It is the door to May, the most gracious month of all.

-N.Y.T.



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Life's Like That

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—L. M.

While watching a football match on television, my husband was interrupted several times by the telephone. Each call was for our 17-year-old daughter. On the note pad he dutifully wrote: "Call Diana—she's at her grandmother's." "Judy rang." "Call Mary if you can get the car tonight." "Bob phoned—wants to know if you can go to a film on Saturday." "Judy rang again." "Ring Kay." Finally, exasperated, he scrawled across the page: "Telephone everybody you know as soon as possible!" —Mrs. L. P.

Ir must have been the first time the woman driver had encountered the city's chaotic traffic conditions. Her indicator light blinking, she was trying to turn right into the solid mass of humanity crossing a side street. Instead of easing her car forward as experienced pedestrian-scatterers do, she sat immobilized. The line of vehicles behind her grew longer as the policeman frantically signalled her to move.

"Go ahead, lady!" he yelled. Taking a few purposeful strides in her direction, he bawled, "Are you going to move or aren't you?"

She looked at him beseechingly, motioning towards the throng that blocked her progress.

"Lady, please," he said in quiet, desperate entreaty. "Close your eyes and go!"

—J. I. B.

I TYPED out a letter for the wife of my employer, who was returning a waffle iron to the manufacturer, claiming that it did not work properly. Later she telephoned me to say she had heard from the company. "They sent back the waffle iron," she said, "and it seems to work."

"Have you tried it?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But it arrived with four beautiful, brown waffles in it."

-Mrs. J. H. L.

EARLY for an appointment, I went into a Catholic church and sat down in the last pew. While I was there, an old woman who runs a news-stand near by hurried in, dropped some coins into the poor box and hurried out again. In a few minutes, I heard the clink of coins again, and saw she was back. She repeated the performance several times. When I left the church I went to her stand and bought a paper. "You must be doing well," I remarked, "if you can contribute so much to the poor."

She nodded. "I used to give God a shilling a day when business was good," she explained. "But lately I've had Him on straight commission and it's been really booming!"

-Mrs. N. D. W.

MY PATIENT was on the operating table and I—scrubbed, gowned and gloved —waited impatiently while a nurse set up the instrument table. Furious that the other nurses had not appeared, I walked softly down the corridor to the nurses' lounge and barged in without knocking. Two nurses were chatting gaily on the sofa, another was reading the paper and a fourth was catching up on her correspondence at the desk. I told them off in no uncertain terms, and hustled them into the operating theatre.

The case went well, and I thought no more about the incident until a few days later when I went to dress for another operation. As I lifted my shoes out of the locker, they tinkled. A tiny bell had been firmly stapled to the lace on each shoe.

—Peter Eastman

ALL THE BUS passengers were women, and as we drove along the precipitous mountain highway the friendly driver pointed out the scenic beauty. Suddenly a frightening storm of wind and rain struck us. The bus swayed precariously, and the road was blotted out.

The driver could see in his rearview mirror how scared we were, for each of us was holding on to the back of the seat ahead, as if trying to help him keep the bus on the road. Just as suddenly as it had come, the storm vanished and out came the bright sun.

Just as brightly, the driver announced, "Thanks, ladies—I couldn't have done it without you!"

-Sue Bensing

THE SNACK BAR was filled with young people but, wonder of wonders, the juke box was singing out only the soft

strains of Strauss waltzes. It was such a pleasant change from the usual racket that we couldn't help talking about it. A man sitting near by overheard us.

"I've put a lot of coins in that damned machine," he whispered. "I reckon there are enough waltzes lined up to keep off the rack-and-ruin music till we've finished lunch."—S. L.

On MY WAY to work I approached a dangerous crossroads with caution, but another car suddenly turned in and caught my rear bumper with a crash. Furious, I walked back to the shiny new black car.

The sweet young thing at the wheel was in tears, and between sobs she told me that her husband had just bought the vehicle 24 hours earlier.

"How am I ever going to face him?" she sniffled.

Slightly softened, I explained that we would have to make a note of each other's licence numbers and insurance companies.

Out of the glove compartment she pulled a folder. On it a large masculine scrawl read: "In case of accident, dear, remember it's you I love, not the car."

—G. L. SIMPSON

On MULEBACK going down the narrow trail into the Grand Canyon, the most frightening moments came when we navigated the sharp switchbacks and looked out into space. Our tension was lessened, however, by the antics of the large jittery lady ahead of us. As we approached the turns, she would pat her mule vigorously and with forced bravado sing out, "Now turn here, dearie!"

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It's hard for a man to believe what he sees here: pure-white bats; kangaroo rats that never touch water; stones that move by themselves; rain that dries up before it reaches the ground; and prospectors who take it all for granted

No Shadows

grizzled old prospector as he slowed his battered pick-up truck to glance at a lizard beside the road. "I was looking to see if it was a stick lizard," he drawled. "That's a special kind ain't found nowhere but here. He picks up a little piece of mesquite twig and uses it kind of like a pogo-stick when he has to go walking in warm weather, so his

feet don't get too hot. Lizards out here got to be extra smart. Like the people."

I could almost believe that tall tale. We were in Death Valley, California, the hottest place in North America. Thermometers thrust into the ground here in midsummer have recorded an incredible 88°C, only 12 degrees below boiling-point.

The pick-up rattled along the



in Death Valley

By Ben Lucien Burman Author of "The Street of the Laughing Camel," "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Blow for a Landing," etc.

road. Before us lay a fantastic panorama—dazzling white salt beds surrounded by gloomy, towering mountains. Mirages showed here and there, queer-shaped lakes, sometimes with what appeared to be a boat or a wharf, as a huge rock caught the reflection of the sun.

Now we began to climb, and the air grew cooler. We reached Dante's View, where the Valley lay spread out before us in all its sombre beauty. To our right were the grim Funeral Mountains and opposite them, to the west, the lofty Panamints. Directly under us were the white salt flats of Badwater, 282 feet below sea-level, the lowest point in the Western Hemisphere. At the same time, we could see in the far distance the highest point in the United States (excluding Alaska). It is



snow-covered Mount Whitney, rising 14,495 feet above sea-level.

I saw how the surrounding mountain ranges trapped any moisture-laden clouds that might have watered this Valley, making it an immense stone oven in which innumerable prospectors have lost their lives. Nevertheless the Valley is still a mecca for eccentric prospectors. I was travelling with one of them, a weather-beaten gold seeker nicknamed Copperstain.

Leaving Dante's View, dropped down again to the Valley floor. Copperstain pulled up beside a little stream trickling over the hot sand, where some minnow-size fish could be seen darting about. "These here's what we call desert sardines," he said. "But they ain't like any sardine ever come out of a can. When winter comes the fish'll just disappear. And then when the hot weather comes back, there's the fish swimming around again, pretty as can be. Where they stay ain't nobody been able to figure out."

As we turned up a mountain trail, a cabin showed ahead, near the entrance to an old mine shaft. Once a rich producer of gold ore, the mine was being worked again hopefully by some Valley characters, one of whom was known as the Duke of Muddy Water. The Duke, a young-ish, well-spoken man with a friendly face somewhat obscured by a heavy beard, courteously invited us to stop for lunch. Inside the bare cabin I heard a curious scuttering in a room

beyond the paintless door. "Pack rats," said the Duke. "At night when they run around it sounds like they're wearing horseshoes."

I had heard much about these peculiar little rodents, also known as trade rats because of their habit of running off with small objects, but nearly always leaving something in exchange.

As we sat down to eat, one of the Duke's partners, a short, droll-eyed individual known as Panamint Charley, spoke up: "Them rats'll do you a good turn any time they can. Last year when I was staying back of Chloride Cliff I went to get some potatoes and I found them pack rats had taken every potato I owned. I was pretty sore about it, until I looked closer, and down there in the box was the finest gold nuggets you ever seen. One nugget for every potato they'd took."

Our meal finished, the Duke led us to the shaft to see the ore they were getting. Crushing a sample, he showed me how to wash it in the heavy iron pan. As I sluiced the water about, the crushed rock separated, and at last I saw some shining grains on the bottom of the pan. The Duke gave me a magnifying glass, and as I looked again each grain became a gleaming nugget. Suddenly I understood the lure that made these men undergo hardship and danger. I was ready to start prospecting myself.

Afterwards, Copperstain and I drove down to the flats once more.

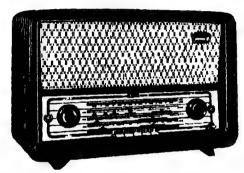
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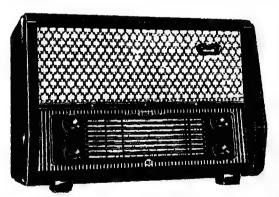


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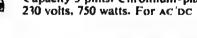


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The heat had increased, and a fiery wind was now sweeping across the salt-flecked plain, drying my face until I thought the skin would split. Off in the distance sand whirls danced weirdly, forerunners of those huge sand pillars 200 feet thick and 1,000 feet high that frequently come rushing across the desert. I remarked about the heat.

"You ain't seen nothing yet, brother," Copperstain said. "Compared to what's coming this summer, this here's like a day at the North Pole."

We arrived at the desert centre where I was staying, a place aptly called Furnace Creek. Darkness fell, but there was little lessening of the temperature. To touch the wall of my cottage was almost like touching a hot stove. I understood why the Panamint Indians who once roamed the Valley had named this desert Tomesha—"Ground on Fire."

Next morning early, Copperstain was waiting for me. We swung north awhile, along the base of the Funeral Mountains. Then, climbing a ridge, we came to Hell's Gate, where in midsummer the heat rising from the Valley sweeps through like a blast from Inferno.

We drove into Nevada, to the little town of Beatty, a friendly place with a few stores and motels and half a dozen saloons, some rich in mining-camp tradition. At the Exchange Club the slot machines were clicking noisily. We joined a group of old prospectors sitting at

a table drinking coffee. The talk drifted to the old days when the flats above Beatty were crowded with the tents of gold seekers.

A lean figure known as Cactus Jack, with skin like burned leather, looked up from the doughnut he was dunking. Though 85, he had just returned from a hard week working his claim. "Those were the times," he said. "I seen a fellow after he made a strike walk into this café with his burro [donkey], lead it up to the bar and tell the bartender to give the burro a bottle of the best champagne in the house."

Later that day we visited the famous castle of Death Valley Scotty, looming against the stark mountains like the fortress of some robber baron in the Middle Ages. "Scotty beat 'em all as a character,'' said Copperstain. "Nothing made him happy except seeing his name in the paper. Hired the Santa Fé train to beat the record from Los Angeles to New York. Beat it, too, but it cost him more than I'll ever make goldmining all my life." We made the tour of the castle, a fantastic combination of bad taste, extravagance and beauty, a perfect monument for this practical joker and showman. I sat in the music room where Scotty had installed a great organ and employed a well-known musician to play.

The organ rumbled through one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies—but now it was only a pianola roll, clamouring out melodies for tourists.

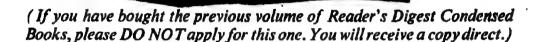
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Next day Copperstain and I rode the rocky trails where once the enormous borax wagons with their 20-mule teams had thundered. We traversed Golden Canyon with its bizarre rock formations like the monuments of ancient Egypt; past Wild Rose Canyon where the wild burros graze, descendants of the lost burros of many a prospector; past Artist's Palette with its unbelievable colours, as though some madman had hurled barrels of oil-paint in every direction, trying to rival a rainbow.

We turned back towards Stovepipe Wells. A small animal hopped across the road. I recognized it as a kangaroo rat, another extraordinary dweller in the Valley. One of the few animals that can go all their lives without drinking a drop of water, it is equipped with a sort of chemical distillation plant that can turn anything it eats into all the moisture it needs.

There was a fascination about the Valley that made it different from any other place I had ever visited. When darkness fell at Stovepipe Wells, the strange pure-white bats of the Valley would circle overhead, with a beauty of flight that made them a contradiction to the ugliness and horror generally associated with bats. Often I would drive 60 miles at night without seeing the lights of a single car or signs of a single animal, just the stars shining with incredible brilliance above mountains. Only the dullest soul

could fail to be touched with something of the infinite.

I did not want to leave the Valley until I had seen the mysterious "dry lake" called the Race Track. "You better go there with one of the rangers," Copperstain said. "This truck ain't in too good shape, and the trail there ain't patrolled. If we broke down and nobody knew, we'd

be in plenty of trouble."

Death Valley is now a national monument, with rangers on constant patrol to protect travellers. Early on my last day I drove to the headquarters at Furnace Creek, where a tall, weather-beaten ranger was waiting for me in a pick-up. After an hour we came to a dirt trail. A sign stated that from here on the route was patrolled only at irregular intervals, and the ranger began to talk into his short-wave radio: "Leaving for the Race Track. We should be back in three and a half hours." I heard the answering "Okay" from the ranger station at Emigrant Junction.

The trail, climbing gradually, wound like a yellow snake across a barren waste encircled by low volcanic ridges. Now and then great frozen waves of black lava surrounded us. It was as though we had drifted back to those convulsive days when the earth was emerging

from chaos.

Suddenly, in the distance, a great circle appeared, flat and shiny as though cut by some giant hand from a piece of yellow paper. As we came closer, the Race Track looked like a huge saucer, the surface as even as though it had been smoothed by great rollers.

We sped two miles across to the other side of the Race Track, where the ranger brought the pick-up to a halt. "These are the Skating Rocks," he said.

Behind an enormous boulder was a wide track several inches deep, where the rock had moved across the earth in a ruler-straight path. Beyond were other boulders which had left similar trails. What had made these huge rocks slide in this fashion? "Some scientists believe it's earthquakes," the ranger said. "Others say it's the wind, but it would take a terrific gust to blow those rocks around. I guess nobody will really know until some scientist camps out here and actually sees one of them move."

Back at the headquarters I picked up my car and set out for Stovepipe Wells. I saw an ominous black cloud in the distant sky. Long streamers of rain streaked down against the horizon.

I drove faster, having no desire to be trapped by a flash flood. But soon I saw that trying to outrun the storm was hopeless. The cloud came directly overhead and I braced myself for the deluge.

To my astonishment, not a single drop of water fell. The air was so dry and hot that the rain, dropping from the cloud perhaps 2,500 feet above me, evaporated long before it reached the ground. Then I remembered that this was a phenomenon which I had heard occurred often in the area.

It was merely another spectacle in nature's colossal, ever-changing show that is Death Valley.

The Male Animal

Two PRETTY GIRLS met in a street and enthusiastically kissed each other. A young man watched them moodily and said, "That's the trouble with the world today. Too many women trying to do a man's job!" —G. D.

My ELDERLY uncle and I were sitting on our veranda when a young woman in a revealing dress sauntered by. Noting the eager look in my uncle's eye, I said, "Now don't be entertaining evil thoughts."

"I'm not," he snapped. "They're entertaining me."

-Contributed by J. R. S.

THE DIRECTOR of an art museum, told that his office needed a new machine, had spent the morning in a salesroom watching demonstrations of equipment. Afterwards, in the crowded lift, a woman screeched as a young man pinched her.

"Thank goodness," said the director, "some things are still done by hand."

SUFFERING No Energy, Listless, Run Down, Nervy?

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An unusual business idea is fast becoming an American trend

FOR HIRE: ALMOST ANYTHING

By Frank Cameron

rent almost anything nonexpendable under the sun, and experts estimate that half the nation's businesses take advantage of some leasing plan. Recently the leading firm in the field, the U.S. Leasing Corporation of San Francisco, agreed to buy an electronic brain for an aircraft company; a yacht for an advertising agency; linen and furniture for a new motel; a bone-saw, baby incubator and 5,000 other items for a new hospital.

Equipment leasing has had a long tradition. As far back as 1877, the Bell Telephone System decided to lease rather than sell its instruments

to customers. What's new is today's leasing technique. Unlike a rental company, which carries a large stock from which the customer selects, the leasing company now buys only when and what its customer specifies. Its many possessions are remote and unseen. U.S. Leasing, for example, has bought over 45 million dollars' worth of goods, yet no employee has actually handled a single item involved. This kind of leasing is, in effect, a financing operation.

Although each contract is tailored to fit the client, the lease usually runs for three-quarters of the useful life of the article. During that time—say five years—the lessee may pay

out 130 per cent of the article's purchase price in monthly fees. Thereafter, if the lease is renewed, the fee is scaled down. If it is cancelled, the leasing company either finds a new customer or sells the equipment.

Nothing is kept in stock.

The manufacturer's goodwill is important to the leasing company and, contrary to what most people expect, U.S. Leasing buys at the normal price every item it leases, without asking a discount for mass purchases. It is sound policy. Since the manufacturer or dealer will lose profit, salesmen frequently recommend a leasing deal to customers.

Why do industrial companies lease? The answer is complex. Leasing instead of buying leaves working capital free for other uses—and freer working capital also means a larger borrowing capacity. A company with a government contract can lease additional machinery for the duration of the contract and not be stuck with it afterwards. Also, there may be tax benefits, since leasing in effect permits a company to write off equipment at a faster rate.

Vice-president of the pioneering U.S. Leasing Corporation is amiable Henry Schoenfeld, who got into the leasing business from sheer necessity. At the end of the Second World War he came out of the Pearl Harbour shipyards, where he had been a welder, to manage a small food-processing plant in California. Cash was short; equipment was old.

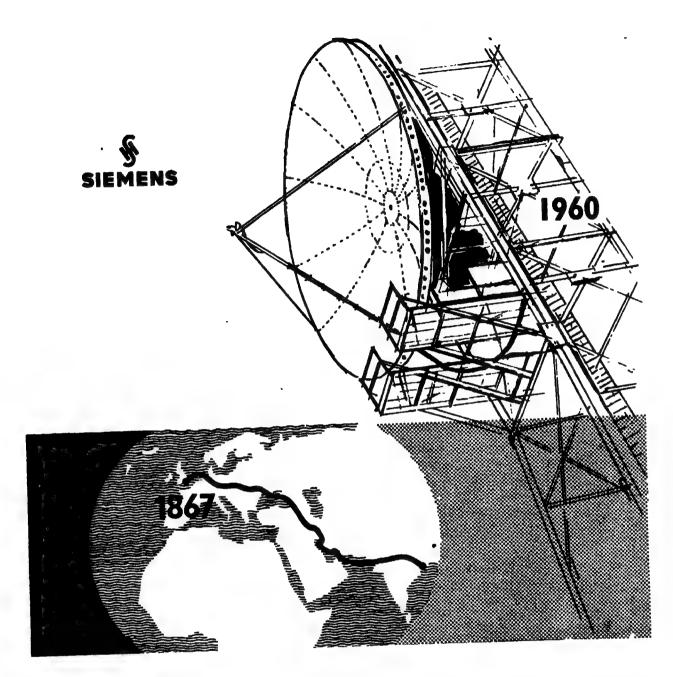
An overworked fork-lift truck constantly broke down, delaying production, so Schoenfeld tried to rent a substitute.

"I'll lease you a new one for three years," an equipment dealer told him, "for only 125 dollars a month." The deal was made. And it set Schoenfeld thinking. He confided his thoughts to Joseph and Clarence Kane, executives with a large processor of dried fruit and nuts.

By lucky coincidence, their firm needed half a million dollars' worth of new equipment but did not want to put out the money to buy it. Schoenfeld, the Kane brothers and another man, pooled 5,000 dollars each and took their idea to the Bank of America. The bank agreed to make them a five-year loan to finance the half-million dollar order. The U.S. Leasing Corporation was in business. This was in 1952.

Business boomed, as the idea worked beyond its promoters' wildest dreams. The big Western timber industry was particularly attracted to the idea. U.S. Leasing expanded, set up seven branch offices round the country, and last year leased equipment worth nearly 27 million dollars. Because a sound credit rating is considered a must for a lessee, very few deals have backfired.

Strong competition has developed from other new concerns in the field. One New York leasing firm recently announced that it will build a factory to order and lease it to the



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was created by Werner von Siemens, the founder of our organization, in the years 1867-1870, in the form of an Indo-European telegraph line stretching from Calcutta to London.

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user. An electrical manufacturer leases major electrical appliances to blocks of flats, providing maintenance and repair services.

The aviation industry has tentatively adopted the formula. American Airlines will soon be flying commercial jets whose sleek air frames belong to the airline but whose 441 pulsing engines will be owned by the manufacturers, United Aircraft Corporation and General Motors. American Airlines' contract, however, includes an option to buy. By leasing during the transition to jets, the airline has had to put up 80 million dollars less in capital outlay.

Industrial leasing of trucks is an old business, with well-recognized advantages for the lessee. One firm has 50,000 trucks and cars leased out. The companies which lease them avoid the extra accounting problems and maintenance headaches of owning a fleet of trucks.

While last year there were some 20 million car-rental customers in the United States, there were also some 50,000 passenger cars leased to individuals. There is a lot of discussion of the relative costs of lease or purchase for the individual driver who wants a new car every two years or so. Figures show that, even with financing costs and depreciation, it is generally cheaper to buy.

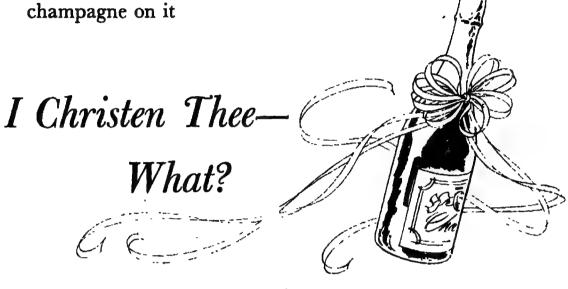
However, one rapidly growing firm which now has 800 cars on lease, insists that it will eventually be cheaper for most people to lease. Their plan gives the individual lessee some of the benefits of a fleet owner, through discounts on petrol, tyres and repairs.

While leasing is more for the large business concern, renting is for everyone. (Leasing usually involves a contract for the continuing use of an article over a stated period; renting is usually for brief or sporadic use.) One American company rents babies' cots, power'saws and enough other items to fill a thick catalogue. In San Francisco, car commuters now pool resources and rent small buses. Decorative plants can be rented—a sprig of ivy or a small jungle complete with palms. New York has a store that rents animals. In some American cities you can rent a mink coat, or you can subscribe to a clean-white-shirt service with no capital outlay.

Lease or rent, the principle is much the same. In spite of all the situations in which they are an advantage, there are perhaps as many where outright purchase is the better deal: it is cheaper; equipment owned is an asset; the purchaser has pride of ownership. But he also has the headaches of ownership. And it is for this reason that the current vogue for leasing looks like staying.



How a naval officer discovered that there's more to naming a ship than smashing a bottle of champagne on it



By Captain William Calkins, U.S.N.R.

Tor two years during the Second World War, I lived amidst a peculiar peril. As an assistant to the chief of naval personnel I had the job of dreaming up names for naval vessels. There's nothing to it, I thought when I was assigned to the detail. Hah! Little did I know. There was, for instance, the time I almost gave a ship the name of a star which an astronomer had named after his mistress's poodle. I did name a submarine after a sea-slug with a most unmentionable seagoing nickname. What it cost the Navy to scrape the names off all the equipment on a ship when I had boobed I'll never know.

Like most people, I knew vaguely that U.S. naval vessels are named in specific categories: battleships are named after states; cruisers after cities; aircraft-carriers after well-known American battles; and so on. But this is only the beginning. There are a lot of classes of ships.

I had to swot up on such oddments as stars (store and cargo ships); trees (net layers); birds (minesweepers and submarine rescue vessels); mythological characters (repair ships); U.S. geographical areas (destroyer tenders); rivers (oilers).

I soon found out that the Navy usually had more ships than I had

names. If they hadn't decided not to name the landing ships I would probably still be at war.

There are certain criteria for selecting ships' names. The name should not be similar to that of another ship. Spelling and pronunciation had to be reasonably simple. (If an enlisted man's best girl couldn't spell it he might not get her letters.) We had to avoid the booby trap of the double entendre.

When the shipbuilding programme really got going, the carriers gave us a lot of trouble. There isn't an inexhaustible supply of famous American battles, and in 1942 and 1943 we had not yet won many new ones.

We temporized for a while by naming carriers after bodies of coastal water but these soon threatened to run out. When we got to the ragged coastline of Alaska, however, we were overjoyed to find many new and original names. Some sounded a little exotic, but maybe they were Eskimo. Truth dawned slowly. We had forgotten that the Russians were the first settlers of Alaska.

Submarines are named after fish. At the peak of the shipbuilding programme the Navy had about 500 submarines afloat, a-building or a-planning, and there are not as many fish as you may think.

The reasonable names like *Trout*, *Bass*, *Salmon* and *Shark* were used up long before I appeared. I was reduced to scrabbling around for

names like Spinax, Irex, Mero and Sirago. Even the so-called common names can be rough: you wouldn't want to call a naval vessel the U.S.S. Big-Eyed Scad.

We cheated a little and used some names twice. There is a U.S.S. Shark and also a U.S.S. Tiburon, which is shark in Spanish. There were the Jack, Amberjack and Ulua—same fish. There were the Chub and the Hardhead (both minnows, but we couldn't name a fighting ship the U.S.S. Minnow). We decided we couldn't put Sardine on the Navy list, but we named the U.S.S. Sarda—same fish.

When the going got really tough I would read the dictionary until I came across a word that sounded fishy. Then I would go over to the National Museum and one of the ichthyologists and I would thumb through the Museum's cards until we found a likely fish with a blank space after "popular name." We would add the name that I had devised.

One of my fondest memories of Washington is when I went over to the National Museum to bid goodbye to Dr. Wetmore, the director. He and his corps of scientists had contributed much to the war effort in the matter of fish, stars and trees. "You know, Calkins," Dr. Wetmore said, "in the early part of the war you named your submarines after our fish, but I learn that lately we have been naming our fish after your submarines!"

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Personal Glimpses

LIKE MOST prominent authors, Sir James Barrie received frequent requests from aspiring writers to read their efforts. A would-be novelist once handed him a 1,500-page manuscript, asking him to read it and suggest a title. Barrie handed it back. "Tell me, young man," he said, "are there any drums or trumpets in your novel?"

"Why, no, Sir James," the young man protested. "It isn't that kind of book at all."

"Good!" said Barrie. "Then call it No Drums, No Trumpets." —S. W. T.

GLENN CUNNINGHAM, the American athletics star of the 1930's, came to our town to give a speech, and a group of leading citizens met him at the station. On the way to the lecture hall they tried to get him to talk about his many triumphs. But this man, whose world indoor-mile record of 4.04.4 stood for 17 years, was too modest to talk about himself. Finally one of his hosts said, "Once I heard of a runner who used to train by chasing jack rabbits. You know how fast jack rabbits run and how superbly they dodge? Well, this fellow would see one and

sprint after it and he could actually catch it!"

Cunningham looked at the speaker and grinned. "That's right," he said, "and I still do it."

-Contributed by Myra Brown

Luis Muñoz-Marin, Puerto Rico's crusading governor, has his office in La Fortaleza, the centuries-old Spanish Governor's Palace. Through its wide windows recently flew some San Juan birds who built a nest in the chandelier over his desk. An assistant ordered the nest to be removed, but Muñoz stopped him. "Leave it there," he commanded. "It will remind me that we still have a housing shortage in Puerto Rico."

—Louis Sobol

THE MOST REVEREND R. C. Trench, who many years ago was Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, had a morbid fear of becoming paralysed. One evening at a party, the lady he sat next to at dinner heard him muttering mournfully to himself, "It's happened at last—total insensibility of the right limb."

"Your Grace," said the lady, "it may comfort you to learn that it is my leg you are pinching."

-J. C. Percy in The Irish Digest

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN, French artist, was on his death-bed and his relatives were trying to simulate confidence in his recovery. "You're looking much better," his wife assured him. "The colour has come back into your cheeks," said his son. "You're breathing easier, Father," his daughter observed.

Forain smiled weakly. "Thank you," he whispered. "I'm going to die cured."

—Bennett Cerf

Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-born philanthropist, considered himself a master of golf, but actually played with little skill and took defeat hard. Visitors who were seeking money made it a point to lose when invited to play on his private course.

One day he was playing against an educator who was hoping for a huge grant. By great effort the educator managed to keep the score even at the end of the eighth hole. At the ninth, Carnegie drove his ball into a bunker. The educator sent his ball into the woods. Carnegie then hit his ball into the lake. The educator met the challenge by driving his ball 100 yards beyond the green.

Carnegie came on to the green in 10 strokes and was down in 14, while his opponent was five feet from the pin in 11 strokes. In a sweat, the educator wiped his moist hands on his shirt. Taking careful aim, he overshot the hole three times. Then, with a sigh of relief, he easily sank the fourth putt, losing the match by one stroke. Carnegie, the magnanimous winner, offered a few words of advice.

"You play a good game," he said, "but you're too tense. You should learn to relax."

—E. E. Edgar

JOHN DEWEY was every bit as absentminded as professors are supposed to be.

He was walking through the college grounds with a friend one day when a little boy came up and asked him for a coin.

Dewey gave him one, but afterwards he said somewhat irritably to his friend, "The trouble with the boys in this town is that they're always asking you for money."

"But isn't that your son?" the friend asked.

Dewey looked round. "Why, yes," he said, "I suppose it is." —H. W. L.

IN THE MIDST of the depression of the '30's, the famous opera singer, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, came out of retirement and made front-page news by signing a musichall contract. She was ageing and in poor health, but she was so beset by financial problems that she took to the road—together with song-and-dance teams, jugglers, comedians and animal acts.

I met her at a theatre in Tacoma when the *Daily Ledger* sent me to interview her. There were other reporters present and the interview went smoothly. Finally one reporter remarked that things must be bad indeed to force the world's greatest Wagnerian singer to do ten-cent shows.

For a fleeting moment the smile left her face. Then in a gentle reproving voice she said, "Young man, how can times be bad when children can hear Schumann-Heink for a dime?"

-Contributed by Terry Pettus

WHEN Pola Negri, sultry star of the silent films, announced her return to film-making last summer, a top Hollywood writer was assigned to prepare her life story. Knowing the aura of mystery, romance and intrigue she'd woven about her life, he wrote, among other things, that a duke had once threatened to commit suicide because of her. When Miss Negri read over the manuscript, she changed "duke" to "archduke" and "threatened to commit" to "committed."

-Leonard Lyons



A jovial Irishman has reversed the "hate America" campaign at an important base in Japan

"YANKEE STAY HERE"

By W. J Lederer

POINTING his binoculars out of the window, Colonel Frederick O'Neill, newly appointed commander of the U.S. Air Force Base at Itazuke, Japan, studied the enormous red sign painted on the side of a hangar: YANKEE GO HOME.

"Damn!" muttered the Colonel. O'Neill, a big man wish bushy eyebrows and a boisterous laugh, is known throughout the Air Force as a happy Irishman. But on this morning, as he eased his six-foot frame back into his chair, a scowl darkened his face. He glanced down at the urgent message from head-quarters on his desk.

THE COMMUNISTS ARE MOVING HEAVEN AND EARTH TO FOMENT ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING ROUND

YOUR BASE, WHICH IS THE BACKBONE OF JAPAN'S AIR DEFENCE SYSTEM. PUBLIC OPINION IS SO AGITATED THAT LEGISLATION HAS BEEN INTRODUCED IN THE JAPANESE DIET TO HAVE THE BASE REMOVED. WE HAVE CONFIDENCE YOU CAN SOLVE WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE THE MOST TICKLISH AND IMPORTANT PROBLEM.

O'Neill ran his big hands through his hair and turned to the next paper on his desk—a police report of an accident in which an Air Force car had killed a Japanese child. O'Neill knew that an angry mob had congregated as a result, surrounding the police station and screaming that action should be taken against the driver. "Everything," he thought, "seems to be blowing up under me."

He was interrupted by the ring-

ing of the telephone.

"Colonel," said the excited voice on the other end, "this is Operations. A C-47 has crashed into the most crowded section of Fukuoka City. We don't know the casualties, but the plane exploded and some houses are on fire . . ."

"Get the Fire and Rescue Squad."

"They're on the way, sir. Should be by your office in a moment . . ."

O'Neill reached the street as a convoy of trucks careered round the corner. He jumped on to the first one—a fire engine.

As they sped towards the city, he saw the billows of smoke in the distance, and from the angle of it

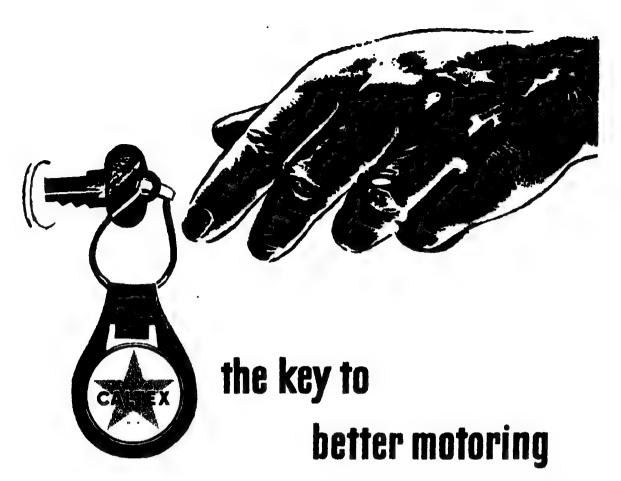
he estimated the wind to be about ten knots. If the fire crosses the stream, he thought, 100,000 Japanese may be homeless tonight. And it'll all be blamed on the U.S. Air Force. He bit his lip and wondered if his men would be able to control the blaze.

Near the scene of the crash the streets were jammed with Japanese who booed as they stepped aside to let the trucks through. O'Neill noticed that agitators were already at work. Hastily painted signs urged the people to throw the evil U.S. Air Force out of Japan.

About ten houses were burning furiously, with the snap and crackle of dry bamboo. Scores of men from the Air Force convoy jumped into action with desperate speed and efficiency. Firemen poured clouds of foam on the blaze. Men in asbestos suits searched through the flames for people trapped inside; doctors treated injured Japanese.

Within half an hour the fires were out. Bulldozers followed the firefighters and cleaned up the debris. Behind them came Air Force carpenters. Before evening they had built temporary quarters for those whose homes had been destroyed. Included in the shelters were stoves, a three-week supply of food and sufficient money for emergency needs. As work went on, the mob broke up into interested groups which stepped up to admire the skill of the construction men.

Meanwhile O'Neill's information



When you switch on the ignition and start your engine it commences to use petrol and oil, both rather expensive items these days. So it's quite important that your car (and you) receive the kindest treatment. And, the wise motorists are those who always use Caltex petrol and oils—there's nothing as good as Caltex for better performance and proved economy.





Ride in style in the BIG Ambassador The Overhead Valve Engine has given remarkable power to the Ambassador – nearly 25% more. For leaping ahead on level roads or for climbing effortlessly on gradients, few cars can come near the new Ambassador.

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service notified every newspaper, radio and television station in Fukuoka about the crash. Interviews were arranged with the injured and with Air Force officials. Photographs and films of all aspects of the

tragedy (not omitting the Air Force's swift action) were delivered to news

agencies.

The newspapers were amazed; usually they had to fight for information. The information service officer explained: "Colonel O'Neill's orders are that you are to get all the news, both good and bad."

The Press responded in the same spirit. The next day, instead of a rabble-rousing article about the plane crash, the headlines said: U.S. Air Force

Gives Aid to Japanese.

Working closely with Japanese officials, teams of Air Force engineers and supply officers interviewed every Japanese who had lost his home and found out what kind of househe wanted as a replacement. Within five days, work on the new homes had been started. When a delegation of Communist agitators asked the Japanese to sign a petition of complaint against the U.S. Air

Force, the new home-owners chased them away with stones.

But an air crash was too good an opportunity for the troublemakers to let slip by. They went to the Fukuoka legislature to get an act

of censure passed against the Ameri-After cans. investigation, the legislature took action: a letter of condolence prepared for the survivors of the American airmen who died "on duty defending Japan and the United States." Also a statement thanks was publicly made to Colonel O'Neill for his assistance.



Colonel Frederick O'Neill

The radicals continued a hate campaign, attempting to picture the Americans as hard-hearted foreigners who feel superior to Japanese, but they didn't know Colonel O'Neill. He assembled his 8,000 airmen and told them that they must get out into the Japanese communities and make friends. "Start with little things," said O'Neill. "Has anyone any suggestions?"

A middle-aged sergeant stood up. He had noticed that there were thousands of orphans in the prefecture. Could the air base do something to help them? Various air-base organizations volunteered to take overfive orphanages in Fukuoka. On their nights off, the airmen painted buildings, built annexes, installed washing machines. During the daytime their wives "stood duty." The words "American Papa-san" became an expression of endearment to thousands of Japanese orphans. But they had a special title for the tall man with the bushy eyebrows and jolly laugh who came several times a week to see how things were getting along. He was "Grandpapa-san."

The Air Force did not publicize the work with the orphanages. But the Oriental axiom, "Kind decds need no trumpets," was as true as ever. Within a month everyone in the prefecture knew what was happening. And the co-operation in "little things" did not stop there.

Colonel O'Neill's unofficial instructions were: "Anyone who needs time off to carry out our friendship programme can have it. Don't bother about red tape or special permission. If you have any doubts just remember this: If you carry out the Golden Rule you will not be breaking any regulations."

Air Force doctors, lawyers, nurses, engineers and other specialists joined Japanese professional societies, with some remarkable results. When certain illnesses of local origin appeared among Air Force men, the Japanese doctors suggested remedies. When local Japanese civil engineers complained

of a bad traffic junction which was causing accidents, Air Force engineers brought in heavy grading equipment and helped to build a new road. It was no accident that the mayor named it "O'Neill Lane."

The colonel initiated conferences and "thought sessions" to encourage the exchange of ideas between Japanese and Americans. Mrs. O'Neill suggested that Japanese women should hold classes in flower arrangement for Air Force wives. In return, the American women started a course on how to run a U.S. style home. Japanese girls who had married Americans received special instruction in American habits and customs.

But the anti-American element still found complaints over which to make trouble. The arrival of new fast jets, for example, meant that longer runways were needed, and Japanese farmers were asked to give up the required land. The radicals inflamed the people by saying that the Americans were kicking the Japanese off their ancestral land and thrusting them into poverty. It was a shrewd move. By simply being denied the acquisition of necessary property, the Air Force might very well be put out of business there.

The farmers, suspicious of all military people, wouldn't talk to O'Neill or Japanese land procurement officials. "All right," said O'Neill, "if the farmers won't talk to me, I'll talk to them."

In company with Japanese land officials he arrived unannounced at a monthly meeting where several hundred landowners had been listening to a harangue by one of the agitators. O'Neill asked the chairman's permission to speak. The chairman turned his head away; members of the audience lowered their eyes. It was as cold a shoulder as a visitor ever received.

Colonel O'Neill walked to the rostrum, faced the farmers and spoke one sentence in Japanese. "It is a wise man who listens to both sides of the question."

The eyes of the assembled farmers jerked upward in surprise when they heard their language being spoken by an American. When the meaning of the sentence had sunk in, they smiled shyly.

"Speak if you wish," said the

O'Neill asked gently, "Why won't you sell your land? It is needed for the defence of Japan. Is that wrong?"

An old farmer said, "The land is all we have. You want to steal it at a miserable price."

"Who told you that?"

The farmer pointed to the agitator.

"He is not truthful," O'Neill said. And then the Japanese officials told them how much would be paid for their farms. The farmers whistled. It was higher than the current rates. When O'Neill went on to explain that displaced farmers would be

given opportunities for permanent jobs at the air base, the farmers looked at one another and nodded. Soon the jet landing field had been purchased and the ex-farmers were telling everyone about the fine friendship they had with the Americans. Now not only did they have a nest-egg in the bank, but some of them also had new steady jobs.

By this time the entire population of airmen and their families had caught the friendship spirit sparked by Colonel O'Neill. American school children went off on excursions to Japanese villages—staying in Japanese homes and attending Japanese schools. Japanese teenagers came to the base to return the visits. Whenever there was a Japanese celebration, Air Force personnel participated. At a folk-dancing festival in Fukuoka, air-base men and women gave exhibitions of the jitterbug and the Virginia reel.

The Air Force radio station began broadcasting lessons in simple Japanese. Airmen passing Japanese in the street would greet them with ohayo gozaimasu (good morning).

One major complaint remained. The streets in Fukuoka and neighbouring towns are narrow, crowded with pedestrians and bicycles. The number of people killed there by cars is, per thousand, one of the highest in the world. American drivers as well as Japanese were involved in accidents, and the radicals spread rumours that the Americans were maliciously careless.

When the clamour was at its maximum, O'Neill called a meeting of leading citizens, including top radicals. The meeting was open to the Press, and television stations were encouraged to broadcast "the American defence."

Colonel O'Neill displayed statistics which had been compiled from the records of the Japanese police. The accident rate of the airmen from the Itazuke Air Force Base was less than half as high as that of the Japanese.

He told how this high standard of performance had been developed. There were drivers' schools from which every airman had to graduate before he was allowed to drive a car. The tests were difficult and required detailed knowledge of local laws and conditions. He showed the audience over the maintenance shops where all cars were checked. And then he told the audience something which explained why the radicals had seldom been able to persuade the Japanese to make a complaint after an accident.

Whenever an accident occurred, both Colonel O'Neill and the driver called on the injured Japanese and his family to express regrets. All medical expenses were paid.

From that day all agitation about American driving stopped. Instead there was praise. Japanese drivingclub members asked to see the Air



Force driving school and mainten-

ance shops.

Colonel O'Neill's policies also resulted in unique economic assistance to the Fukuoka community. Though 5,500 million yen of American money was spent in the area each year, the prefecture was still far from self-sufficient. O'Neill asked his staff for ideas, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Yankauer and his wife, Ruth, put forward a project. Why couldn't the products of Fukuoka's industries be redesigned to conform to American tastes and requirements, and thus create a prosperous export business? Colonel O'Neill talked to the local manufacturers. They wanted an export

market, but they didn't know what had to be done to their products to make them attractive to Americans.

"Let's find out," said the Colonel. Out of this grew the Itazuke Trade Fair. Japanese merchants were invited to display their goods at the air base. The 8,000 people of the base acted as a sample crosssection of the United States. Not only did they buy every bit of merchandise, but the customers' reactions were carefully noted and analysed. As the Japanese products went into air-base homes, they were kept under examination. How did they stand up in competition with other products? How did they survive under the wear and tear of

a tooth for a tooth...



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American family living? Comments were also obtained from government consultants. All this information was given to the merchants. Result: a sizeable export business has been started throughout Fukuoka prefecture, and there is a sense of economic security growing in an area shocked and wrecked by war.

After a year and a half of Colonel O'Neill's efforts, there was a striking difference in attitude throughout Fukuoka, once the worst hotbed of anti-Americanism in Japan. But now it was time for the Colonel to leave. As his date of departure approached, the Japanese Government awarded him the highest decoration possible.

"But I have done nothing to deserve it," said O'Neill modestly.

"Friendship is the most precious flower of all," replied the official, pinning the medal on him.

When O'Neill went to the airport on his last day he found several thousand Japanese waiting. There were long and sad good-byes. Just as he was about to embark on the plane, a group of radicals pushed their way through the crowd.

"Oh, ho!" thought O'Neill. "A last-minute demonstration!"

And a demonstration it was. The Colonel's former adversaries raised a tremendous uproar. Then they lifted a mighty banner which stretched half-way across the field. It said: YANKEE STAY HERE.

COLONEL O'NEILL departed, but the Yankee has stayed in Fukuoka. The officer hand-picked by O'Neill as his successor, Colonel Daniel Riva, has carried on and enlarged the friendly policies.

There are still unsolved problems. The community must still make adjustments from time to time to situations arising from having 8,000 foreigners on its doorstep. But, thanks to the remarkable groundwork of Colonel O'Neill, things move along now with smoothness and neighbourly co-operation.

XXXXX

Free Enterprise?

Young fellow, tired of working for others, went into business for himself. Later a friend asked him what it was like being his own boss.

"I don't know," he replied. "The police won't let me park in front of my own business; tax collectors tell me how to keep books; my banker tells me how much balance I must maintain; freight carriers tell me how my goods must be packed; customers tell me how my goods must be made; local authorities tell me how to keep records in triplicate.

"And on top of that, I've just got married."

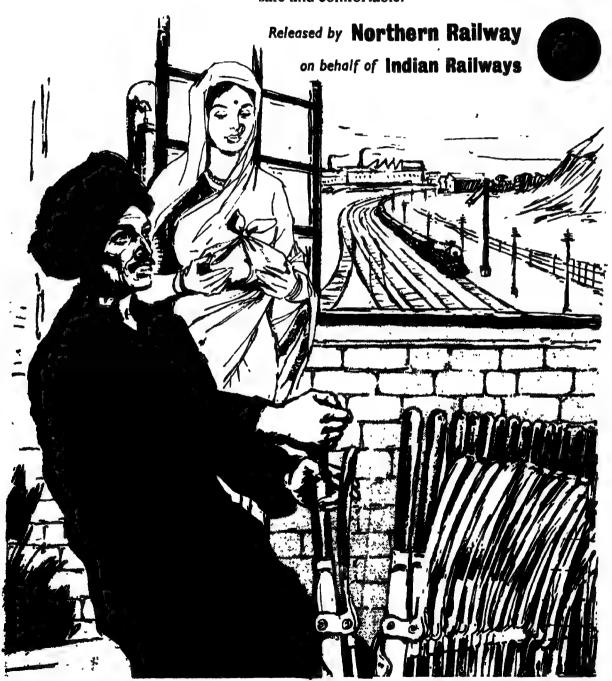
—L.C.J.M.

'...take

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But Babu cannot hold back the trains—there is a freighter, a mail and a 'passenger' to see through. Only when these have rumbled past will Babu sit down to his meal.

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New research shows that neglect of nature's way of restoring our energy can cause mental and emotional damage

Do You Need More Sleep?

By Robert O'Brien

sleep? Or are you a chronic stayer-upper at night? Recent studies suggest that on your answer may depend your relationships with others, your efficiency at work, even your mental health.

For many years most doctors and scientists believed that sleep requirements varied with each person, so that no one could say how much sleep an individual needed in order to live and work at his peak. Today research workers are sure that variation among individuals is considerably less than they once thought. "The pace and stress of modern life place increased importance on getting enough sleep," says Dr. George Stevenson, a mental health specialist. "I believe it can safely be said that all human beings need a minimum of six hours' sleep to be mentally healthy. Most people need more. Those who think they can

make do with less are fooling themselves."

Lack of sleep is frequently the real trouble with the husband who loses his temper at breakfast, the mother who flares up at her children, or the man who flies off the handle at the office. Lack of sleep can make normally cheerful people feel moody and depressed. Intensified by still more lack of sleep, these signs of inner distress may spread like an infection into the crippling symptoms of real mental illness. And sleep loss is subtle poison: its victims are usually the last to realize what is wrong. One authority on the subject puts it with convincing simplicity: "If we do not get enough sleep, we cannot be fully awake during the day." This is dangerous, because if we are not fully awake, we are not in our right minds.

Sleep loss plays a driving role in the nervous breakdown pattern.

Studies were made of two schizophrenic, or "split personality," patients who had suffered extreme sleeplessness during the period of breaking down, and seven medical students experimentally deprived of sleep. The doctors who observed them reported that "many agitated persons on the brink of a psychotic break suffer from severe insomnia ... A few pass through a prolonged period of wakefulness as the schizophrenic process unfolds."

Whether sleep loss is a cause or an effect of the breakdown, it *does* appear to be part of the process. For this reason, anyone who simultaneously undergoes anxiety, social isolation and sleep loss may be setting

himself up for trouble.

Why does the brain require sleep so desperately? No one knows exactly what sleep is, physiologically. It might be described as a kind of idling of the body mechanism. Muscles relax; body temperature and blood-pressure drop. The brain waves—tiny electrical pulses that the highest nerve centre, the cortex, emits at the rate of about ten a second while we're awake—gradually broaden to lazy rollers rippling out at the rate of two or three a second. The cortex itself closes down its millions of tiny nerve circuits, like a switchboard going dark for the night. Our plane of consciousness sinks low. As one doctor has said, "It's nature's way of recharging our batteries for tomorrow's work and play."

It is now evident that disturbances in behaviour from lack of sleep closely resemble the disorders produced by certain narcotics, alcohol and oxygen starvation. Perceptions grow fuzzy. Our sense of timing is off. Our reflexes are a little late. Values slip out of focus. We are literally "not ourselves."

For the last three years experiments have been in progress at a U.S. Army research institute. Subjects—more than 100 military and civilian volunteers—have been kept awake for as long as four days. Thousands of tests have measured the effect on their behaviour and personality. Results of these tests have given scientists astonishing new insights into the mysteries of sleep.

They now know that the tired brain apparently craves sleep so hungrily that it will sacrifice anything to get it. After only a few hours of sleep loss, fleeting stolen naps called "lapses," or microsleeps, occurred at the rate of three or four an hour. As in real sleep, eyelids drooped and the heartbeat slowed. Each lapse lasted just a fraction of a second. Sometimes the lapses were periods of blankness; sometimes they were filled with images, wisps of dreams. As hours of sleeploss mounted, the lapses took place more often and lasted longer, perhaps two or three seconds. Even if the subjects had been piloting an

airliner in a thunderstorm, they still

could not have resisted micro-sleeps

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for those few priceless seconds. And it can happen to you, as many who have fallen asleep at the wheel of a car can testify.

Another startling effect of sleep deprivation was its attack on human memory and perception. Many sleep-deprived subjects were unable to retain information long enough to relate it to the task they were supposed to perform. They were totally befuddled in situations requiring them to hold several factors in mind and act on them, as a pilot must when he skilfully integrates wind direction, air speed, altitude and glide path to make a safe landing.

An obstetrician I know let emergency calls break up his sleep every night for weeks. Returning home exhausted one evening, he learned that another of his patients had arrived at the hospital. "The nurse gave me the patient's name, the time of arrival, and was describing the symptoms when I lost track of what she'd already told me," he said. "Then it got worse. I couldn't even grasp what the nurse expected of me." Badly shaken, he let a colleague take over—and slept for 13 hours.

Individuals who work at jobs which require them to hold many factors in mind at once might well ponder these risks. A tired man may be able to get through routine tasks, but can he think creatively, can he organize, can he make decisions?

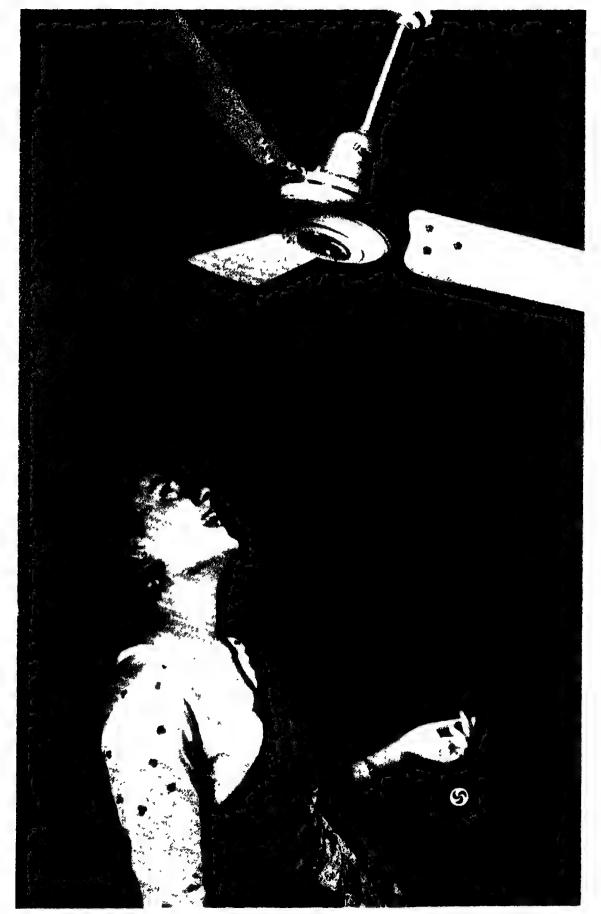
For most of us, the price we pay for staying up later than we should

is common irritability. Two psychologists, Dr. and Mrs. Graydon Freeman, once set themselves an irregular sleep schedule of four, ten, eight and six hours a night. Dr. Freeman reported that by the end of the second week his "contacts with his colleagues were frequently tinged with caustic jibes, and the cantankerous outbursts which occasionally occurred between the two subjects were often quite uncivil." Ruefully he reported that "an overcritical attitude towards other individuals" was a chief result of sleep loss.

How does sleeplessness cause such irritability? Most experts answer that it tightens nerves and muscles, thus increasing tension. Frustration may also be a factor. The need for sleep is a drive, like hunger. When we go without it, frustration of the drive makes us irritable and aggressive—just as hunger makes dieters ill-tempered.

The Freemans made another surprising discovery: the proverbial "one good night's rest" is not enough to put us back into shape. They found that they required at least two full nights of sleep, preferably more, in order to bounce back from a four-hour night.

Sleep loss is also a drain on vital energies. In one experiment, students were asked to do difficult multiplication problems after eight hours' sleep, then after six. Speed and accuracy were a little better after the sleep loss but metabolism



tests showed that the same work exacted nearly three times more energy.

But why did their speed and accuracy improve? This temporary lift in performance is often a dangerous deception resulting from sleep loss. Under the tension caused by fatigue many people feel "hopped up." Undergraduates who sit up late cramming for examinations often experience this temporary stimulation. If the examinations are brief, the student can probably profit by the heightened tension. But the lift is only temporary. After a few nights of insufficient sleep, work output begins to sag.

Night after night, many of us get by with anything from 15 minutes to two hours' less sleep than we need. (The margin between a good night's sleep and an insufficient one may be very small.) We may get away with it for months, even years, while the fatigue accumulates. Then, all at once—the pay-off.

A young, hard-working executive was the wonder of our neighbour-hood. "Most people sleep too much," he used to say. "It's all a matter of self-discipline. I trained myself to sleep for five hours a night and that's all I've ever needed." Last summer he collapsed. His doctor

called it "nervous exhaustion."

Millions of people stay up too late simply out of habit. Many feel that late-evening hours are the only ones they can call their own. Tired housewives, for example, who have finally put their children to bed feel that now, at last, they're entitled to a little time to themselves. They guard these moments jealously, against all pleas that they go to bed. But the price of that extra hour is heavy.

Many late stayer-uppers hang on simply because they are dissatisfied with how little they have accomplished during the day. The irony is that if they got the sleep they needed their days might be better balanced—with a greater satisfaction in getting chores done, and with many small periods of rest earned by greater efficiency.

Others stay up because of worries and anxieties. But, paradoxically, sleep is one of the best antidotes to worry. My doctor puts it: "First take care of your sleep. Then most of your worries will take care of themselves."

The time spent in sleep is not lost. Adequate sleep is an essential ingredient in producing joy in life—that sudden rush of well-being which sometimes sweeps out of nowhere and makes us glad to be alive.

F we discovered that we had only five minutes left to say all we wanted to say," the late Christopher Morley once observed, "every telephone-box would be occupied by people ringing up other people to stammer that they loved them."

—Bennett Cerf



POINTS TO PONDER

Laurens van der Post in Venture to the Interior:

I do not understand love of just one place; I believe one mustn't confuse love of life with the love of certain things in it. One cannot pick the moment and place as one pleases and say, "Enough! This is all I want. This is how it is henceforth to be." That sort of present betrays past and future. Life is its own journey; presupposes its own change and movement, and one tries to arrest them at one's eternal peril.

—Hogarth Press, London

Mark Twain:

Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution—these can lift at a colossal humbug, push it a little, weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast. Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.

Gilbert Highet:

Try, every week or so, to learn something by heart. A surprising amount will remain in the memory, and more and more as you train it. Then, as you walk or work or sit in the bus, you will have something more than daily trivialities to occupy your mind.

Maurice Goudeket, husband of Colette, the famous French novelist, in Close to Colette:

The red velvet curtains of the window were drawn. Under the lamp Colette read a book of travels, setting off for a terra ignota. I travelled in the past through a history book. The hours slipped by, harmonious and delicious.

Silence is a touchstone between couples. It needs very deep feeling before two people in the same room can absorb themselves in work or reading, the presence of the one not only not embarrassing the other but even supporting him, while between one and the other a current of tenderness and trust continues to be obscurely felt.

-Secker and Warburg, London

Professor Gordon W. Allport of Harvard University urges more psychological studies of healthy people rather than of the sick, to learn why healthy people tick. Many psychological theories, he says, "are based on the behaviour of sick and anxious people, or upon the antics of captive and desperate rats," with "few theories derived from the study of healthy human beings, those who strive not so much to preserve life as to make it worth living." There have been many studies of criminals, he said, but few of law-abiders, many of fear but few of courage, more studies of hostility than of effective living with fellow -Alton Blakeslee men.

James Stephens:

If someone asks what it is that makes a good talker, I'd answer very simply that a good listener makes a good talker. And what then is a good listener? A good listener is one who likes the person who is talking. This listening with affection is creative listening. No person, however gifted, is talking at his best unless he likes the people he is talking to, and knows that they like him; then he is inspired, almost as the poet is.

--By Word of Mouth, compiled by Clive Sansom (Methuen, London)

Ellen Glasgow, writing to her friend, Marion Gause Canby:

I feel very near you, and I felt this at our first meeting. We met that first time with a strong sense of friendship. That is the kind of recognition one never forgets, and, strangely enough, because it is so sudden, it rarely betrays one. The feeling does not come often, but when it comes, it has a kind of inevitability, as if one discovered a kinship of personality.

Clifton Fadiman:

I should like to set before you what may seem a crackpot notion: that the best place to teach philosophy is not the university but the elementary school; and that the ideal student of philosophy is the child from 8 to 12. It is he, not you or I, who wonders about the world: why it was made, who made it, what makes people different from animals, how we think, what it means to be brave or good or truthful, and so on. These are basically philosophical questions.

I am not asking that the child be turned into a philosopher at the age of 12. All I suggest is that somewhere along the route his fresh, active, enquiring mind be led to wonder about the universe, the world, his place in nature, and some of the statements that wise men have made about these matters. My conviction is that we have become a people who can do almost anything, but who are baffled when asked to consider the origins, meanings and consequences of our actions.

This weakness in abstract thought is partly the result of our never having been confronted in our formative years with its content and its fascinations. The elementary school could do much to remedy this deficiency.

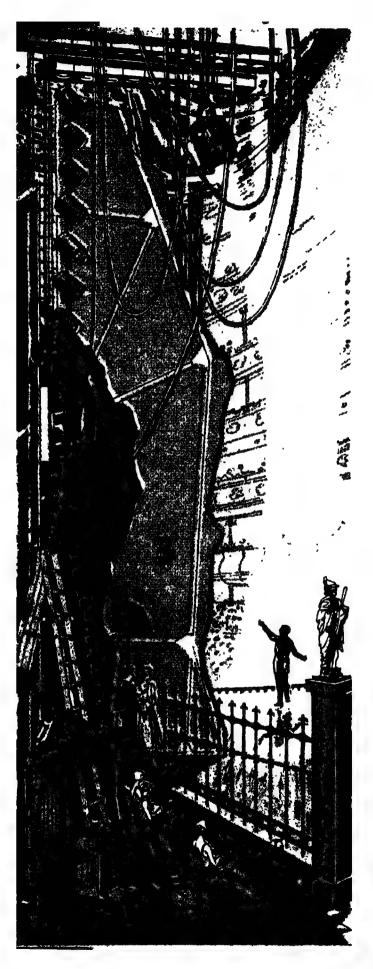
Harold Kohn:

Naturalist William Beebe used to visit Theodore Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. Often, after an evening's talk, the two men would walk over the spreading lawn and look up into the night sky. They would vie with each other to see who could first identify the pale bit of light-mist near the upper left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, and then either Roosevelt or Beebe would recite:

"That is the Spiral Galaxy of Andromeda. It is as large as our Milky Way. It is one of a hundred million galaxies. It is 2,500,000 light-years away. It consists of one hundred thousand million suns, many larger than our own sun." Then, after a moment of silence, Theodore Roosevelt would grin and say, "Now, I think we are small enough. Let's go to bed."

Inscription on a government building in New Delhi:

Liberty will not descend to a people. A people must raise themselves to liberty. It is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.



The Hunt for Tomorrow's Opera Stars

New York's Metropolitan Opera makes sure that no budding talent will go unheard

By Ann Lingg

ous parts of North America crowded into a dressing-room of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City one afternoon a year ago. Their faces were pale and drawn, for within an hour they would compete in one of the toughest tests of their lives. The stakes were high: three handsome cash scholarships, carrying immeasurable prestige; and, for the big winner, a Metropolitan contract.

In the vast auditorium, 1,200 invited guests settled in their seats. Into an empty row in the centre section filed the judges: Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Met, and members of his musical staff. The orchestra was in the pit, tuning

instruments.

The song trials started. Mustering all the courage and skill they had

Condensed from Today's Living 12'

built up through years of preparation, the singers walked on stage one after another. Each sang one aria.

Thirteenth on the programme was Roald Reitan, 30-year-old baritone from Tacoma, Washington. He had been unsuccessful in a trial four years before. Since then he had worked as a barman and as a salesman of electrical appliances, fitting in singing engagements between. Now he was trying once more to win a scholarship for full-time studies.

After the 15 young singers had finished, the jury deliberated for half an hour. Then the scholarship winners were announced: Ronald Holgate of Aberdeen, South Dakota; Norman Mittleman of Winnipeg; Ann Scott of New Orleans. And now Rudolf Bing himself was at the microphone, announcing the winner of the Metropolitan contract: Teresa Stratas, a 20-year-old soprano from Toronto.

So he had failed! Reitan no longer listened. He did not hear as Bing went on to say that because of the high level of the auditions he was awarding two contracts instead of one. The other winner: Roald Reitan. Someone shoved the young man on stage where, dazed, he found himself shaking hands with Bing and receiving congratulations.

DDDDDDDDDDDDDDGGGGGGGGGGGGGG

Ann Lingg is a widely known authority on opera. She has written several biographies, the most recent being John Philip Sousa.

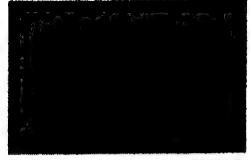
Not long ago young singers had to achieve success in Europe to get noticed on the other side of the Atlantic. The Met was a legendary name, seemingly remote from most Americans' experience; its stars were mainly foreign-trained or foreign-born. Today the Met is engaged in the greatest vocal talent hunt in history. Approximately 1,000 dedicated volunteers, organized into committees, are involved in its effort to reach young artists in their formative years, to screen them according to potential rather than experience, and to provide moral, artistic and sometimes financial support. What happened to Stratas and Reitan could happen to any gifted young singer on the North American continent.

The Met's search for local talent is conducted by its National Council, an organization pledged to make opera a truly national art.

To conduct preliminary regional auditions, the Council has divided the United States into 12 geographical regions. Mexico was added later, and Canadian contestants are auditioned in near-by U.S. regions.

The Council's initial "discovery" for the Met was tenor Robert Nagy, a former machinist's assistant from Ohio, who first realized his vocal potential when he started "yelling along with Mario Lanza records" in Korea. He won a scholarship in 1956, was re-auditioned and signed a contract in 1957.

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singers must be 17 to 31 years old and endorsed by an accredited teacher or music society. Aspirants first sing for a board of examiners. Those adjudged best are then narrowed down by a regional jury composed of some of the finest musicians in the area. Next a judge from the Met—usually assistant manager John Gutman—arrives to select the regional winner.

The judge may ask aspirants to sing over and over again, while he evaluates them for musicianship, interpretation and stage deportment as well as voice. Finally, one is chosen to go to New York, where the Council has arranged for practice rooms, opera tickets, invitations to rehearsals and parties. The young people have five days of conviviality—and then five minutes to make good.

This season four young singers are taking small solo parts in Metropolitan productions as a result of the Council's talent search, and the Met keeps tabs on many others whom the Council discovered. The contract winners continue to study voice, languages and dramatics; they attend rehearsals and performances to build up their repertoires; they learn ever larger parts.

What happens to finalists who don't make the grade? For many, just the evaluation of their voices by leading authorities makes the trial worth while. They thrive on the prestige of having been auditioned. Often they get local symphony,

radio and television invitations.

Joan Volek, coloratura from Ontonagon, Michigan, was only a regional winner, but she has been making headlines in Europe since 1957 when, after a year of study in Vienna, she went to Salzburg for two seasons and got rave reviews as a Mozart prima donna in Mozart's home town.

To encourage small local opera companies the National Council also organized the Central Opera Service in 1954 to give assistance to these groups. The Service sponsors annual conferences for educators, conductors and stage directors, and acts as a clearing-house of operatic information.

For a modest fee the various companies are enabled to pool their experiences and equipment, round up scores, scenery and costumes quickly, and often at bargain prices—sometimes from the Met itself.

Music lovers are convinced that the National Council has found the way to keep opera growing in America, and to make the Met a national institution. Rudolf Bing's dream, and the Council's, is to see no fewer than ten American opera houses performing a full ten months each year, every one of them with its home-grown Caruso.

It is a dream that will take time to come true. But the young Carusos in America need no longer fear that their voices will go unheard by listeners who know how to appraise their talents.









War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.

This is a murder mystery that may well be considered one of the darkest in the annals of politics. The conspiracy that ended in the death of Abraham Lincoln left behind it a trail of unanswered questions. It is now clear that some of the questions will never be answered, but this book probes deeply into all the circumstances surrounding that baffling and tragic crime. It lays old ghosts to rest, raises new ones, and provides suspense on every page. Theodore Roscoe, historian and writer of mystery stories, brings both talents to bear in this fascinating reconstruction of the events of those bloody days.



Good Friday, 1865

Friday, April 14, 1865, John Wilkes Booth strolled into Ford's Theatre in Washington to pick up his mail. As he approached, theatre manager Harry Ford called attention to the jaunty 26-year-old stage star. "Here comes the handsomest man in Washington."

In the manager's office Ford

handed Booth some incidental correspondence. As the renowned actor was turning to go, a stage carpenter asked Ford, "What about tonight? Do you want the State Box ready?"

Harry Ford nodded. Yes, they had received word that the Presidential party was coming.

Booth looked up. "Lincoln here? To see Our American Cousin?"



John Wilkes Booth: Listening to Lincoln's address on the eve of Lee's surrender, April 11, 1865, the actor vowed: "That is the last speech he will ever make!"

"That's right," Ford said cheerfully. Perhaps with this attraction the stale old comedy would do better business.

Dropping an indifferent comment, Booth went outside to read his letters on the entrance steps. No witness later recalled anything remarkable in his demeanour. Here was a truly marvellous actor! For in a trice Booth's plan to assassinate the President of the United States had crystallized. Within ten hours he would carry it to completion.

Mail finished, Booth purposefully re-entered the theatre, mounted to

the mezzanine and slipped down a side passage to President Lincoln's empty box. There he sat watching a rehearsal of the evening's play. In the third act Mrs. Mountchessington (the comic dowager) tells off Asa Trenchard (the bumpkin) and sweeps off stage. Trenchard, alone, flares: "Don't know the manners of good society, eh? Well, I know enough to turn you inside out-you sockdologizing old mantrap!" The line, recited with gestures, could be counted on to bring down the house. Booth instantly became alert. The audience would be guffawing, the stage almost empty. This was the time!

You sockdologizing old mantrap! Booth left the theatre, walking fast, and from this point on his movements were hectic. He was noticed by scores of people. He made, in fact, a great show of himself, waving to friends, tipping his hat to ladies, calling to passers-by, one of whom later recalled: "He was faultlessly dressed, wearing elegant riding boots and spurs." He went from the theatre to a livery stable and engaged a lively mare; next he went to a boarding-house near Ford's Theatre in which he had been meeting a strangely illassorted group of men for several months. Then, after consuming a bottle of brandy in a saloon, Booth disappeared at about six o'clock.

As far as can be guessed, he circuited back to the now-deserted theatre and made his way to the

door of Lincoln's box. Working swiftly with a knife, he whittled a small peep-hole in the upper panel, a little below eye level. Then he scooped up the shavings and left.

Back at the National Hotel, where he lived, he had dinner. In his room he picked up a wig, a false beard, a dagger, a pair of revolvers and a single-shot brass derringer that fired a ball the size of a small marble. He left the National about 8 p.m. In passing he asked the receptionist if he was going to Ford's that evening. No? Booth told him he ought to go. "There'll be some fine acting there tonight!"

Again Booth disappeared for an hour or so. Evidence indicates that he had a final conference with henchmen who were involved with him in the complex plot that was to unfold before the night was over. At about 9.30 p.m. he turned up at the stage door in the alley behind Ford's Theatre, then walked down 10th Street, past the President's waiting carriage, to another saloon. Presently, flushed by successive drinks, he turned to go. Someone at the bar flung a taunt: "You'll never be the actor your father was!" Booth wheeled round, nettled. Then he smiled abruptly and, walking out, he called back: "When I leave the stage, I'll be the most famous man in America."

To Kidnap or to Kill?

No one knows exactly when Booth determined to murder Lincoln.

But without question the assassination was not—as has been alleged—the unpremeditated act of a lunatic suddenly gone berserk. The evidence of Booth's years prior to the fatal encounter in Ford's Theatre plainly contradicts any such assumption.

The ninth of ten children born to Junius Brutus Booth, a half-insane drunkard generally considered the greatest actor of his time, John Booth went on the stage at 17. In 1858, two years later, he played Hamlet and, though critics rebuked him for "leaping about like a circus acrobat," he became an overnight sensation. Women thronged after him in the street, screamed when he walked on stage, pawed him for his autograph.

He remained in the Southern states of America until February 1861. Then, with civil war threatening, he accepted theatrical bookings in the North. For Booth was not born a "deep Southerner." He came from Maryland and had neither an emotional nor a monetary investment in slavery.

Nevertheless, when cannon fire exploded at Sumter, Booth told a theatre audience in New York that the attack characterized the "most heroic deed of modern times." A mob threatened the theatre, and he was ordered to leave the city.

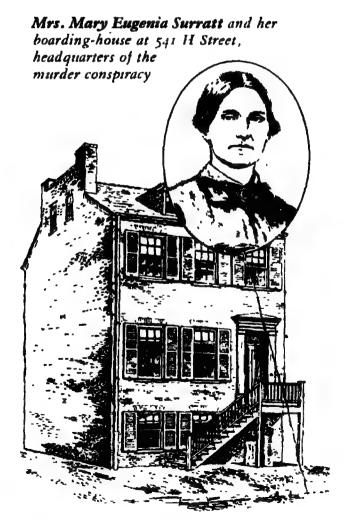
Despite his sympathies, he did not rush south to join the Rebel Army. While thousands of Confederate patriots died for the Stars and Bars, John Wilkes Booth remained on the stage, dying as Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello, to the tune of 500 dollars a week. But he soon became involved in a more dangerous offstage role. By 1863 he had joined the Rebel underground.

The Confederate Secret Service was highly organized, with spy rings in every major city of the Union. Booth's profession made a perfect disguise. He moved across state and front lines at will: backstage he met messengers and secret Documentary evidence shows him in communication with Rebel intelligence even in Canada. So much for the legend that it was an irresponsible maniac who assassinated Lincoln. John Wilkes Booth was a secret agent, working with numerous accomplices in an intricately organized conspiracy.

Late in December 1864, Booth visited a certain Mrs. Mary Eugenia Surratt's boarding-house at 541 H Street, in Washington, a few hundred yards from Ford's Theatre—as he would again on the afternoon of the assassination. In addition to two known Confederate agents, a numof shadowy personages—a Major Somebody, a vague Mr. Downing, callers unknown to the permanent lodgers, most of whom were innocent "fronts"—had been entertained in Mrs. Surratt's parlour. Soon after Booth called at the H Street house, a grubby transient applied for a room there, giving his name as George A. Atzerodt.

Soon another stranger arrived an enormous, hulking young fellow who said he was a Baptist preacher, the Rev. Lewis Paine. Not long after that, a shiftless, ex-shop assistant, David Herold, called. These were the chief conspirators.

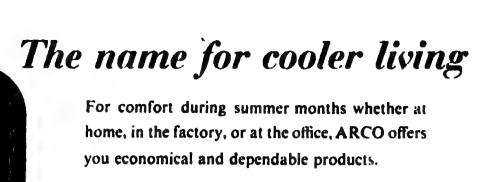
By February 1865, John Wilkes Booth was a frequent visitor at 541 H Street. By March, landlady Surratt must have known that Atzerodt, Paine, Herold, Booth, and her own son, John, a Rebel partisan, were engaged in underground activity. Yet to the day of her execution she would deny any complicity in Lincoln's murder.



But the assassination of the President was not the plotters' goal during the early stages of the conspiracy. In a sense, their initial plan was perhaps even more dramatic: to kidnap Lincoln and carry him south as a hostage. John Surratt declared that the "unparalleled audacity of the scheme" left him "aghast." But the strategic objective seemed valid enough. The capture of the President would deal a staggering morale blow to the North, and inspirit the desperate South. Also, there was the possibility that Lincoln could be used as a hostage for a massive prisoner exchange.

Unfortunately for the conspirators, Booth's abduction plans, though months in the making, were masterpieces of folly. Booth first proposed to trap Lincoln in his box at Ford's Theatre. On a given signal a hand would turn off the main gas valve, plunging the theatre into darkness. The abductors would dash into the box, manacle the President, lower him to the stage (a good ten feet) and rush him out through the wings to a waiting carriage which would spirit him off to Richmond. The alternative plan was to ambush Lincoln on the winding wooded road that led to a military hospital three miles outside Washington, which he frequently visited. Usually the newspapers announced the intended visits.

Booth prepared for the first attempt—at Ford's—on January 18. de signs, passwords and secret





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Lewis Paine: Assigned to kill one man, this towering brute left five badly-mutilated victims in his wake



Point, Virginia, the Rebel underground was alerted. A vehicle with appropriate side curtains was at the stage door. But the attempt was a failure. The night was stormy, and the President stayed at home.

The second attempt came just two months later, on the road to the hospital. The whole band from the H Street boarding-house, charged with brandy, was on hand, mounted in a grove of trees well beyond the city limits. Booth issued final orders. Surratt would grab the coachman. Paine and Booth were to handle Lincoln.

A polished carriage flashes into view on schedule. The horses rear. The coachman lashes out with his whip. Booth roars a curse in frustration. The man in the carriage is not Lincoln. The President at that hour, it later develops, was reviewing a regiment of battle veterans unexpectedly arrived to present him with a captured Rebel flag.

A third kidnapping attempt failed when Lincoln again cancelled a scheduled theatre appearance at the last moment.

Thwarted, the chief abductor must have reflected bitterly. All that mobilizing, all that rushing and girding to spring a trap on nothing but air! He could imagine the resentment among the underground partisans he had alerted. How could he face their derision, and the ignominious failure of the master stroke calculated to make the name of John Wilkes Booth a household word?



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Great Moments in Medicine

Although hospitals were known in Buddhist and Moslem lands long before Christ, they were given their greatest stimulus in the Western World by Christian organizations. Like this "Great Room of the Poor", in the Hôtel-Dieu of Beaune, France (founded in 1443), most early institutions were hospices for the indigent before they became places for the care and treatment of the sick.

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George Atzerodt: Sheer cowardice prevented him from assassinating Vice-President Andrew Johnson



David Herold: The craftiest of Booth's accomplices stayed with him almost until the end

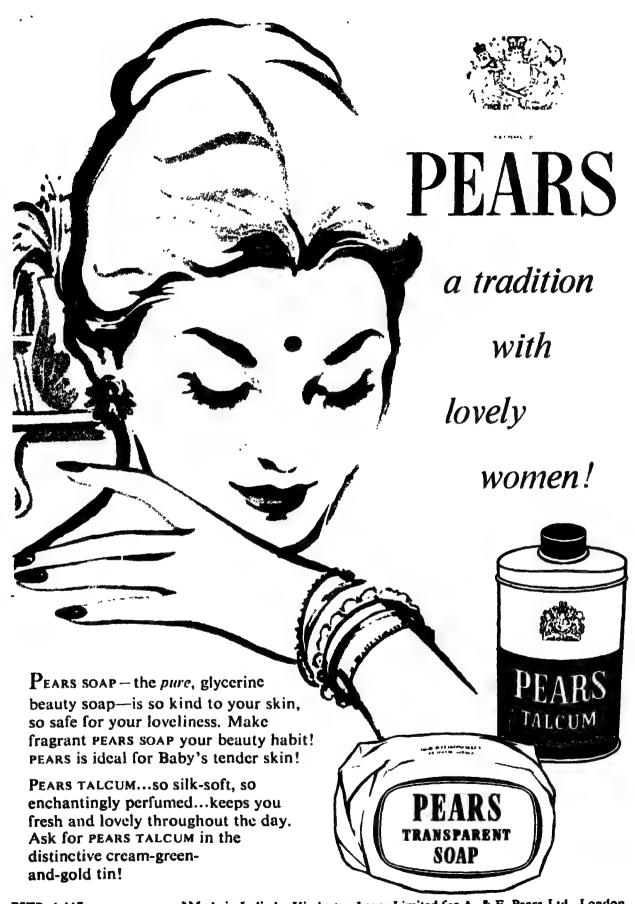
At some point, while brooding upon these repeated failures, Booth decided to abandon the kidnapping scheme in favour of more violent action. The exact date remains a mystery. But a significant body of evidence shows that he cherished homicidal intentions for days before April 14. General Lee, the Confederate Commander, had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox on April 9. Booth must have realized then that kidnapping would not help the Southern cause. It would have to be murder.

By Good Friday of 1865 Booth's resolve was firm. The information that the President would be in his box at Ford's Theatre on that night merely fixed the time and place for the strike.

And the central drama was to have its equally murderous sub-plot. On that night Booth designated George Atzerodt to attempt the life of Vice-President Andrew Johnson. Paine and Herold were to kill the Secretary of State, William Seward. At one devastating stroke the Union's most eminent leaders would be wiped out.

Murder in the Theatre

JOHN WILKES BOOTH made no effort to conceal himself as he entered the passageway leading to the President's box. A number of people noticed him. The entrance to the cubicle was not guarded. Despite the kidnapping attempts and the fact that the capital seethed with Rebel



agents and zealots, the guard's chair outside the door stood empty. Lincoln had in his White House desk an envelope containing 80 letters threatening his life. An uncaught sniper had fired a bullet through his hat. A group of Virginia gentlemen were raising a fund to be offered as a reward for his assassination. Yet there were no Secret Service men outside the door. No civil or military police.

According to a White House guard, Lincoln had personally asked Secretary of War Edwin Stanton for a bodyguard that night, after he had been threatened by a group of ruffians in the street during the afternoon. Lincoln asked for one of Stanton's aides, a tough major named Eckert, but Stanton said that he had important work for Eckert that night and could not spare him. Yet at 10 p.m. the major was at home shaving. He had been home since supper-time.

A Washington policeman, John Parker, was supposed to have been in the chair guarding the door. He had been assigned to the duty. Where was he at the crucial hour? Days afterwards, newspapermen would be asking that question. Parker would be investigated. Metropolitan Police records would show that Parker had one of the worst records in the force—a mass of reprimands for insubordination, unbecoming conduct, drunkenness while on duty, one black mark after another. But strangest of all, this

dissolute good-for-nothing had been assigned to White House duty at the special request of Mrs. Lincoln herself. To this day nobody knows why. When her sponsorship came to light, the whole affair was at once hustled under a veil of censorship. Incredibly, this wretch was soon thereafter returned to duty with the White House guard—the man who was not in the chair in Ford's Theatre when Booth appeared.

Stepping softly past the empty chair, Booth peered through the peep-hole he had cut earlier in the day. The President sat in an upholstered rocking-chair with an overcoat round his shoulders. Changing position, squinting, Booth could make out Mrs. Lincoln at the President's side. A young lady, Clara Harris, a guest of the Lincolns, sat forward in an armchair, and on a divan against the inside wall of the box was her escort, a dapper young Army major named Rathbone.

Booth drew his derringer and waited for his cue line. The voices were faint but distinct. Presently it came. . . you sockdologizing old mantrap!

Amid the roars of laughter that rose from the audience Booth turned the door-knob—one quick, quiet turn—and stepped swiftly forward. There was a flash, a muffled explosion. Lincoln's chin dropped to his chest, and he sat very still, as though he had fallen asleep.

Major Rathbone looked round, startled. He saw a shadow behind Wyer Meakin's













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the President's chair. A little cloud of smoke drifted over the President's head.

'As Rathbone sprang, Booth's steel blade flashed and Rathbone took a savage gash to the bone of his arm. Rearing back, Rathbone lunged again and clung. Booth wrestled with him to the ledge of the box, flung him off and got a leg over the rail. As Rathbone made another grab, Booth rolled himself over the ledge and let go to drop to the stage. In dropping, he hooked one of his elegant steel spurs in the flag which draped the box, and as he landed in a blur of red, white and blue he felt a sickening snap above his left ankle.

Brandishing his dagger, Booth charged into the wings. An actress was there, awaiting her cue. He struck her aside and was gone like a shadow down the dim passage towards the stage door. The orchestra leader was in the passage. Booth cut at him twice, through his coat and into his neck, and flung him aside.

From a front seat of the orchestra a lawyer named Stewart had glimpsed the scuffle in the President's box. Booth's leap to the stage had brought the lawyer up and over the footlights and across the stage in pursuit. But just as Stewart reached the stage door it was slammed shut. By someone in the darkness there? A stage hand? Stewart grappled with the door handle.

On the delay of those few seconds hinged a nightmare of history.



John Wilkes Booth leaping from the Presidential Box at Ford's Theatre. Within minutes, he was to vanish like a phantom

In the alley the man who had been holding Booth's horse waited, expecting a tip. "Here comes Mr. Booth out of the door," he later testified. "I had hold of the bridle and Mr. Booth struck me on the breast with the butt of a knife he had in his hand and knocked me down. Then he kicked me."

Stewart burst from the stage door, shouting, "Stop! Stop!" and grabbed for the bridle just as Booth drove a spur into the mare's flank. His grab missed. The little horse shot down the alley into the night.

It was shortly after 10.30 p.m. The most important phase of the triple plot had been successfully carried out.



No DUMEX BABY FOOD in the house?

The Attempt to Kill the Secretary of State

ALL DAY Good Friday, Herold, Booth's most intelligent and dependable underling, dashed round the town on errands. To Atzerodt's lodgings, to hide weapons and gear. To the National Hotel, looking for Booth. Then to Naylor's Livery Stable, where he hired a roan mare. As the conspirator swung into the saddle, the stableman reminded him that the horse must be returned at nine that night.

But Herold did not return at nine. At ten minutes past ten, guiding Paine, who was too stupid to remember the simplest directions, he crossed deserted Lafayette Square in front of the residence of Secretary Seward and stopped. He watched Paine enter Seward's house. Quickly he dismounted and tied Paine's horse to a tree. Then he sprang back into the saddle and made off.

At almost the same moment, the despicable Atzerodt, too frightened to carry out the assassination of Vice-President Johnson, was fleeing from bar to bar, hoping to drown his fears and drink his difficulties away.

Secretary Seward lived in a mansion with his wife, his two sons, Frederick and Augustus, and his daughter Fanny. He had recently been in a carriage accident in which his jaw had been broken, his right arm fractured, ligaments torn in his foot, and his body mottled with bruises. For some time there was fear that he might not recover. On the evening of April 14, in his second-floor bedroom, Seward lay propped up in bed, his right arm in a sling, his chin fixed in a rigid tilt by a leather and steel brace. Beneath his white hair, his patrician features wore the chalky pallor of suffering. The side of his face was puffed, the sockets of his eyes discoloured. Sergeant George Robinson, a coloured soldier, presided as male nurse. Fanny sat by the bed, waiting for the relaxed breathing that would mean her father was asleep.

As the Secretary dozed in a haze of pain, a sudden disturbance broke the quiet of the house. In dressing-gown and slippers, Frederick Seward hurried to see what the commotion was about. He recalled the episode thus: "A tall, well-dressed man presented himself and, informing the servant that he brought a message from the doctor, was allowed to the door of Seward's room . . . [I] refused him admission . . . Suddenly he sprang up, and having drawn a revolver, pulled the trigger." The Colt misfired.

The visitor was Lewis Paine. Enraged by the Colt's failure, Paine charged. Before Frederick Seward could fend off the blow, the giant assassin brought the weapon smashing down. He struck again and again—terrific blows that broke the pistol. Paine hurled the gun at his victim's head, stepped back and drew a knife. Ribbons of blood streaming down his face, Frederick Seward slumped over, unconscious.

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Paine now threw himself at Secretary Seward's door. The barrier burst inwards, and the killer leaped at the figure in the bed. Seward barely had time to see the knife. Recoiling, rolling, he gasped as the blade slashed the side of his face from cheek-bone to jaw.

Uttering a choked cry, Seward tried to escape from the bed. Paine was on him, kneeing him, clutching him by the hair in an effort to jerk his head back and expose his throat. Time and again the killer slashed. Two stunning blows struck Seward's broken jaw. Each time the blade flashed sparks, and the knife was jarred in Paine's grip.

Through the heat of animal rage, Paine saw that his victim wore some kind of surgical collar. Infuriated, he hacked at the neck brace. Crimson spattered Seward's shoulders. Paine slashed again and again. Somehow Seward managed to slide

to the floor.

Hands grabbed Paine's arm, yanking him back. Somewhere behind him a girl was screaming. Whirling from the bed, Paine found himself fighting two men—a negro and a white man. They struggled across the floor. Paine slammed the white man against a table, gashed him with the knife, spun round and cut at the negro. Rampaging, he kicked the furniture aside and charged into the hall.

Behind him he left a scene as bloody as any in the annals of crime: Frederick Seward lying unconscious



Secretary of State William Seward: His severe injuries probably saved his life when the giant assassin Paine attacked him

in a crimson welter; Augustus Seward, staggering with hands to head, half scalped; George Robinson, maimed, chest and shoulders stabbed; Fanny Seward fainting, hysterical; and Mrs. Seward, shaking with terror, groping into the wrecked room to her husband. On the bloodstained carpet, the Secretary of State lay prostrate, his broken arm grotesquely bent, his head askew, his broken jaw unhinged.

With blood-smeared coat and crimson hands, Paine hurled himself down the staircase, bellowing: "I'm mad! I'm mad!" A man came out of a lower room and started up the stairs; Paine flung himself upon him, drove his knife to the hilt into the man's chest. The body crumpled, Paine bounded down to the street door.

In an instant, he realized Herold had deserted him. From an upper window a woman was screaming, "Murder! Murder!" Paine untied his horse and mounted. Then, with the cry of "Murder!" alarming the night, he calmly walked the animal up the street. He could not have contrived a more deceptive retreat.

Augustus Seward reached the door brandishing a revolver, but he was too dazed to shoot. Blood streamed from his scalp into his eyes. Now shadows were running under the street lamps, boots pounding on the cobbles. Still Paine held his horse to a walk.

He was heading in the wrong

Secretary of War Edwin Stanton: Some of his actions continue to puzzle historians



direction. Although Herold had explained the escape route to him six times that evening, he could not remember it. He stopped for an instant to mop his mouth and cheek.

William Bell, one of Seward's servants, ran into the street. He pointed at Paine and wailed: "Murder!"

Paine walked the animal forward. "Murder!" Bell shrieked. The little negro cried the alarm over and over again. Stubbornly he followed Paine's horse, keeping about 12 paces behind. Paine glanced contemptuously at his lone pursuer. Then, with a snort, he kicked his mount into a trot. Little William Bell gave up.

Booth Escapes to Maryland

Now THREE conspirators were racing through Washington's dark, muddy streets—Booth, Paine and weak-chinned David Herold. Behind them, but not far, raced wildly inaccurate rumours: Vice-President Johnson had been slain; General Grant shot; Lee's surrender had been a ruse to disarm the North; the capital was under Rebel attack. Runners sprinted through the residential districts, and alarmed citizens armed themselves with shotguns, pistols and knives.

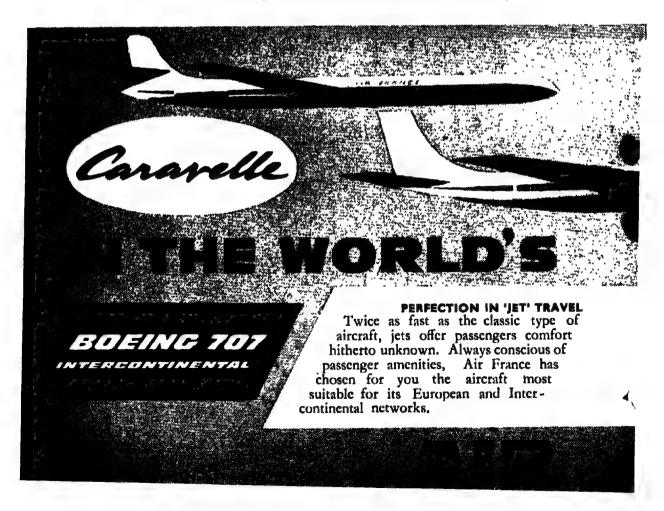
Lincoln, mortally wounded, had been carried to a residence across the street from Ford's Theatre. In the back parlour of the house, next to the room where the President lay dying, Secretary of War Stanton

assumed supreme command of the nation. Making a desk of the top hat on his knee, he scribbled a nonstop torrent of orders, mandates and directives to the army, the navy, the State Department. He mobilized the 8,000 troops in the District to man the forts. Shouting, snapping, beckoning, he called out the military police, city constabulary, federal detectives, Secret Service agents and all available guards to protect the public buildings and patrol the streets. He commanded the seizure of Ford's Theatre, the arrest of everyone in the cast of Our American Cousin.

And, meanwhile, what of Vice-President Andrew Johnson? By one

account, after a brief conversation Stanton "dismissed" him. In any case, Johnson played no significant part in the events of this evening. For more than ten hours Stanton was Supreme Police Superintendent, High Judge and National Dictator all in one.

To block the escape of the assassins from the capital, he dispatched police to the railway terminals. He ordered naval forces to blockade the Potomac River. He flashed alarms to army forces to barricade the six turnpikes that ran east, north-east, north, north-west, west and due south out of Washington. That left two others—escape routes which horsemen could reach by crossing



the Anacostia River via a long wooden span called Navy Yard Bridge. Both of these roads led into lower Maryland, a region sympathetic to the Rebels and the gateway of the Confederate underground to Richmond. Inexplicably, though Stanton closed off every other exit, he left these crucial routes wide open throughout the entire night of the assassination

As a wartime measure the gate across Navy Yard Bridge was supposed to be closed at 9 p.m. About 10.45 on the night of the 14th, Sergeant Silas Cobb, in command of the bridge guard, heard fast hoofbeats coming down the dark reach of 11th Street. A bay mare raced up. The rider reared the horse and brought her to a standstill as one of the sentries grasped a bridle rein.

"Who are you, sir?" Cobb asked.

"My name is Booth."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going home."

Cobb later stated that he thought the horseman some rich man's son who had been "pleasuring" in the capital. He sauntered round the animal, scrutinizing rider and mount. Then he stood back and nodded. "All right, you can pass." Booth urged the nervous mare on to the bridge and crossed at a gallop.

The War Department never investigated or censured the sergeant's conduct. His superiors accepted his



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"decision" as an unfortunate but excusable error. Cobb had no reason to suppose that this late-going horseman had just murdered the President of the United States.

The records of history contain many holes. John Wilkes Booth rode through one of them that night. Was it there through "error in judgement"—meaning military blunder? Or was it there through design? Allowing Booth to pass was not Cobb's sole contribution to history that night. A few minutes after Booth fled, a second horseman (David Herold) galloped up. The sergeant demanded identification. Young Herold said sullenly, "My name is Thomas."

"What you doing out so late?" Cobb asked.

"I been seeing a woman," Herold exclaimed. "I gotta get home!"

The rider seemed harmless enough. So Cobb nodded to the sentries. They swung the gate open.

A few minutes later a third rider galloped up. This was the liveryman from whom Herold had earlier hired his big roan horse, to be returned to the stable at nine o'clock. In fleeing from Seward's house Herold had ridden past the establishment, and the foreman, John Fletcher, on the look-out for the overdue horse, had spotted him. Leaping on his own horse, Fletcher pursued Herold to the bridge. "I've got to get across," he insisted, after telling Sergeant Cobb about the stolen horse. But Cobb now made

his third mistake of the night. "The bridge is closed," he said, and he turned Fletcher back.

Irate, Fletcher galloped to Washington police headquarters to report the theft. The superintendent at once connected the southbound horsemen with the shootings and applied to army headquarters for horses to send a posse in pursuit.

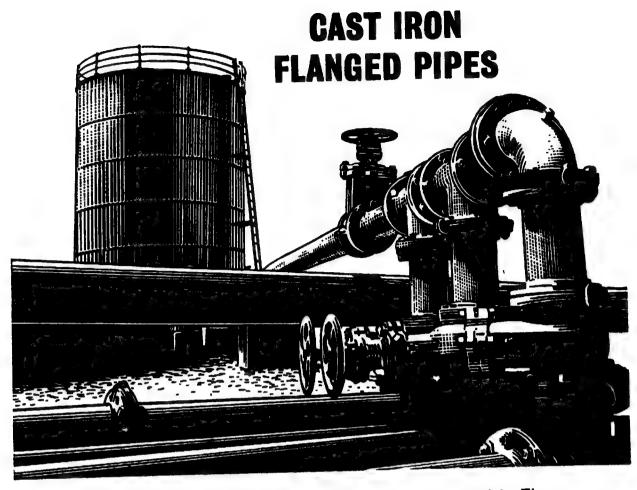
Horses for a squad of city police? Army headquarters replied that there were no mounts available. They told the police, in effect, to sit tight at headquarters and let the military handle the chase. And then they themselves did nothing about the clue until the next day, long after the assassins had escaped.

Why? Was it the result of redtape tangles and bureaucratic confusion? Or was there sinister method behind Edwin Stanton's inexplicable behaviour? The answers remain unknown.

Enter Dr. Mudd

Somewhere across the Anacostia River, Herold overtook Booth, and the two pounded southwards together. By midnight Booth was in agony. In his leap from Lincoln's box he had snapped the tibia in his left leg, and now every jolt of the stirrup grated on the fracture. The pain was making him ill. He thirsted for brandy.

At Surrattsville, ten miles south of Washington, was a tavern in which the conspirators had secreted a bundle of guns and gear for one of their



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previous kidnapping attempts. Here they stopped, rapped on the door and raised innkeeper John Lloyd, an habitual drunkard. Blearily Lloyd fetched the hidden weapons while Booth drained a bottle of whisky. (Lloyd would later swear that he had no idea what the guns were to be used for.) Then, quickly, the two fugitives rode on towards Port Tobacco, where a boat waited for their flight across the Potomac.

As his injured foot swelled in his boot and the leather tightened like a vice, Booth's nerve collapsed. He had to find a doctor, he told Herold. The nearest was a Dr. Samuel Mudd in Bryantown. Booth had visited him casually the previous winter, but was not entirely sure of the man's political sentiments. Nevertheless, they decided to risk the ten-mile detour from their well-planned escape route. It was a fatal decision.

About 4 a.m. Herold led Booth up to the roadside gate at Mudd's farm and hammered on the door. Presently a voice called, "Who's there?" Herold answered that a man had been hurt by a fall from a horse. He was in great pain. Could the doctor help him?

The doctor helped Herold to lift Booth from the saddle, and between them they carried him up the stairway to a bedroom. Booth, whom Herold identified as "Mr. Tyson," kept his face turned aside, a shawl pulled up to his eyes. Or so Dr. Mudd would testify later in

trying to explain to sceptical authorities why he and his wife failed to recognize the injured fugitive.

Mudd cut Booth's boot open and contrived a makeshift splint. When he had finished applying it, the doctor covered Booth with a quilt and went out in the breaking day to do his farm chores.

At noon Mudd examined the leg again, and Booth kept his face turned away. That, in itself, should have troubled any enquiring doctor, but Mudd (according to his statement) asked no questions. Instead, he went to the barn and made Booth a crude pair of crutches—a couple of sawn-off lengths of wood with crossbars screwed on top. Late that afternoon the riders departed.

Dr. Samuel Mudd was going to pay dearly for setting Booth's leg. The government would contend that he was a prime accomplice of the Booth gang. Mudd may have been guilty. He must have recognized Booth. And it appears that he told the fugitives of a Colonel Samuel Cox, who had a boat in which they could cross the Potomac.

Had Booth and Herold followed Mudd's directions and found Cox without undue delay, they might have escaped. But after nightfall, somewhere near a tiny church in the forest, they lost their way. The track they took ended in a marsh through which the fugitives proceeded at a snail's pace. Riding bruised Booth's leg at every jog. When he walked, his crutches sank



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in mud, throwing his full weight on the injured leg. Again and again he went sprawling. They didn't get to the Cox place until after midnight on Saturday, and by then it was too late to risk crossing the Potomac. Federal soldiers were all around. So for six days, while thousands of soldiers and police hunted, Colonel Cox concealed and provisioned the fugitives in a swamp two miles from the Cox house.

During this period Booth recorded some of his thoughts in a diary which stands as a masterpiece of self-pity and self-glorification. Seeing himself as an heroic figure unappreciated by a people "too degenerate" to comprehend his superior mission, he whined: "If the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did not desire greatness . . . After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? . . . I have never hated nor wronged anyone . . . I have too great a soul to die like a criminal."

Soon enough, the man with the "great soul" would be pleading for a chance to escape from an encircling cordon of Federal soldiery.

The House on H Street

ON THE night of the assassination the superintendent of the Washington police, Major A. C. Richards, had been in the audience and recognized Booth at once. After trying unsuccessfully to locate the guard assigned to Lincoln's box, Richards, a tough, capable officer, hurried to police headquarters.

Within minutes he had briefed the duty force, summoned his reserves, and dispatched detectives to Ford's Theatre. By two o'clock in the morning of Saturday, April 15, after interrogating dozens of witnesses, he had linked three names: John Wilkes Booth, David Herold, John Surratt. He had also secured a vital address—541 H Street. Richards ordered detective John Clarvoe to raid this boarding-house and arrest Booth and Surratt.

Clarvoe and ten men scouted up to the H Street house about 2.15 a.m. Louis Wiechmann, a lodger, answered the bell, and the detectives moved swiftly through the house. When they had reassembled in the lower hall, Wiechmann scolded them.

"Gentlemen, what do you mean by searching this house so early in the morning?"

Clarvoe stared. "Do you mean to tell us you don't know what happened last night?" The lodger shook his head blankly.

Clarvoe held out a piece of black cravat. "Do you see the blood on that?"

Wiechmann stared at the ugly stain.

"That's Lincoln's blood!" Clarvoe said grimly. "John Wilkes Booth has murdered the President." When Mrs. Surratt came out of her

bedroom, Wiechmann blurted out the news to her. The widow raised both hands in a startled gesture. "My God, Mr. Wiechmann! You don't tell me so!"

Clarvoe would later recall that her shocked expression seemed genuine. Under questioning she readily admitted knowing Booth, and she told Clarvoe that she'd seen the actor "at two o'clock yesterday (Good Friday) afternoon." But Mrs. Surratt insisted she had not seen her son John for two weeks.

Clarvoe was stumped. His orders had been to arrest Booth and John Surratt. They weren't in the house. Wiechmann volunteered to report at police headquarters at 8 a.m. to assist the officers, and "with this assurance the detectives left."

No character involved in the Lincoln murder case remains harder to analyse than Louis Wiechmann. We know he informed the authorities of Booth's abduction plot. Yet he seems to have told only part of the story. A half-way informer, did he play both ends against the middle? He would be so accused.

Time was running out now for Mary Surratt. On Monday night, April 17, General Christopher Augur, commander of the army forces in charge of the capital, ordered the arrest of everyone in her boarding-house.

Augur's men waited in the parlour while the ladies dressed. Other soldiers stood outside in shadow, screened from view. Then, at about 11.20 p.m., foorsteps sounded on the pavement. A pedestrian with a pick-axe over his shoulder paused before 541 and rang the doorbell. In reply to the detectives' enquiries, the caller said Mrs. Surratt had sent for him that morning to dig a gutter.

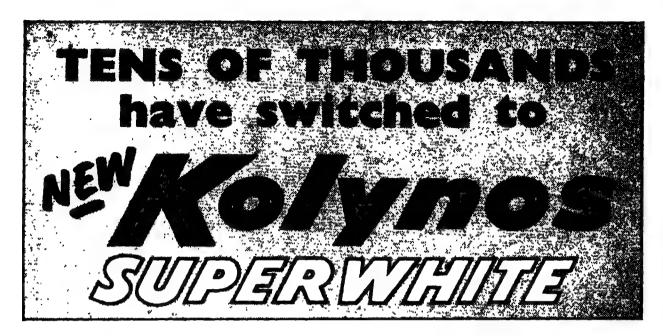
As the police were questioning him, Mrs. Surratt entered the room. Asked if she knew the husky workman, the widow threw up her hands. "Before God," she said agitatedly, "I have not seen that man before!"

Cornered, the intruder faced a battery of revolvers. Told to identify himself, he mumbled a sullen reply and extended a signed Oath of Allegiance.

The certificate bore the name "Lewis Paine."

Paine stuck defiantly to his "ditch-digger" story until, at Augur's headquarters, the police brought in William Bell. Seward's houseboy recognized him immediately. Paine, locked in double shackles, was cast into "solitary" on board the naval defence vessel Saugus, in the Potomac, and the War Department announced that they had captured Seward's assailant.

This Monday, April 17, 1865, had indeed been a red-letter day for the man hunters! True, Lincoln's assassin and his companion were still at large. But the catch thus far was impressive: Mrs. Mary Surratt; Lewis Paine; two of Booth's minor



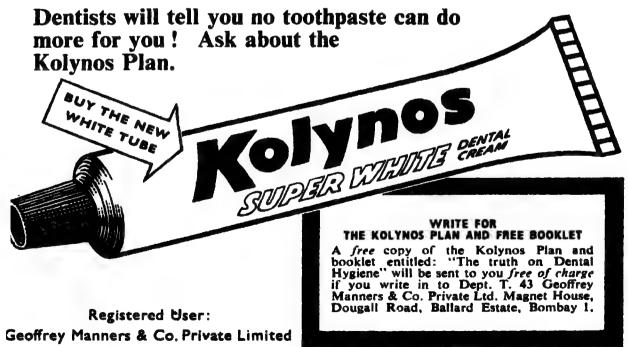
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henchmen, Michael O'Laughlin and Samuel Arnold; and a lackey of Booth's, Edward Spangler. Within two days, yet another of the central conspirators was captured. Sodden drunk, George Atzerodt was apprehended at his cousin's farm-house on the evening of April 19. He was thrust into the foul hold of the Saugus with the other male captives.

None of these prisoners had been indicted. They had merely been accused and thrown into prison to await trial. But even the case-hardened jailers aboard the Saugus were appalled at the torture to which they were submitted. On April 23 Stanton issued an order which directed that "... the prisoners shall have a canvas bag put over the head and tied round the neck." The hoods fitted like certain types of modern gas masks. Eyeless, they had only slits for nose and mouth. Cotton pads pressed tightly over the wearer's eyes and ears.

Caught in this headlock, the prisoner was stifled, blinded, deafened. The prison doctor protested to Stanton, urging that the hoods be loosened lest the prisoners suffocate. His appeal drew a blank. Driven beyond endurance, Paine, the physical giant of the group, went raving mad. He tried to commit suicide by dashing his brains out against the iron bulkhead of his cell.

The Witch Hunt

By Easter Monday the search had developed into a nation-wide witch

hunt. People who knew nothing whatsoever about the assassination were arrested in droves. Charges ranged from "accessory" to "suspicious conduct." Regional military units forwarded suspects to Washington. Soon, with city police and backwoods sheriffs entering the field, the harvest of suspects swamped the jails.

Booth's relatives felt the impact of the hysteria immediately. Asia Booth Clarke, John's sister, five months pregnant, almost suffered a nervous breakdown when the police avalanche descended upon her home. Her husband was summarily dragged off in handcuffs to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington. He was guiltless.

The shadow fell with more stunning violence upon Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., John's brother. He was playing in Cincinnati on the night of the murder. When the news reached the city, an infuriated mob stormed his hotel. Junius Brutus fled by a side exit and managed to travel east incognito, until he was arrested in Philadelphia on April 26. He must have been dumb with anger when they locked him into an Old Capitol cell. He had supported the North during the war.

Another brother, Joseph Booth, was astonished when he was arrested at a steamer landing-stage in New York.

Just arrived from San Francisco, he could hardly have had a hand in the assassination. Released after a

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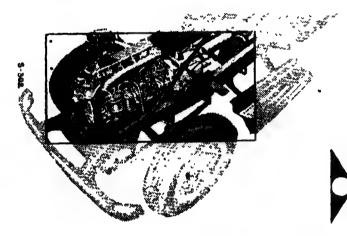
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few hours' grilling, he never forgot the experience. For years he refused to refer to John Wilkes Booth as his brother.

The members of Booth's family were symbols. When Stanton could not lay hands on anything of substance, he was all for jailing the symbolic.

The Man Hunt

THE ALL-OUT man hunt for Booth commenced on Monday, April 17, 1865, and soon the mounting tide of soldiery galloping into lower Maryland—10,000 of them, according to some accounts—had cast a formidable drag-net.

The soldiery had little difficulty in uncovering Booth's track. In places like Allen's Fresh and Port Tobacco, half the villagers seemed acquainted with John Surratt, David Herold and George Atzerodt. In Surrattsville, tavern-keeper Lloyd should have quaked in his boots when the cavalry swooped down on him. Instead, this drunken pawn responded so abundantly to interrogation that he wormed himself out from under the shadow of the noose and into the favour of Federal authorities as a prime government witness.

Lloyd swore that Mrs. Surratt had visited him on the evening of the assassination and told him that some weapons secreted in his tavern "would be called for that night"—evidence which would be used to hang Mrs. Surratt. And he admitted

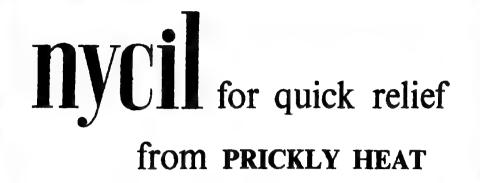
that John Wilkes Booth had stopped at his establishment in the course of his escape from Washington. The assassin's line of flight was pinpointed.

The next important suspect to fall into the drag-net was Dr. Samuel Mudd. Acting on an anonymous tip, the same cavalry lieutenant who had apprehended Lloyd rode his squadron to the doctor's farm-house and interrogated him. Uncommunicative at first, Mudd admitted only that two riders had come to his place at about daybreak on the 15th, and that he had set a broken leg one of them had sustained in a fall from his horse. He insisted that the men were complete strangers.

The lieutenant persisted. Finally Mudd "acknowledged . . . it was Booth whose leg he set, and whom he helped through the swamp." Mudd was arrested forthwith.

By the time Federal troops got to the swamp behind Samuel Cox's home, Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac to Virginia. This was some time on Friday or Saturday night, a week after the murder. There Herold located a Mrs. Quesenbury of the Confederate underground, and the pair were passed furtively from hand to hand until they reached the backwoods cabin of a former slave named Lucas. Lucas later testified:

"One of the men said, 'We want to stay here tonight.' I said, 'You cannot do it. I am a coloured man and have no right to take care of



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white people. I have only one room in the house and my wife is sick.' The one with the crutches took out a bowie knife, saying, 'Old man, how do you like that?' My wife and I went out on the step and stayed there all night. In the morning they took my horses and went."

The Road to Garrett's Barn

Some time on Monday the fugitives met three ex-Confederate soldiers. Testing their sentiments and finding them sympathetic, Booth and Herold identified themselves and asked for help. One of the soldiers, Captain Willie Jett, 18 years old, volunteered to guide them to the Richard Garrett farm, three miles south of Port Royal, Virginia, and 78 miles from Washington. There he introduced Booth as his friend, "John William Boyd, a Confederate soldier wounded in the battles around Richmond." asked Garrett to take care of Booth until Wednesday morning, when he would call for him.

From this point on, nothing written or testified in respect to the doings at Garrett's farm can be taken at face value. Nobody knows exactly what Booth said to the Garretts or to Jett. Nor can the reports of the Federal officers who were now scouring the road from Port Royal to Bowling Green be accepted as wholly truthful.

But about supper-time on Tuesday Jett gallops up to the Garrett gate and calls out to Booth that Federal troops are crossing the Rappahannock on the ferry to Port Royal. Booth is visibly alarmed. A bit later a drum roll of hoofs echoes through the gloaming. The pounding grows louder. Then, with guidons flying, sabres jangling, a Yankee cavalry troop batters past the Garrett gate —on the trail of Captain Jett, as it turns out. On the veranda young William Garrett exclaims, "They must be going to Bowling Green!"

Booth and Herold are going somewhere, too. To the family's surprise, the pair are seen racing for the pine woods beyond the tobacco farm—Booth making grotesque speed on his crutches, and Herold sprinting for dear life. They plunge into the thickets, disappear, and leave behind them a troubled, suspicious family.

Staying at the Garrett home at the time was farmer Garrett's sister-in-law, Miss L. K. B. Holloway, a school-teacher and loyal "Southerner." As she later told it, her nephew, William Garrett, decided to investigate their guests' odd behaviour. From neighbours he learned that the troops were hunting a cripple and his companion. When young Garrett returned he told Booth, "You must leave first thing in the inorning. I don't want you to bring any trouble upon my father."

And now occurred perhaps the strangest episode of that strange day. When the hour came to retire (Miss Holloway related), Booth refused to sleep upstairs. Anywhere would do rather than that. So young William

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Garrett conducted Booth and Herold to the tobacco barn. After they entered he padlocked the door behind them and gave the key to Miss Holloway. He told her that she must not let anyone have it, "as it was his opinion that they intended to steal horses and escape."

Here, surely, is a fantastic business. That Booth, his life at stake, a much-publicized 100,000 dollar reward on his head, would consent to being locked in a barn! Booth and his accomplice were heavily armed. Had they feared a trap, they could have shouted dire threats at the Garretts or shot the hasp off the door. Or quietly prised their way out. But apparently they made no protest.

And then, about midnight, a second strange thing happened: a cavalry troop, commanded Lieutenant E. P. Doherty, raced into Bowling Green and surrounded the hotel where Willie Jett was in bed asleep, partly undressed. Somebody—was it young Garrett, or one of the dozens of farmers and villagers who could have seen him in company with the wanted men —had tipped the Federals off. The cavalry troop's action report never explained the tip. It merely said, "We took Jett downstairs and informed him of our business, telling him that if he did not forthwith inform us where the men were, he would suffer . . ." Young Jett had seen enough suffering. And a lad hauled out of sleep by the hair and rushed downstairs with a revolver at his neck may well do some talking.

The net was about to close on

John Wilkes Booth.

Capture!

Miss Holloway wakens bolt upright in her bed at the Garrett farmhouse. (Or that, at least, is how she later told it.) There are sounds outside—a thrashing in the undergrowth—boots trampling on the porch—metallic jingle of scabbards and spurs—a sudden, savage pounding on the kitchen door.

Doherty's men have arrived.

"Open up in there!"

Miss Holloway hears a window raised. Garrett's voice calling down. "Who's there?"

Miss Holloway scurries to the window. Damn Yankees! A whole horde of them—overrunning the barnyard, trampling the flower garden, pawing through the lilacs. The ugly gleam of carbines and buckles and spurs is everywhere.

"Unlock this door, or we'll smash it in."

Miss Holloway starts for the hall. She sees farmer Garrett, a crumpled figure in slippers and nightshirt, half tumbling down the stairs.

"Wait! Wait!" Garrett calls out. The door-latch rattles in his frantic hand. He recoils as the door lurches inwards.

Two soldiers stump into the kitchen. Muddy boots and yellow gauntlets and U.S. insignia!



Booth's escape route from Washington

"We want those two men," the officer says harshly.

Farmer Garrett blurts, "They've gone!"

The officer catches the old man by the throat, left-handed, pins him against the door jamb, and holds the revolver to his temple. "Come up here and get this Rebel, boys!" he calls over his shoulder. "Maybe a little neck-stretching will loosen his tongue!"

The farmer is hustled down the porch steps and across the yard to a chopping block. A coil of hemp appears. One of the soldiers hastily fashions a sliding bowline. The

shivering figure on the block emits. a despairing moan.

Surrounded by this lynching party, he stands on his pedestal like a speaker who has forgotten his lines. He sees on the porch his wife and terrified daughters. Miss Holloway cries out aghast as the free end of the rope is tossed over a bough.

Fortunately for Garrett, one of his sons has the good sense to intervene. "Gentlemen," William Garrett offers, "I will take you to the place."

In 60 seconds a cordon of soldiers is thrown around the fateful tobacco barn. Lieutenant Doherty barks a savage command. "Come out of that! Can you hear?"

No answer.

"Look," someone shouts, "we'll have a little bonfire and burn the bastards out. Fetch some brush."

Behind the barn door there is a rustle of activity. A mutter of oaths. Cautiously men stack an armload of brush against the barn wall. They add some old timber. The lieutenant calls, "Last chance, you two! We'll give you five minutes."

A pause while the night waits in silence. Then Miss Holloway hears Booth's voice, high-pitched, "Who are you? What do you want with us?"

"You've got five minutes!"

Five minutes. On the Garrett porch the shawled women stand like Biblical figures. Miss Holloway feels slow tears crawl down her cheek. On the block, threatened by pistols,

armer Garrett in his nightshirt poses like an absurd monument.

"Time's up!" the lieutenant calls. From the trap comes a pleading whine. "Give me a chance for my life, can't you, Captain? I am but a cripple—a one-legged man. Withdraw your troopers a hundred yards from the door, and I'll come out. All I want is a fighting chance."

Now the soldiers hear Herold's voice for the first time in a blurred dialogue within the dark barn. Then a savage outburst from Booth. "You're a goddam coward. Go, go! I won't have you stay!"

A rattle is heard at the door, and a voice saying, "Let me out! I want to surrender!" Sidling up to the entrance, Lieutenant Doherty orders the man who wants to surrender to thrust both hands out. The door inches open a little way. Out comes one hand.

With a savage yank Doherty brings his captive lunging from the barn. Instantly the door is slammed. Herold is caught by the soldiers in a flying tackle. Doherty, lacking handcuffs, hauls the captive across the yard to rope him to a tree. The soldiers whoop joyfully around this 25,000-dollar prize.

Now Booth, alone in the barn, begins to rant hysterically. He challenges the Yankees to combat, promising to fell them one after another. Baffled by all this claptrap,



the soldiers fire the heap of brush. In a sudden gust of flame, the barn's interior is revealed in light.

Through the openwork planking, all can glimpse the shadowy figure within. To and fro on his crutch, the man hops like an injured raven in a cage. Everywhere he turns his escape is blocked. Suddenly a shot cracks out and he pitches headlong to the floor.

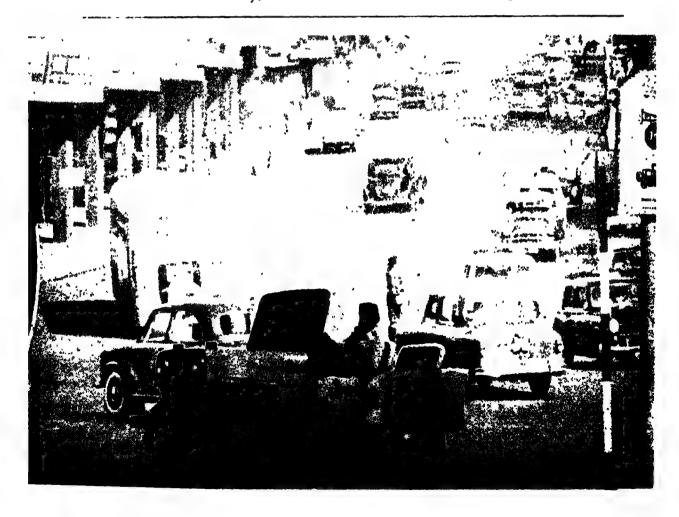
Lugged from the burning barn, Booth begins to die in the best opera-house tradition. Revived with a splash of water, he whispers, "Tell Mother . . . I die for my country."

While the saddle-weary, sleepless regulars, their thoughts on breakfast and reward money, wait with

ill-concealed boredom, Booth takes his time about dying. Finally, about daybreak, he expires.

Who shot him? All orders had been to bring him back alive. As a prisoner, Booth might have answered some interesting questions. But now he was dead. No one knows with absolute certainty who fired the shot that dispatched Lincoln's killer—but the informed concensus is that the trapped cripple committed suicide.

Lieutenant Doherty and his men must have been eager to get back to Washington with their prize. All were due for a share of the reward money. Doherty jerked a blanket from a horse at the gate and dashed



to the porch. "We'll sew up the body in this," he told a subordinate.

The corpse was treated to vehicular travel, though not out of respect. With four prisoners on his Doherty was short hands, otherwise the mounts; could have gone pack-saddle. The war had stripped the countryside of vehicles, but Ned Freeman, a local negro who had an old ambulance, agreed to accept two dollars for the haul to Belle Plain. The body, roped to a board, was chucked into Freeman's ancient cart.

From the porch Miss Holloway watched the ghastly parade form up in the road. The last glimpse she had of the celebrated visitor: the soles of his feet—one boot, one shoe—as the wobbly ambulance started on its way to Washington.

By dawn on April 27 the news was abroad in the capital. The body of John Wilkes Booth was on board the defence vessel Montauk. Workers abandoned their breakfasts and dashed for the horse cars. Gentlemen ordered their carriages. Congressmen requisitioned coaches. The populace of Washington swarmed to the Navy Yard.

A canvas awning was stretched over the deck to shield the corpse and discourage the inquisitive public eye. Under this airless tent, a rapid inquest was held in midmorning. None of the officials on board had been personally acquainted with Booth. And now a peculiar difficulty arose; the corpse bore little

or no resemblance to the photographic portraits of John Wilkes Booth. This contorted corpse with matted hair, wild eyes and snarling teeth—could it really have belonged to the matinée idol, once the Apollo of the footlights and the glass of fashion?

Since the identity of the body seemed doubtful, one might think responsible officials would have called many witnesses—close friends of Booth, members of his family. At the time, Junius Brutus Booth was no farther away than the Old Capitol Prison. He was not summoned to identify the body.

With the utmost secrecy, Booth's body was spirited off the *Montauk* that same day, placed in a gun box and hastily buried in a shallow hole in the corner of an ammunition vault at the Washington Arsenal.

"To Be Hanged by the Neck Until Dead"

On May 9, 1865, the trial of Booth's accomplices opened before an extemporized Military Commission which was convened in a makeshift court-room at Washington's Arsenal Penitentiary. It was held that, since the President was killed "while actually in command of the Army, as Commander-in-Chief," the assassination was a military crime.

The prisoners must have known

they were doomed.

On June 30, all eight defendants were found guilty of participation



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in the assassination conspiracy. Dr. Samuel Mudd, Samuel Arnold, and Michael O'Laughlin were sentenced to life imprisonment. Edward Spangler was sentenced to six years. Lewis Paine, David Herold, George Atzerodt and Mary Surratt were sentenced to death by hanging.

But nobody believed that Mrs. Surratt would be hanged.

Long afterwards, the story leaked out that the sentence passed against her was contrived through deception. At first the military judges had stood four to five against the capital penalty, but apparently at Stanton's instigation (and certainly with his approval) Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt arranged a compromise. If the tribunal would vote a unanimous death sentence for Mrs. Surratt, a petition of mercy would then be forwarded to President Johnson.

Five of the generals signed the petition recommending that Mrs. Surratt's sentence be commuted to life imprisonment. Holt promised to present the appeal to Johnson. According to Johnson, he never saw it. On the morning of July 6, he signed the four death warrants. The execution was set for the following day!

And there was another suspicious peculiarity about the management of this trial. Yankee troopers had retrieved Booth's diary from the dying man's pocket and delivered it to Stanton in Washington. "I examined it with great care," Stanton recalled, "and read over all the entries

in it." But in spite of its manifest importance, the book was not presented as evidence, nor even mentioned during the trial. Did it list conspiracy leaders? Mention accomplices? Nobody knows. For after it was given to Stanton, the little book disappeared. In 1867 it was "rediscovered" in a forgotten War Department file. And 18 pages of it were missing, cut from the section leading up to the night of Lincoln's murder.

On the morning of July 7, the scaffold stood ready in the Arsenal Penitentiary yard. Sweat streamed down the faces of the spectators, the troops, the reporters waiting in the stifling sun.

A door opens in the prison wall. Mrs. Surratt comes out, fainting, supported by two priests. Next comes Atzerodt, shambling in chains. Then Herold, tottering, weeping. Finally, Paine, chin up, shoulders squared, the personification of Spartan defiance.

The nooses are lowered and adjusted. Death caps are drawn over the four condemned heads. The victims are positioned over the traps.

The New York World observed: "The traps fell with a slam, the four bodies dropped like a single thing."

The Tangled Web

IT WOULD be neat, but inaccurate, to conclude that with the execution justice had been meted finally to all those who had conspired in the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Yet one—



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74

if least one—evaded retribution endrely. This was John Surratt.

That Secretary of War Stanton deliberately permitted Surratt to escape there is not the slightest doubt. He was informed that Surratt had fled to Canada, but not a single military agent was put on the trail. Four months after the assassination, Surfatt was recognized in England. The American consul immediately informed Washington and received the reply that "upon consultation with the Secretary of War, it is thought advisable that no action be taken." Recognized later by a friend

in Italy, Surratt confided that the conspirators "acted under orders of men not yet known." Again Washington was informed and, in a note to Stanton, Seward suggested sending a special agent to expedite the fugitive's arrest. Stanton made no reply. Prodding letters went unanswered. Finally, in December 1866, Navy Secretary Welles, at Seward's behest, dispatched a corvette to apprehend Surratt in Egypt.

Surratt was tried twice. The first jury ended in deadlock. The second trial was dismissed because the statute of limitations had run out.

The hanging of Mary Surratt, Lewis Paine, David Herold and George Atzerodt on July 7, 1865



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One can only conclude that the apprehension and trial of John Surratt were deliberately delayed. No man can say why.

AT HIS family's request, the body of John Wilkes Booth was disinterred from its makeshift grave in February 1869, to be removed to a cemetery in Baltimore. By Presidential order, no monument was to be erected over the remains.

But when the coffin was opened at a Baltimore undertaker's, another controversy arose over the identification of the corpse. Those who had been dissatisfied with the hasty post-mortem aboard the Montauk were quick to point out that a dental examination performed here conflicted with the records of the Washington dentist who had treated Booth. Minor discrepancies in the accounts of those who were present at this inquest were sifted, discussed, debated. The questions thus raised have been argued for nearly a century.

Qualified historians believe that

the Booth family's acceptance of the remains decided this issue once and for all.

But what of the larger issue—how to account for the myriad instances of official wrongdoing which indisputably overshadow the entire case?

Before he died in 1926, Robert Todd Lincoln burnt a collection of his father's private papers. A friend visiting him at the time remonstrated, and the President's son replied, according to the visitor, that "the papers contained documentary evidence of the treason of a member of Lincoln's cabinet, and he thought it best for all that such evidence be destroyed."

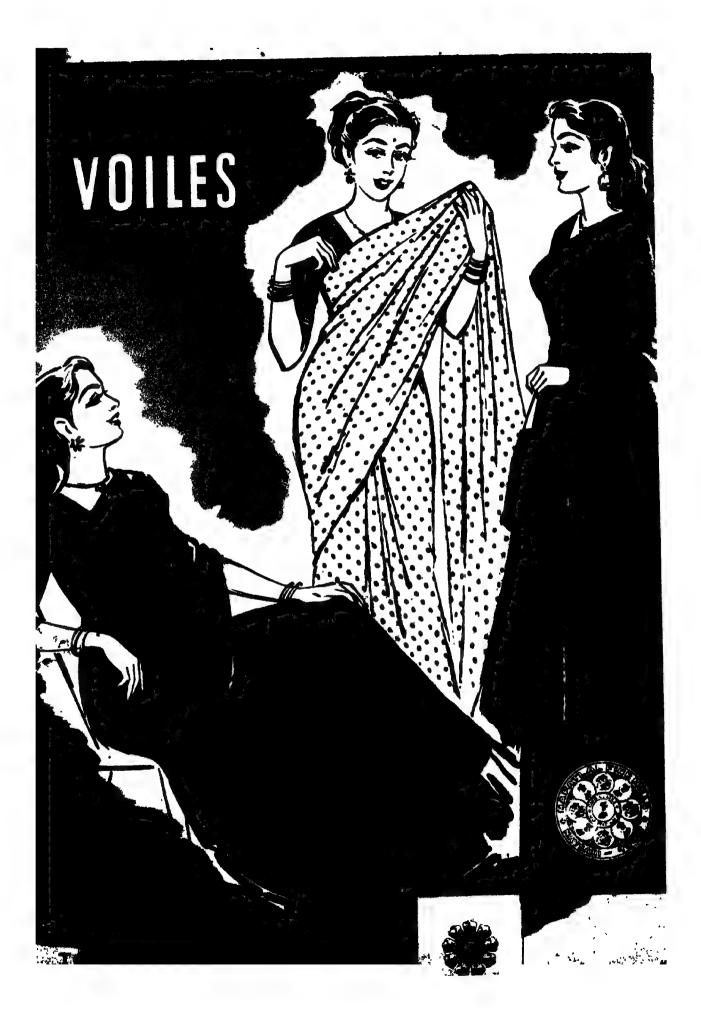
And so the identity of the man at the centre of the web will probably never be known. But whoever he and his confidants were, to the extent that they withdrew the President's protection, exposed him as a target for the suspected enemy, and facilitated the escape of known conspirators, they were particeps criminis—accomplices in the greatest crime in American history. THE END

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—B. C.



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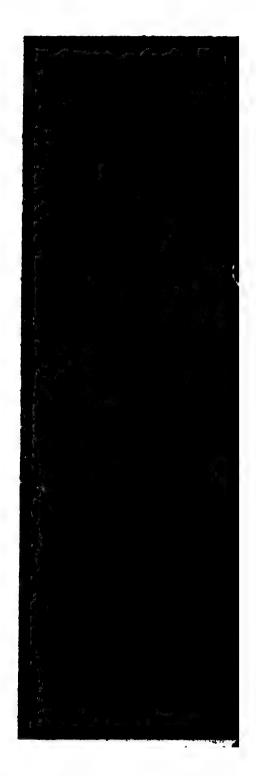
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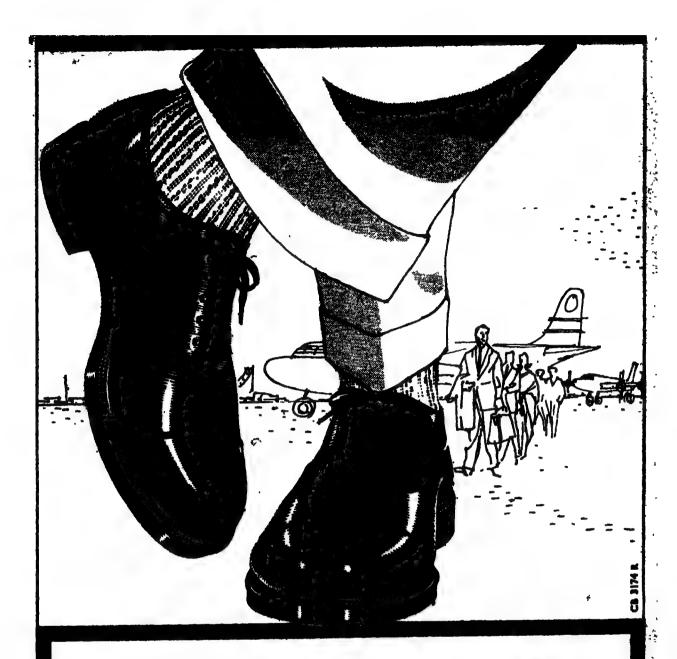
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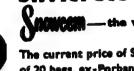


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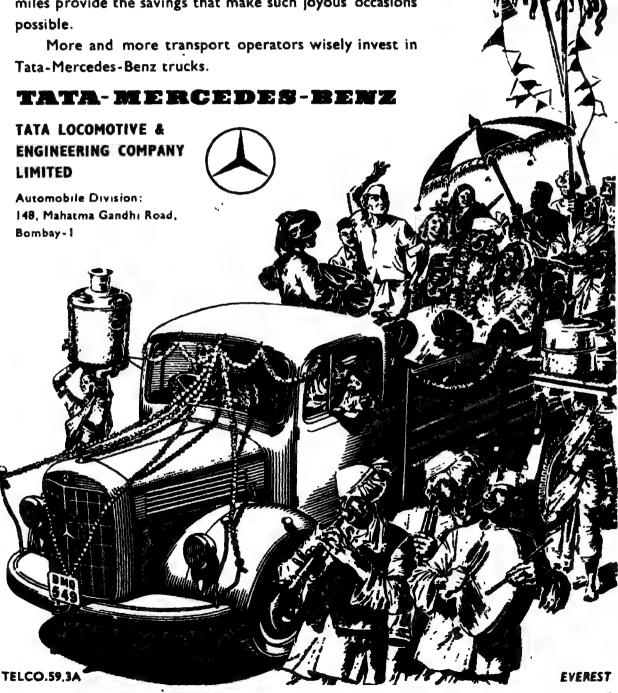
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Why is Indian food hot?

YOU: Why is our cooking 'hot'? Because we like it that way, I suppose.

WE: There are other reasons, too. People who know about food will tell you . . .

NUTRITIONIST: A lot of what we like or don't like in food is governed by factors that would seem to have little to do with cooking. Climate, for instance.

YOU: But what does climate have to do with spices in our food?

NUTRITIONIST: In hot countries like ours, food deteriorates faster on keeping. This is because the climate encourages bacterial and enzyme action in food. So, food goes bad quicker and more easily than in cooler climates. To check this, food has to be preserved—spices in food act as preservatives because, amongst other things, they check bacterial action.

YOU: I didn't know that . . .

NUTRITIONIST: And not just that. Spices tend to stimulate the appetite—a very necessary thing in hot climates like ours.

YOU: A good thing, too. Look how good they make food taste! Imagine eating bland food without any spices at all. Awful!

WE: This leads us to another point. It's not just blandness that we dislike—it's a lack of variety in flavours, whether or not the food is spiced.

NUTRITIONIST: We cannot eat food that tastes the same, day after day. That's why we vary our food. This helps us get the proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins that we reed.

YOU: All this is very well, but the taste of food hardly seems to change sometimes, however varied our diet.

NUTRITIONIST: But this has to do with

** bl.44-740

cooking methods: How we cook our food and what we use for cooking.

WE: Take fats. They are essential for most cooking operations. A lot depends on the kind of fat you use . . .

YOU: Well . . . but I don't understand.

WE: The point is, a fat can make or mar a meal. It can help bring out the natural flavour of food or impose its own taste. Therefore, the choice of a cooking fat is as important as the choice of the things it cooks.

NUTRITIONIST: Besides, a good cooking fat adds extra food value to cooking. Essential Vitamins A and D, for instance.

WE: That brings us to DALDA Vanaspati, which meets all the requirements of an ideal cooking fat.

YOU: Surely, one only uses DALDA for frying.

WE: That is needlessly restricting its use. DALDA is good for all cooking. It helps bring out the natural flavour of food—and does not add its own. What's more, it contains Vitamins A and D. Seven hundred International Units of Vitamin A and 56 I.U. of Vitamin D are added to every ounce.

YOU: How do these vitamins help?

WE: They don't make any difference to the taste of food, if that's what you mean. But they are essential for health. And DALDA comes to you in hygenically sealed tins, so you can be sure of its goodness.

YOU: Interesting . . . never thought that the choice of fat had so much to do with the taste of food. Mind you, we've used DALDA for years, but now I can see it being used for all our cooking.

WE: Millions of people are doing so today—why not you?

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Brimming with laughter and excitement, these Rajasthani children cluster around their quaint 'conveyance', the camel. Not every day do they have such fun—a camel ride across the sandy wastes and a marriage feast awaiting at journey's end. A few moments more and off they will go, swinging in rhythm with the trotting camel and completely at ease on the tall mount.

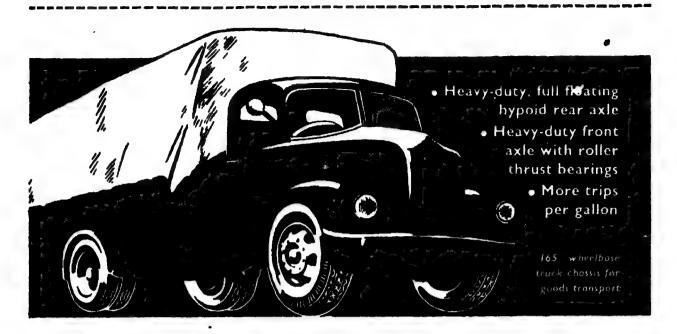
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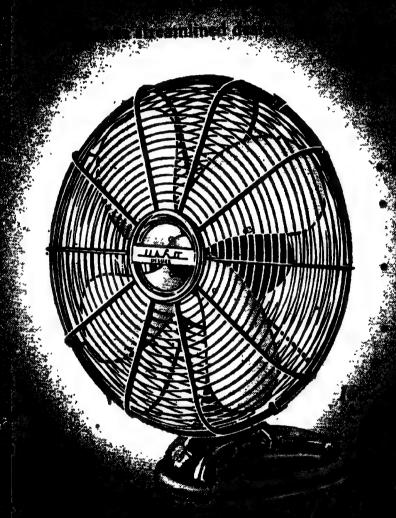


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A Western journalist, a specialist on Asian affairs, has prepared this report to the world on an Indian trouble spot. His view: no matter how many problems you have, Communism will add to them.

KERALA: The State That Saw Red

By John Frazer

erala, smallest of India's 14 states, looks like anything but a Communist stronghold. Fifteen thou-

sand square miles of tropical garden, it is bordered by the Arabian Sea and the spicy High Ranges. Rice fields shine like green tiles in the sun. Wild elephants trumpet in diamond-wet forests of rosewood and teak. Minerals abound. Tea, rubber, coconuts and cashew nuts produce large export earnings.

Kerala's literacy rate (about 50 per cent) is the highest in India, and nine out of ten children go to school—a phenomenal record for Asia. Religion flourishes: Hinduism, Islam, Christianity (one-quarter of the 14 million people are Christians).

Yet this palm-decked paradise is unique as the first significant state in the Free World to install a Communist government by popular vote. (Tiny San Marino—population 15,000—voted Communist in 1945. In 1957 the Communist rule was

brought to an end.) Kerala is unique also as the first Communist state to have forced its government out by an angry upsurge of the population. And, to put the finishing touch, it crushed a Communist effort to stage a comeback in the elections for the Kerala legislative assembly, held in February. The vote: Communists, 29 seats; United Democratic Front, 94 seats; Independents, 3 seats.

Why the Communists failed in Kerala, where they hoped to establish a base for expansion throughout India, state by state, is a significant story of political naïveté, and a revelation of Communist behaviour

in a free society.

The saga began in the spring of 1957, when Keralans marched to the polls. They were not pro-Communist, but they were vexed and angry at the blunders and bickering of Congress Party and the Praja Socialist Party. Neither body had solved Kerala's gravest problem—unemployment. Nearly two million Keralans are jobless, and many are the "educated unemployed"—people who have diplomas but no work. They haunt the reading-rooms, lounge round tea stalls, curl up hungry and discouraged at night on railway platforms, and snatch at promises. That spring, Communist promises looked tempting indeed.

The Communists of Kerala, forswearing violence, announced that they would rule by peaceful, parliamentary methods. Though in 1951 they had denounced the Indian constitution as a "charter of slavery," they now pledged allegiance to it. The Communist Election Manifesto, promising 93 reform measures, sold out two printings. Party workers—"nearly 300,000," boasted a Communist—held meetings in Kerala's palm-thatched and tileroofed halls, exhorted and got out the voters.

Deftly, too, the Communists aggravated class prejudices. Kerala is made up of several communities: the Hindu Brahmans; the wealthy and conservative Hindu Nairs; the Hindu Ezhavas, the largest group; Hindu untouchables; the Christians; and the Moslems. By labelling the Congress Party as ultra-Christian, the Communists wooed the Nairs, and had some success in consolidating Hindus against Christians. Foolishly, the various Opposition parties waged verbal warfare against one another.

The result was a victory for the Communists, though by a narrow margin. They gained 35 per cent of the popular vote, and 60 seats (plus five Communist-backed Independents) in the 126-seat state assembly.

A glow of coexistence pervaded Kerala. Khrushchev and Bulganin, triumphantly touring India a year before, had given Communism a new respectability. "I am happy," said Rajendra Prasad, "that this great experiment... is going to serve... as an example of coexistence." Many Indians felt the same.

On April 5, 1957, in the sprawling white Secretariat in Trivandrum, Kerala's capital, the jubilant Communists took office. E. M. S. Namboodiripad, the Chief Minister, swore to "do right to all manner of people in accordance with the constitution and the law, without fear or favour, affection or ill will."

In a first dramatic gesture, the new regime cut the salaries of the Chief Minister and his Cabinet. This act won generous praise from all India—although, as cynics pointed out, higher travel allowances more than restored the reductions. The Communists halted evictions of tenants pending a new land-reform bill, and raised wages of lowpaid teachers and village officials. Non-Communist Keralans looked on watchfully. Patches of doubt, even that early, were blotting out the red glow. No one was quite sure what was coming.

This vague distrust was due partly to the large-scale release of prisoners by the Communists—people jailed for murder, robbery and political offences. (One Communist exconvict who had been convicted of murder was observed in the speaker's gallery of the assembly.) Then, in July, the Chief Minister proclaimed a new police policy. Henceforth, he said, Kerala's police would not act in an "anti-people" way; they would side with employees against landowners and employers.. This open discrimination proved to be the first and major reason for the

ultimate failure of the Red regime. "The police are confused," one Indian told me shortly afterwards. "They are not sure whether to act before trouble starts or to wait. Non-Communists are beginning to think

the police cannot be counted on."

Soon there was no doubt of this. The breakdown of law and order over the next year culminated in violence and death. Armed Communists roamed the streets of Alleppey during a student flare-up, while police looked on. Mobs invaded rice fields and plucked the grain; thieves walked into coconut groves and cut the tall harvest; the police abstained. "If I did anything against the Communists," a high police official said to me, "the government would punish me. So I did nothing."

The cell, or branch, is the Communist Party in action at the local level. The cell secretary is ward boss, fixer and patronage dispenser. In Kerala, he was now the man coknow and to flatter. "The easiest way to get rid of an unwanted tenant," a small landholder in Kottayam told me, "was to go to the local Communist leader. He saw that you had no trouble—if you paid off the tenant and added 300 rupees for the Party."

Non-Communist trade unions began to squirm under Communist tactics. The Communist government's labour policy was simple: support Communist - controlled unions; hamper and enfeeble the rest. "One factory owner," a trade



union organizer told me, "wanted to dismiss 20 employees. Through the Communist cell secretary he met a high labour official of the Kerala Government. 'You want to get rid of 20 workers?' said the official. 'Get rid of 30, but hire ten new workers whom we will supply.' Ten Communist Party workers got jobs; the employer saved thousands of rupees in wages; he also donated 500 rupees to the Party and became an adherent of the Communists."

Next on the Communist list was the "reform" of education. There are 10,000 schools and 60 colleges in Kerala; two-thirds are private schools operated chiefly by Christians and the Nair Service Society. All are under state supervision and follow a state curriculum. A few are poorly managed, and the pay of teachers is often abysmally low. So the Communists introduced in the state assembly a drastic bill empowering the government to take over "mismanaged" private schools. Proprietors would have no recourse to the courts. The alarmed churches saw this as an attempt to wipe out private education and "Sovietize our children."

A protest was signed by 26 clerical leaders from all churches—probably the first joint proclamation of Catholics and non-Catholics in Kerala for centuries. What angered churchmen most was the now famous Section 11, which restricted a school's choice of teachers to names listed on a state panel.

Communists, they alleged, would be foisted on church schools. After more than a year of acrimony, the Communist-drafted Education Act, slightly amended, became law. It was to be a costly triumph for the Reds.

Meanwhile, Kerala was perturbed by brazen revision of textbooks. It is hard to overstate Communist stupidity in this project. A new series of about 25 books for the 12-to-16 age group was hastily written for the school term beginning June 1958. One book included fulsome biographies of Marx and Mao in "worldpersons," but famous omitted Gandhi. A chapter on the rise of modern Asia devoted four pages to Communist China, seven *lines* to India. Many lessons belittled moral values and ridiculed religious faith. Kerala parents, watching their children do home-work, could only conclude that brain-washing had begun.

Elsewhere, too, the Communist Party stretched out a long, proprietary arm. Pressure applying "people's committees" proliferated—1,200 of them—to advise officials on public works, price control, land assignments, labour contracts, etc. Of 10,000 committee members, it is estimated that 9,000 were Communists or fellow travellers.

The newspapers in Kerala, vigilant and by a large majority anti-Communist, exposed scandals and the laxity in law and order—and were pounced upon for their pains. In a joint memorandum, newspaper

owners declared: "The Press is incessantly harassed by the government..."

There were increasing and grave charges of corruption. "Corruption has prevailed in all parties," said the Kottayam newspaper, Malayala Manorama, "but the Communists have nationalized corruption. The Kerala exchequer is not only serving Party interests inside the state but also strengthening Party men in other sections of India."

What was happening, therefore, in tropical Kerala was the division of the state into two hostile blocs. On one side were the Communist government and its supporters. On the other was the Opposition—split into rival political parties and local cliques, uncertain how to fight back, anxious about the future. "It is not a state government," protested a panel of eminent lawyers. "It does not recognize the right of non-Communists to exist." "The stake in Kerala," wrote an Indian observer, "was the existence of democracy in the face of Communist machinations to subvert it."

No one expected a quick show-down. Rumblings of rebellion had echoed through Kerala months before, in angry incidents involving students shot down by the police as they protested against a rise in ferry fares. Now, however, a scandal over rice hit Kerala. And when the Education Act became law the churches refused to submit, declaring that they would close their schools. This

act of defiance, in which the Hindu-Nairs joined, was the blow that in the end destroyed the Red regime.

An 84-year-old Hindu, Mannath Padmanabhan, president of the Nair Service Society in Kerala, took charge and broadened the revolt. In a three-month campaign he led Kerala's non-Communist Hindus, Christians and Moslems in a liberation movement that canalized all the hostility towards the Communist regime. Students picketed unclosed schools. Some 150 non-Communist unions called a token strike in which 300,000 men and women stopped work for a day. In Kuttanad, the rice bowl of Kerala, farmers resolved not to work the paddy fields until the Communists resigned; in Trivandrum 100,000 anti-Communists marched along a seven-mile route, led by young girls holding aloft 15 flaming torches to symbolize 15 Catholics killed by the police.

At first the Communists ridiculed the liberation movement. As the revolt spread, however, they retaliated. A "tough" Home Minister replaced the incumbent. Squadrons of policemen bore down with staves and fire-arms. A frantic but skilful Communist-propaganda offensive got under way in the other states: "Reactionaries are undermining democracy." The army moved into four districts of Kerala.

At the peak of the agitation Mr. Nehru flew to Kerala. He advised holding a new election; the Communists refused. Newspapers said

that he suggested a meeting of Communists and the Opposition to negotiate the Education Act and other painful issues; the Opposition refused. It was too late for talk, they said; the Communist government must go.

Mannath Padmanabhan announced a march of anti-Communists from all corners of Kerala to Trivandrum, where they would picket the Secretariat and paralyse the government until it resigned. But the national leaders in New Delhi had waited long enough. On July 31, 1959, in accordance with Article 356 of the Indian constitution, the President dismissed the Communist government and proclaimed "President's Rule" in unhappy Kerala. The 838 days of the Great Experiment were at an end. A new election was set for February 1, 1960—the results of which we now know.

The Communists failed in Kerala because they could not coexist with a democratic society. To the people of India, of Asia and the world they demonstrated their disregard for law, for human decency, for any instrument or institution which they could not convert into a weapon for their own uses. They failed also because they could not keep their glowing pre-election promises.

Kerala's poor are still poor. Unemployment is higher than ever. The projected 25 per cent wage increase was a mirage, and so was the policy of "food sufficiency." Food-grain demand in Kerala rose 60,000 tons during Communist rule; production rose 6,000 tons. Millions of rupees allotted to the state by the central government for industry, farming and public welfare were never put to the appointed uses. Hardly a new industry came to Kerala; 50 factories shut down.

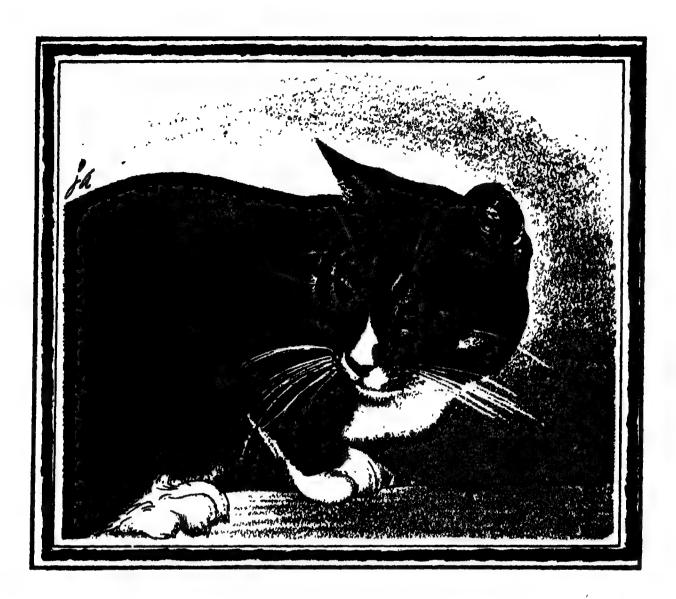
Yet, even after their failure, the Communists still have a large following. It is folly to under-estimate their power in Kerala—or in India. They are as disciplined as they are unscrupulous; they have large bank accounts; they offer glittering cures for poverty and unemployment. The victors in Kerala, the Congress Party, the Praja Socialist Party and the Moslem League, have been clected for a five-year term. But the new government will not survive if it lacks unity and a programme. "Some of our people," said a Kerala priest to me sadly, "long to drive the Communists from Kerala, but they do not thirst to redeem the poor from their poverty."

But the Reds can be beaten. The human spirit shies from repression. This is the sunlit lesson of Kerala.

Protective Custody

A CAR manufacturer made a survey of baby-car owners to ascertain the reason for their ardent devotion to their vehicles. One owner replied, "That's easy—because it needs me."

—Contributed by Paul Davis



How one dog lover came to terms with his cat—the cat's terms, of course

I'm a Reluctant Cat Convert

By Allen Rankin

When our small son smuggled our first cat into the house, my wife and I, confirmed dog lovers, vented our misgivings by naming him Macavity after the cat of T. S. Eliot's rhyme:

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,

For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.

Immediately, Mac began to live up to his name with such villainous

consistency that we were stunned into a kind of awe. Mac liked our living-room better than the back alley he came from, and decided to claim it for his own. At the time, he was a fuzzy grey kitten no larger than a tennis ball. He was opposed in his ambitions by our dachshund, Joe, who must have looked to him as big as a locomotive, and by at least two people, who towered over him like Everest. Yet, being a cat, Mac knew how to handle us all.

In two hours he charmed us with what looked like cute kitten-play. He pretended to mistake the dog for his mother—a duplicity that so touched poor Joe that he allowed the little cat to sleep in his arms and even climb in and out of his mouth. By the time Joe realized he was abetting a Brutus, it was too late. One day when Joe presented his quivering, curious nose as usual—Pssztzl Slash! Mac let him have it. Since then Mac has never given Joe—the friend and protector of his kittenhood—so much as a civil glance.

In a year Mac developed into one of the handsomest, most murder-ously efficient animals imaginable. He acquired the haughty swagger of a cavalier adventurer. His splendid get-up matched his dandy's personality—waistcoat and gloves of purest white with grey-and-black cloak striped and whorled like the ancient taffeta of Baghdad called attabi (whence the name "tabby").

Together with his new magnificence came a disdain for his human "masters." Now he refused to be petted except at his own convenience. At other times, he drew himself up like an emperor whose robes had been besmirched by stickyfingered persents

fingered peasants.

"All right, we'll see who's boss around here," I threatened—and we did. Mac was boss. I found this out one cold night when Mac, having gone for a stroll, wanted to get back into the house. "Ah, ha!" I said, when I heard his meow at the door. "We'll just let you gool off out there until you appreciate us more." Any good dog would have whined and begged at the door all night. Mac simply stalked away, obviously preferring to sleep in the garage rather than demean himself.

Since then, we have reached an honest unilateral agreement with our cat: he does exactly what he wants to do and we do exactly what he wants us to do.

This is about the same arrangement that men have had with cats since before 3000 B.C., when the Egyptians first "domesticated" certain small wild-cats. Mac has made it plain that a cat does nothing that doesn't give him satisfaction. He is not, like a dog, "man's best friend," or anything so obsequious. He is his own best friend.

This selfish attitude came as a shock to me, spoilt by the slavish devotion of dogs. I tried to find some weakness in Mac, some flaw to throw up to him to deflate his monstrous ego. Didn't dogs do more

tricks? So weren't they, as we'd always heard, brighter than cats? Carl Van Vechten, in his book The Tiger in the House, knocked this notion into a cocked hat. "Most professors," he reminds us, "judge an animal's intelligence by his susceptibility to discipline, by his comparative ability to become the willing slave of man. The cat is far too intelligent to be inveigled into any drudgery or mummery. He compels his human friend to accept him on his own terms."

So it's not that Mac can't do tricks, but simply that he won't—at least not for such pauper's pay as a pat on the head. Let a cat face problems meaningful to a cat and he'll show ingenuity enough. Show and circus cats, for example, perform brilliantly—for high salaries of meat and fish.

I've finally had to face it: in any serious comparison with an alley cat, our dog, Joe, is the veriest dunce, and so is any other dog. Mac bathes and keeps himself immaculately clean (so that mice can't whiff his presence, authorities say); Joe would be impossible to live with if these services weren't performed for him. Mac digs his own plumbing and squeamishly buries anything unpleasant, including certain meals he disapproves of. Joe lacks any such sense of delicacy.

The dog suffers also from a terrible disadvantage unknown to cats a conscience! Surprise Joe stealing a nap on your bed or filching a snack, from the table, and he tucks in his tail guiltily, expecting a reprimand. After the rare nights when he dare to sneak out on the spree to follow his natural impulses, he come cringing home looking as sheepish as a youth-club leader caught in a brawl.

Mac, on the contrary, is joyously unafflicted by any stuffy guilt complexes. He comes and goes when and how he pleases. Plainly he considers the innumerable amours and fights he negotiates on the back fence to be his natural right and due. When he does finally come home, he looks at us with an evil but happy contempt as if to ask: "And how did you dull clods spend the evening?"

A patrician, the cat scorns labour. True, he has always been employed as a mouser. In rat-plagued San Francisco during the Gold Rush, a shipload of cats fetched up to 20 dollars a head. But hunting is no labour for cats. They hunt for the sport of it. Still, any cat can take to the woods and hunt for a living when necessary.

Their accomplishments don't stop there. From heights that would shatter a man, a cat can dive and land lightly on its feet. Cats can hear sounds vibrating as high as 30,000 cycles—far beyond the range of human ears. They can see in the dimmest light. In pitch darkness they can feel their way with their sensitive antenna-like whiskers.

What do I get out of being a cat;

convert? The pleasure of humouring one of nature's noblemen and of watching a true artist in action. Mac brings to our suburban house and garden a touch of jungle grace and beauty.

To see him merely lie down or get up is to watch a ballet that the most sinuous dancer cannot imitate. With his staring owl's eyes and probing claws, Mac is eternally examining everything; he has a scientific curiosity, a thirst for knowledge such as we've been told is possessed only by Russian schoolchildren.

He is a master showman. We never tire of his morning entrance. Someone opens the back door a crack, and in he comes with a silken, panther-like swoosh, tail held high like a banner, soft pads flying, moustaches smiling. That means he's ready for his breakfast and all

the other good things of the day. On hearth or sofa, he relaxes with a completeness impossible to his neurotic betters. By the time his drowse-squinted lids finally slide down, we've been hypnotized into a sense of tranquillity and well-being.

These performances Mac gives only when he chooses. At other times he is off to pursue the private and wonderful things important to a cat: to smell some secret flower; to cavort with a whirling leaf; to drink his fill of sun on a window ledge; to duel to the death with a rival in the black night; to dance some savage adagio with a new conquest. He goes off by himself to see things we don't see, hear things we don't hear, feel things we don't feel . . . to live life, every treasured second of it, with the keen-whetted joy, the grace and dignity possible only to a cat.



Plane Talk

On a recent night flight I sat next to an elderly woman who kept peering out of the window at the blinking wing-tip light. Finally she rang for the stewardess. "I'm sorry to bother you," she said, "but I think you ought to tell the pilot that he's left his traffic indicator on."

-Contributed by D. H.

One stormy day a man sitting in an airport lounge overheard two women discussing the flying conditions. They were uneasy about their trip, so they decided to take out a flight insurance. At first they couldn't decide whom to name as their beneficiaries, but finally each named the other and, a moment later, they happily boarded the plane-together. —o.c.r.

In a travel agency I overheard a clerk trying to convince a nervous woman of the safety of air travel. She remained unconvinced until he clinched the argument by saying: "Madam, if it wasn't safe, would we be using the fly-now-pay-later plan?"

—Contributed by S. C.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT CANCER

Authoritative answers to questions that people often ask about today's most dreaded killer

By J. D. Ratcliff

lives each year, public attention is focusing on the disease as never before. To get answers to the questions most commonly asked, I enlisted the help of a panel of experts, all authorities of world renown.

The panel: Dr. Harold Diehl, senior vice-president for research and medical affairs, American Cancer Society; Dr. John Heller, director, U.S. National Cancer Institute; Dr. Cornelius Rhoads,* director, Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research; Dr. I. S. Ravdin,

Dr. Rhoads, honoured throughout the world as a leader in the fight against cancer, died of a heart attack while this article was being written. professor of surgery, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

The questions:

What is cancer and what causes it?

Dr. Rhoads: Cancer is a group of diseases characterized by the disorderly growth of abnormal cells. In health, cells are produced only as needed for specific purposes—for repair, replacement of old tissues, etc. A cancer cell, on the other hand, usually does no work of value. It grows and divides endlessly.

At the moment we do not know what causes most cancers. One theory is that normal cells suddenly mutate—change their characteristics. Stray radiation, always present in

the atmosphere, may cause this change. Another theory is that cancer is caused by an unidentified virus or viruses. We know that such micro-organisms cause several animal tumours. Possibly they play a similar role in human beings. But these, remember, are only theories.

How does cancer kill?

As a cancer spreads, it frequently causes a severe nutritional deficit: food intake becomes inadequate to meet the growing demand of both normal and abnormal cells. Further nutritional deficit results from some cancers of the gastro-intestinal tract which interfere with the passage of food, causing vomiting and diminished appetite. The patient loses weight and strength.

Often the advancing cancer infiltrates the walls of major blood vessels and leads at times to fatal haemorrhage. Or it may spread to the brain, heart, liver or lungs, and interfere with the vital activities of

these organs.

Even if death does not result directly from such functional disturbances, the patient may be so weakened by them, and by the severe pain which cancer frequently causes, that he succumbs to physical collapse or infection.

Is the cancer death-rate rising?

Dr. Ravdin: For some cancers—of the stomach, for example—the rate is going down. For others—cancer of the lung and leukaemia (cancer of the blood)—it is sharply up.

When all cancers are grouped together the curve is steadily rising.

Dr. Diehl: In 1935 the death-rate from cancer was 108 for every 100,000 people living in the United States in that year. Today the figure is 147—an increase of 36 per cent. This is explained in part by better diagnosis, in part by an ageing population (more people living to an age when cancer takes its greatest toll). Yet the increase cannot be explained by these two factors alone.

How prevalent are cancer "myths"?

Dr. Heller: They are tenacious among people in all walks of life. For example, the idea persists that the disease is contagious. Actually there isn't a case on record where anyone in close contact with a cancer patient has contracted the disease from him. We hear that there is a clear relationship between alcohol and stomach cancer; that aluminium cooking ware is somehow involved; that a blow on the breast can be a precursor of cancer. There is not a shred of scientific evidence that any of these things are true.

There is also the widespread belief that cancer is hereditary. In some exceedingly rare types—one type of eye cancer, for example—there is a clear inheritance pattern. But there is little or no evidence of heredity in the common cancers which are responsible for most of the deaths.

Cancer myths encourage quackery. Beware of anyone who claims to

have a "secret" cure. No such thing exists. The great danger is that the quack can delay proper treatment until all hope of a cure is gone.

What steps can one take to avoid cancer?

Dr. Diehl: Certain occupational groups can protect against agents known to cause cancer. For example, workers in some chemical industries should scrupulously observe safety precautions suggested by management. The most likely way of preventing cancer is to avoid exposure to the cancer-producing effects of tobacco smoke, particularly cigarette smoke.

Cancer often announces itself with readily recognized danger signals. These include: unusual bleeding or discharge; a lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere; a sore that does not heal; persistent change in bowel or bladder habits; persistent hoarseness or cough; persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing; change in a wart or mole. The appearance of any one of these symptoms may not mean cancer, but it should always mean an immediate visit to your doctor.

From middle age onwards, everyone should have a complete physical examination at least once a year. Some groups, heavy smokers for example, should have chest X-rays every six months.

Might special detection centres help to reduce the cancer toll?

Dr. Raudin: In a random samptem. There is considerable evidence ling of presumably healthy people, that some viruses have a similar

cancer or a pre-cancerous lesion will be found in about one person in a hundred. Thus the cost of running such centres would be high, in proportion to the number of cases discovered. Furthermore, there would not be enough doctors to go round if such examinations were offered to the entire population.

We hear a great deal about possible curative powers of new forms of radiation, and about new advances in surgery. What are the possibilities here?

Dr. Heller: I feel that gains from now on in cancer surgery will be fractional. We have pulled the bowstring back about as far as it will go.

Dr. Rhoads: No evidence has been advanced to support the view that higher energies or different atomic particles will exert substantially superior curative effects against cancer cells.

What, then, are the most promising research approaches at the moment?

Dr. Rhoads: There are many. We now have reason to believe that the healthy individual has natural defences against cancer. We do not know what this protective mechanism is, but a better understanding of it may well lead to a vaccine type of protector against cancer.

We know that some viruses have a special affinity for certain types of tissue. The polio virus, for example, attacks tissues of the nervous system. There is considerable evidence that some viruses have a similar affinity for cancer cells. We now have two viruses which destroy cancers in rats without harming the animals themselves.

We know of subtle but exploitable differences between cancer and normal cells. For example, the nuclei of cancer cells contain nucleic acids slightly different from those of normal cells. It seems possible that we might slip in counterfeit versions of the building materials required by cancer cells; these would be incorporated into the cells and destroy them.

Not long ago the dream of a pill for cancer was regarded as insane. Today we have several such pills that give at least temporary relief to approximately a third of cancer patients who cannot be helped by other methods. The search for better ones is under way—the greatest co-operative research programme ever launched by medicine. Drugs of unknown powers are being tested for effectiveness against cancer at the rate of 40,000 a year.

Might an emergency programme hasten finding a cure?

Dr. Heller: The term "emergency" suggests a programme like the one that led to the atom bomb. For cancer, circumstances are different. With the bomb all basic scientific information was available at the outset. It was merely a question of

developing engineering techniques to put basic knowledge to work. With cancer we lack sufficient basic knowledge. Even with unlimited funds to spend we could not promise a cancer cure at the end of, say, a two-year period. (Dr. Diehl comments, "A speeded-up research programme would almost certainly hasten the finding of a preventive or a cure.")

Will there soon be a solution to the cancer problem?

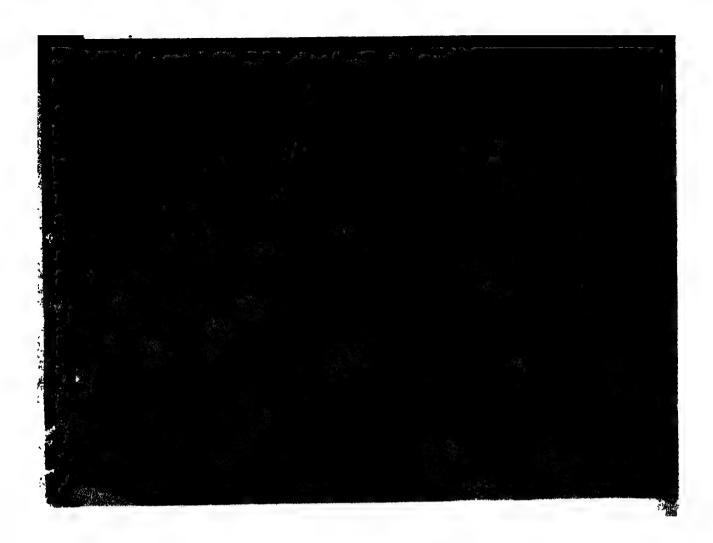
Dr. Ravdin: I recall an incident that happened in 1921. The distraught father of a diabetic child asked, "Should we prolong this child's misery? Since he can never grow up to be a healthy man, mightn't it be better to let him die?" On the following day the discovery of insulin was announced. Today that diabetic child is a splendid doctor, the father of four children. I will make no prophecy as to when we may expect a cure for cancer. A break-through may come at any minute, or it may lie years ahead.

Dr. Rhoads: Common sense tells us that the great research effort now under way is bound to bear fruit. It is my feeling that the victory will come, not with a single revolutionary discovery, but step by step, and that the struggle will almost certainly end with cancer's conquest.

OB HOPE: You don't see me at the races, throwing my money about.

I've got a government to support.

—Freedom & Union



TURBULENT TOKYO

Here, in what is now the biggest city in the world, the explosive energy of the Japanese people is frenziedly at work

By Harold Martin

FIFTEEN years ago Tokyo shared with Berlin the melancholy distinction of being the world's most devastated capital.

the world's most devastated capital. When the fire-bombing had finished, hundreds of thousands of houses lay in ashes. Of the seven million people who had lived there in 1941, fewer than three million remained. Of the great industrial

area, nothing was left but tall chim-, neys and twisted girders.

Today hardly a scar remains to mark the city's wartime wounds. Tokyo has become the world's biggest metropolis, furiously busy by day, bright as Piccadilly Circus by night, inhabited by 8,913,000 fiercely energetic citizens whose numbers are increasing by a quarter of a

Condensed from The Samurday Booning Post

million every year. Tall buildings · spring up like mushrooms from the compost of little wood-and-paper -houses that cluster at their feet. Elevated roads soar above the narrow streets, and the world's tallest television mast soars higher than the Eiffel Tower. Noisy, dusty, smoky, seething with life and movement, Tokyo presents to the visitor a picture of complete chaos—the confused disorder of a house where carpenters, masons, painters, plasterers, electricians and roofers are all trying to do their work at once.

The trains that pour three million commuters into the central district every day are so crowded that special carriages are set aside for women and children to prevent them being crushed. Street traffic is a tangle of buses, trams, motor scooters, bicycles, three-wheeled trucks and beetle-shaped taxicabs.

From the roof of a tall building, Tokyo appears to be one great shapeless mass spreading without plan or purpose across the Kwanto Magnificent department stores, crammed with luxury merchandise, rise above shabby lean-to's where rag-pickers live. Ragged tents, where strip-dancers peel off their clothes before goggling farm boys, stand beside beautiful temples dedicated to Kwannon, goddess of mercy. Odoriferous tanneries and dyeworks stand next to houses in the residential sections.

This unzoned ugliness is a by-pro-: duct of Tokyo's post-war doldrums

when, for seven years, the city submitted with stunned docility to the occupation, observing to the letter the Emperor's admonition to "endure the unendurable." The first attempts at rebuilding were largely patchwork efforts to restore what had been there before—a huge, graceless city of a few elephantine buildings surrounded by miles of

flimsy, fire-trap houses.

When the peace treaty of 1952 restored to Japan her sovereignty, it also restored to Tokyo's citizens their ancient drive and confidence. setting off the great explosion of energy which today marks the city. This tremendous creative outburst, haphazard though it may seem, has a specific end in view: the creation of not only the world's biggest city but also the world's most serene and gracious capital—a city to rank in beauty with Paris and Rome.

The problem was made more complex by the fact that Tokyo, after the war, had become more than Japan's political capital. It was the cultural, intellectual, financial and industrial focal point as well. These varied functions have to be blended into a harmonious whole. "It is as if four cities had to be merged into one," a Tokyo official explained to me.

By 1975, if all goes well, the city taking shape beneath the noise, the smoke and the dust may be as stately a metropolis as any planner ever dreamed of. There will be a central district of banks, business

houses and hotels, of theatres, restaurants, department stores and blocks of flats. Industry will be sequestered where smoke and smells will not offend. Opened up to light and air by parks and playgrounds, the rebuilt Tokyo will be a city of trees and flowers where vistas please the eye, and traffic flows swiftly and safely on three levels.

Forming a great arc about this central district will be a green belt six miles wide. Here, in a setting of forests and farms, will be concentrated the city's hospitals, clinics and universities; parks and lakes, museums and botanical gardens and airports. Beyond the green belt, in a necklace of satellite towns, new industry will find a home. Each industrial satellite will lie within its own encircling green belt. In this area, extending some 60 miles from the centre of the city, the planners estimate that a population of 26 million will be living and working.

If Tokyo, building for the future, is by day the hardest-working city in all Asia, it is by night the hardest-playing. Its 50,000 bars, night-clubs and restaurants range from the gigantic Queen Bee, with its hundreds of "hostesses," down to little one-girl sake bars where only three customers can sit at a time. The entertainment ranges from the sophisticated elegance of the Shirobasha Tea Room, where the décor features fragile and beautiful antique French porcelains, to the bold and brassy Albion, where the

waitresses, dressed in bras and panties, bounce to calypso rhythms as they serve the drinks; and the bawdy high jinks of the Papagayo which advertises "positively Tokyo's most daring nude floor shows daily, including Sundays."

Strange, in a country addicted to tea, is the rise of the coffee shops. There are 4,000 in Tokyo, where, for the price of two cups of coffee, a pair of teenagers can sit for hours, listening to jazz, classical hi-fi, French chansons or German lieder. "Rock 'n' roru" is popular with the pony-tail set. One establishment called The Tennessee features a Japanese band in cowboy boots and ten-gallon hats singing hillbilly ballads with an authentic twang.

Anything American finds quick acceptance in Tokyo. A visit by Gene Krupa set thousands of youngsters drumming, and Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong spawned a school of frenzied trumpeters. Audrey Hepburn hair-do's sprouted all over the city after her appearance in the film Roman Holiday, and Marlon Brando put thousands of young blades into black leather motor-cycle jackets.

But, for all their eagerness to imitate anything American, the Japanese are increasingly cool towards Americans. Hundreds of bars and night-clubs bear a small "off limits" sign above the door, meaning that these establishments will not serve an American. If one enters, he is politely but firmly asked to leave.

Occasionally, if the proprietor, to avoid a scene, serves the intruding foreigner, the customers make a great show of gathering up their coats and umbrellas and stalking out.

Sociologists, puzzling over this facet of the Japanese nature which lets them adopt everything American while resenting Americans, offer a somewhat complicated explanation. The Japanese, they say, are seeking a new culture to replace the old traditions shattered when the new democratic constitution turned their world upside down. In doing this, they are rejecting all that they have been trained since childhood to revere. This makes them feel guilty, and they come to hate the thing they imitate.

Tangible evidence of one great change wrought by Japan's new constitution—giving women equal status with men—is visible in the family courts of Tokyo. These now hear 2,400 divorce cases a year, twothirds of them brought by wives. All marital disputes before the war were settled by the family head. Divorce, easy for the husband under the old Japanese law, was almost impossible for the wife. "My son," sighs Judge Rinji Kondo, a former justice in the family courts, "will have less freedom than my father had."

His daughter, on the other hand, will have far more freedom than his mother ever had. In the old days, boys and girls were separated when they left elementary school and stayed apart until a marriage was arranged. There was no dating; for a boy and girl to be seen strolling together holding hands would have created a scandal. Today, in Tokyo, avec-ing—"going out together"—is accepted by all, and the tea and coffee shops are full of young folk holding hands across the table.

The break-up of the old family system, under the new concepts of freedom, has let loose upon the city a host of confused, restless teenagers who fall into many sorts of delinquency. Juvenile crimes are mild by American standards, running largely to truancy from school or work, loitering, disobedience to parents and minor larceny. Violence is relatively rare. To the Japanese, however, truancy and disobedience are "pre-offences" coming under the cognizance of the courts, and in these hearings the parents take almost as rough a going-over as the delinquents.

Eventually, students of Japan believe, the Japanese will begin to understand and absorb the new democracy they can now only imitate. They will modify and Japanize it—as they have done with Chinese culture and Western industrial techniques—to make it uniquely their own. Then, their tremendous powers unleashed, they will go on to become what they have always believed it was their destiny to become: the strongest, most stable nation in all Asia—with one of the world's most beautiful capitals.

These round-the-clock comforters help lonely and desperate souls in their moment of greatest need

London's Telephone Samaritans

By Charlotte and Denis Plimmer

don." So wrote the poet Shelley 140 years ago. For millions of people, all great cities are hells of loneliness and frustration, with no one to turn to when life's problems become too great to bear. In the past six years in London, however, an Anglican clergyman has found a way to combat the despondency that lives in seedy hotels and drab furnished rooms. The Reverend Edward Chad Varah and his voluntary workers have brought help—and hope—to nearly 2,400 desperate people.

The volunteers are called the "Samaritans." The telephone number, MANsion House 9000, is famous. It is manned 24 hours a day.

FOG DRAPED London as Millie G., 19, walked towards the beckoning Thames. Motherless, Millie had never known affection until she met Jim. She had smothered him with her pent-up love, but finally he jilted her. Now Millie had written to him, "When you get this, I shall be dead."

Groping in her pocket for pennies to buy a stamp for the letter, she touched a crumpled scrap of newspaper which she had cut out before Jim came along and had carried with her for two years. "Ring Mansion House 9000," the cutting read, "if you are tempted to suicide or despair."

Millie hesitated. Suddenly the urge to live swelled within her. She turned back and went into a telephone box; and a moment later a voice said, "This is Mansion House 9000. Can I help you?"



Condensed from Church Illustrated, London

The voice was kind and understanding, its very anonymity reassuring. Sobbing, Millie found herself confiding to this unseen "friend" as she had never been able to do to anyone she knew. She finished with the words the Samaritans have heard so often: "I'm at the end of my tether."

"Wouldn't you like to come here and have a real chat?" the voice said. "It's the Church of St. Stephen Walbrook, just behind the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor lives."

Millie found her way to the church. She knocked at the door marked "Vestry" and it opened at once. Beyond it was a shabby little room with a few rickety chairs, but a kettle sang softly and an electric heater glowed in the fireplace. A tall, bespectacled man in wrinkled tweeds and clerical collar put out his hand. "I'm the Rector," he said. "My name's Varah. Come and have a cup of tea."

Millie was astonished by his first bit of advice: "Get yourself a new dress tomorrow, and a new hair-do. Jim's not the only pebble on the beach and you're a pretty girl."

That night Millie slept in the home of a woman volunteer. Soon she found friends in the group, one of whom steered her to a job in a department store. No one mentioned religion, but one day Millie said, "I'd like to learn to pray. I have so much to be thankful for."

Millie herself is now one of the hundred or so part-time volunteers,

a third of them ex-clients, who keep Mansion House 9000 covered, to offer a friendly voice, a receptive ear and an open heart to the despairing. In helping others, these volunteers discover the most enduring therapy of all.

About 40 per cent of Varah's "clients," as he calls them, are potential suicides. The others come simply because they have a problem which can be eased by what the Rector calls "love from a stranger." Clients have ranged from paupers to millionaires, teenagers to octogenarians, lorry drivers to stockbrokers, housewives to harlots. Even criminals come to unburden themselves of misdeeds. The police know this, but Varah's confessional is inviolate. He tells his volunteers, "We must hate the sin, but never the sinner."

Varah first felt called to his special mission when, as a young deacon, he brooded bitterly after the first burial service he conducted. A 14-year-old girl had killed herself because she feared, wrongly, that the onset of menstruation meant that she had a venereal disease. "Here was a life," Varah said, "that could have been saved, if only there had been an intelligent person she could bring herself to talk to."

As a student of psychology and philosophy at Oxford, he had endured his own moments of doubt and despair, had reached the priest-hood only after a rocky detour through personal atheism. During the two decades following that first

burial he served in mental hospitals, prisons and slums. There he saw how often human society can "pass by on the other side," as did the two men in the parable of the Good Samaritan. When he learned that one Londoner dies by his own hand every eight hours, he swore that

suicide must be stopped. His mission in the parish he has called "Despair" had become clear.

Varah has isolated what he considers the basic causes of self-destruction: lack of a genuine faith or philosophy, sexual maladjustment, mental unbalance. "But by far the most frequent," he told us, "is loneliness, the most heart - rending anguish that bedevils the human race."

Varah chose the telephone as his lifeline to the despairing, because nowhere in London can anyone ever be far from a phone. To be able to bring consolation at any hour of the day or night, Varah knew he had to be free of ordinary pastoral duties. When he was invited to become rector of the blitzed church of St. Stephen Walbrook, with a resident parish of 25, he accepted.

On his first day as Rector, in November 1953, he dug through the rubble-choked vestry, found that the telephone had miraculously survived, and picked it up to ask for a new number.

He wanted one that would echo the familiar 999 emergency number.

"Would it be possible," he asked, "to have this phone changed to Mansion House 9000?"

The official asked, "What number are you calling from, sir?"

Varah rubbed the dirt from the dial and stared, amazed.

"It was Mansion House 9000," he told us. "I took it as a sign that God wanted me to go ahead."

Though the staff



The Reverend Edward Varah

includes two assistant priests, a psychiatric social worker and clerical help, volunteers still carry most of the load. Varah sends clients needing medical or psychiatric treatment to doctors and psychiatrists. "But for every client who needs expert help," Varah says, "there are six who can be kept from going over the edge by ordinary companionship and sympathy."

To the Samaritans, befriending

may mean taking a lonely client to the cinema from time to time, or arranging a few recuperative weeks at some volunteer's home in the country. Most often, it involves a programme of regular visits. A young stockbroker's clerk is the particular friend of an aged actor who has arthritis, a load of memories and barely enough to live on. "Sometimes we read bits from plays together," the young man told us, 'and he tells me about his great days in the theatre. But always when I'm leaving he says, 'It's good of you to come, my boy. I can count on seeing you again next week, can't I?' '

Varah's volunteers will go anywhere, do anything to save a piece of human wreckage. One rainy evening a Samaritan was assigned to meet a client at a street corner. Two hours later Varah got a telephone call from the client. She hadn't had the courage to keep the appointment, but now she wanted desperately to see the Samaritan. Could she make a new appointment? "Just go to the street corner," Varah said. "She'll still be waiting for you."

Varah has found that behind many cases of despair is a "terrible guilty secret," hidden away but ticking like a time bomb. Usually the sufferer has magnified this out of all proportion. George was a decent working man, but the fact that he owed more than a year's wages as the result of reckless gambling was: guages, "Can I help you?"

to him the ultimate in disgrace. Rather than confess to his wife, he brooded in silence until he decided to kill himself. He had his head in the gas oven when the thought struck him that one of his three children might find his body. At 3 a.m. he phoned the Samaritans.

A volunteer led George to a psychiatric social worker who helped him to realize that his gambling had been irresponsible but not a crime. His wife proved much more understanding than he had imagined she would be; together they are scrimping to pay off the debt.

Says Varah, "Ordinarily, the moment when one is tempted to do away with oneself is so brief that the right word spoken at the right time can remove the temptation. I'm convinced that organizations like ours, established in cities throughout the world, could cut the suicide rate to virtually nothing."

Already eight more cities in Britain are planning new branches. Europe, organizations have γ been formed by a Lutheran brotherhood—in West Berlin, Stockholm and Hälsingborg. Catholic groups in Vienna, Frankfurt and Rotterdam are following suit. Similar

organizations are now operating in New York and Boston.

In the new groups, as in Varah's, the telephone will be the heart, never faltering, never failing. Already, in many countries, voices are saying in many different lan-



It pays to increase your word power

By Wilfred Funk Y I

IN THE following list of words, all derived from Latin, tick the word or phrase that you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) pallid—A: weak. B: pale. C: dull. D: scared.
- (2) dire—A: severe. B: wicked. C: dreadful. D: hopeless.
- (3) sequestered—A: quiet. B: shady. C: safe. D: secluded.
- (4) inconceivable—A: unimportant. B: unthinkable. C: improbable. D: inconsequential.
- (5) inopportune—A: untimely. B: not instant. C: unreasonable. D: leisurely.
- (6) tactile—A: considerate. B: sharp. C: pertaining to the organs of touch. D: strong.
- (7) inconclusive—A: not apparent. B: not decisive. C: positive. D: unanswerable.
- (8) disputation—A: controversy. B: formal inquiry. C: dissertation. D: distribution.
- (9) benign (bc nine')—A: radiant. B: religious. C: kindly. D: hopeful.
- (10) dictum—A: enunciation. B: law. C: autocratic ruler. D: authoritative statement.

- (11) appurtenance (a per' ten ănce)—Λ: accessory. B: apt retort. C: personal characteristic. D: insult.
- (12) asperity (as per' I ti)—A: ambition. B: eagerness. C: promptness. D: harshness.
- (13) **cogent** (kō' jent)—A: brief. B: wise. C: convincing. D: mathematical term.
- (14) feline (fe' line)—A: delicate. B: catlike. C: very feminine. D: sleek.
- (15) sibilant (sib il ănt)—A: talkative. B: secret. C: soft. D: hissing.
- (16) jocose (jo kōse')—A: merry. B: fat. C: clumsy. D: foolish.
- (17) mendacious (mcn dā' shus)—A: bitter. B: beggarly. C: boastful. D: untruthful.
- (18) capitulate—A: to emphasize. B: rush. C: surrender. D: overturn.
- (19) recapitulate—A: to recover property. B: sum up. C: repeat oneself tiresomely. D: surrender again.
- (20) celerity (se ler' i ti)—A: grace. B: fame. C: slipperiness. D: speed.

- Answers to ----

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) pallid—B: Pale and wan; lacking colour; as, a pallid face. Pallidus.
- (2) dire-- C: Dreadful; terrible; as, a dire calamity. Dirus, "fearful."
- (3) **sequestered**—D: Secluded; out of the way; as, a *sequestered* nook. *Sequestrare*, "to remove."
- (4) **inconceivable**—B: Unthinkable; unimaginable; as, an *inconceivable* outcome. *In-*, "not," and *conceivable*, "to imagine."
- (5) inopportune—A: Untimely or unseasonable; unsuitable, especially as to time; as, an *mopportune* remark. *In-*, "not"; *ob-*, "to"; *portus*, "port or harbour."
- (6) tactile—C: Pertaining to the organs of touch; as, the tactile sense. Tactilis, "tangible."
- (7) inconclusive—B: Not decisive; not finally settling: as, inconclusive evidence. In-, "not," and concludere, "to bring to conclusion."
- (8) disputation—A: Controversy or discussion; as a prolonged disputation. Disputare, "to argue."
- (9) benign—C: Kindly and gracious; as, a benign smile. Benignus, "kind."
- (10) dictum—D: Authoritative or dogmatic statement; as, a reasonable dictum. Dicere, "to say."

- (11) appurtenance—A: Accessory; adjunct; as, an appurtenance proper to public office. Appertinere, "to belong to."
- (12) asperity—D: Harshness; sharpness of temper; as, words edged with asperity.

 Asperitas, "roughness."
- (13) **cogent**—C: Convincing; **compelling**; forceful; as, a *cogent* argument. Cogere, "to compel."
- (14) feline—B: Cat-like; pertaining to the cat family; as, a sly, feline quality. Felinus.
- (15) sibilant—D: Hissing; as, a sibilant sound. Sibilare, "to hiss."
- (16) jocose—A: Merry; facetious; humorous, as, a jocose person. Jocosus.
- (17) mendacious D: Untruthful; lying; addicted to falsehood; as, a mendacious person. Mendax.
- (18) capitulate—C: To surrender on stipulated terms; as, "The enemy decided to capitulate." Capitulate, "to arrange terms."
- (19) recapitulate—B: To sum up; review briefly; as, to recapitulate the main points of a speech. Recapitulare.
- (20) celerity—D: Speed; quickness of motion; as, to do a job with celerity. Celeritas, "swiftness."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct.	good
15-14 correct	fair

SWEDEN: PARADISE WITH PROBLEMS

Can a government provide its citizens with too much easy comfort and worry-free living? Does the welfare state undermine the human spirit? Reflective Swedes are beginning to wonder

By Peter Wyden

they live in a land where serenity has become a birthright. This is understandable, because their government has fashioned a welfare state lovingly planned and thoughtfully complete. Social security? Full employment? Labour peace? You wonder whether the Swedes have perhaps carried democracy to new heights of perfection.

In the number of telephones per capita, Sweden does not lag far behind the United States. In radios, it ranks third in the world; in cars, fourth. Traffic zips past well-fed, well-groomed crowds that mob

immaculate shops to splurge on luxuries.

Yet there is trouble in this apparent paradise. The suicide rate is high and has been climbing. In Stockholm, arrests for drunkenness have almost trebled in recent years. Robberies and burglaries have doubled in the 1950's, and delinquencies of children under 15 have more than trebled.

Is there a cause-and-effect link between these difficulties and the security bestowed by the welfare state? Most Swedes don't think so, but some thoughtful ones do. For example, Dr. Sten Martens, a psychiatrist on the staff of Beckomberga Hospital, the country's largest mental institution, believes that the Swedish system by its high benefits, high taxes and excessive planning has freed too many people from too many decisions.

"We live an unbiological life," he says. "A struggle-free life is a less happy life. It's not having to put your mind to serious things—to saving for a house, saving for the children. A lot of people are just floating in the middle of nowhere."

Dr. Mårtens subscribes to the widely accepted view that many suicides are committed over marital or other personal problems because people are so unaccustomed to emergencies that they cannot cope with them.

The list of Swedish welfare benefits cannot be equalled anywhere else. The costs—which have increased sixfold since 1946 and are still going up—account for the biggest item by far in the Swedish budget: 29-1 per cent. Benefits include annual cash payments to mothers of £31 (Rs. 400) per child; free school lunches and university tuition; free hospital service, including treatment in state homes for alcoholics; payment of 75 per cent of doctors' fees and 50 per cent of all costs for medicine above 4s. (Rs. 2.75); special loans of up to £210 (Rs. 2,800) to newly married couples (or to unmarried mothers) for home furnishings; holiday homes for fatigued housewives; and impartial advice to consumers trying to decide

which soap powder or washing machine to purchase.

In May last year the voters added to all these plums the world's most compulsory pension generous Most workers will scheme. covered by a system designed to guarantee them, at the age of 67, about two-thirds of their average income over their best 15 years of earnings, if the average does not exceed £2,070 (Rs. 27,600) a year; in the lower brackets some retirement cheques may, when the already existing social security is added, even exceed the pensioners' working wages. Benefits under the new pension system—launched on January 1-will be built up gradually until 1981, when the maximum pension will be about £1,380 (Rs. 18,400). In Sweden a worker's income averages £830 (Rs. 11,050).

Parliament approved the pension plan by 115 votes to 114, and the events that preceded it afford a glimpse of the doubts that the Swedes harbour about themselves. Sponsored by the ruling Social Democratic Party, the scheme first came to a vote in 1958, with the slogan, "The employer pays." (It was, and is, to be 100 per cent financed by the employers.) Still it was defeated. Many voters, including top officials of the Social Welfare Board, said the benefits were too high.

Heavily committed to the scheme, the government dissolved parliament for the first time since 1914 and ordered new elections, in which the Socialists inched their parliamentary strength up from 44.6 to 46.2 per cent. Brought to another vote, the pension this time squeezed through.

The welfare state, though long in arriving, mushroomed fast once it came.

Sweden was not touched by the Industrial Revolution until the late 19th century. Famine drove half a million Swedes to America by 1890, and until 1900 most of those who stayed at home remained farmers and fishermen. Their enormous resources lay dormant. So did democracy. Income or property qualifications for candidates to parliament remained in force until the First World War. The rise of an aggressive labour movement and a socialist government was an almost inevitable reaction.

Today the economy of the country, which is twice the size of Britain and has a population of about 7,500,000, is, in effect, manipulated by two giants—the Swedish Trade Union Federation and the Confederation of Swedish Employers. Between them, at a single table, they negotiate wage agreements that set the pace.

They get along amazingly well. The unions know that prosperity is so dependent on exports—notably iron ore, wood pulp and machinery—that they must never push their demands far enough to force the employers to price themselves out of

world markets. The employers, in turn, have a healthy respect for the workers' political punch and fear the government's power to take over more private enterprises. The state already runs nearly all railways, most power stations, the telephone and telegraph services, large forest industries, and the liquor and to-bacco monopolies; it shares in operating the richest iron-ore mines and, in effect, controls the construction industry. Non-profit-making consumer co-operatives are a further brake on private industry.

The result is a let's-not-rock-theboat balance that came to be admired throughout the world as "the middle way." The key to everything is the Swedish worker, and the system suits him nicely. He nurtures no great yen to promote his status from Social Group III to Group II, the "middle class," or Group I, the "better situated." Major decisions can best be left to the leaders of his group—the union, the association or the party—which has already provided so many blessings. Meanwhile, the workers devote themselves to the acquisition of possessions. Polishing the family car, reflective Swedes say, has become the national gesture.

"The idea," says an economist for the Trade Union Federation, "was to give people benefits and they would turn out to be good citizens. Things have evidently not turned out that way."

Swedish misbehaviour rarely

takes violent form. But the incidence of what is labelled "welfare criminality" is high. Car thefts have quadrupled since 1950. In 1957, following the abolition of drink rationing, Sweden recorded the world's highest per capita consumption of alcoholic liquor. Psychiatrists report a marked increase in neurosis. The suicide rate went up in this decade by nearly 35 per cent, reaching 19.9 per 100,000 population in 1957 —compared to 11.8 in England and Wales. And youngsters figure increasingly in all the unpleasant statistics.

Swedes in general aren't as stolidly law-abiding as they used to be. As taxes increased, for instance, so did tax cheating. Much eash income is never reported, and recently the tax men set arbitrary minimum income standards for groups such as doctors.

There is no general slowdown among workers. Most of them are paid under incentive schemes; and now that cars and summer cottages are within their reach, the diligent are snapping at the bait. But, according to common complaint, the less energetic have become more numerous in recent years, their will to work sapped by the eager welfare bureaux. The urge to save is also weakening. As Bertil Ohlin, an economics professor and head of the Liberal Party, put it, "They'll work to spend, but we're destroying the need to save money except for consumption of durable goods."

There can be, of course, no proof that all these worms grew in the apple of excessive security. Alcoholism is often blamed on cold weather and the abolition of the drinkrationing system (which was never effective.) Many suicides are attributed to the loneliness of freshly urbanized country cousins. Car thefts are linked to "the higher rate of temptation" created by the increase in cars.

Even the Prime Minister, Tage Erlander, thinks that the youth and crime problems are, in large measure, built-in penalties for prosperity, the price Swedes have to pay for a high living standard. He hopes to cure delinquents by increasing state subsidies for groups such as youth orchestras. Welfare authorities agree, however, that the boring predictability and lack of adventure of life in a secure society can be just as frustrating to restless youths as slums and poverty. A social worker explains, "The energy you use in the fight for life is left free here. As yet we haven't found the way to turn this energy into productive channels.''

In other countries the business fraternity, under similar circumstances, would be buzzing with complaints about the welfare system. Not in Sweden, though. I talked with a number of businessmen and found everybody quite content. Tax provisions for ploughing profits back into going concerns are favourable. Credit restrictions,

instituted as an anti-inflation measure, make it difficult for competitive new enterprises to start up. The already-rich fare relatively well—the top tax rate is 80 per cent, against 88-7 per cent in Britain.

The Socialists' abiding fear is that the welfare system's beneficiaries will ultimately refuse to pay its price higher taxes and inflation. Resentment on this score has been building up, especially after the government was forced to propose a new four-per-cent sales tax, effective on January 1, which hit the workers hardest. The Swedes know that their cost-of-living index has gone up by 19 per cent since 1953. A poll taken for the Conservative Party shows that 55 per cent of the electorate—a substantial proportion of them Social Democrats—wants the

government to economize rather than to increase taxes. A surprising number—up to 45 per cent—say they would accept cuts in such benefits as rent subsidies, free school lunches and payments for children.

The Conservatives regard this as proof that Swedes want to manage more of their own money. "We will have to wait ten years, but then we will have a new majority party," Jarl Hjalmarson, the Conservative chief, assured me.

But even if a Conservative coalition should topple the Socialists, it is doubtful whether—barring financial disaster—the welfare philosophy could be tempered too much. It is too comfortable to live with, too hard to stop. Drastic social change requires rebels, and in Sweden there is no sign of them.

Curtain Calls

With a woman friend, a Hollywood producer attended the opening performance of an Arthur Miller play. When it was over he asked the lady what she thought of it. "If you like a great play," she replied, "it's all right."

—M. W.

As a spellbound audience left the theatre after watching the famous mime, Marcel Marceau, one chap observed: "You know, if that fellow could talk, he'd be sensational!"

—Contributed by L. F.

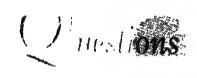
At a performance of Archibald MacLeish's play, J.B., I fell into conversation with a couple next to me. "I'm enjoying the play," the woman said, "but I wish I understood it better."

"Have you read The Book of Job on which it's based?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I haven't." She turned to her husband. "Darling, we must get it!"
—Contributed by Betty Aaron







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By Robert Paul Smith

Very Early
Kitchy koo? Ooz issums, issums?
What's your name?
Where's his nose [tongue, big toe]?
What do you think you're doing with the egg beater and the cat?
How can you lose a mitten [Teddy bear, handkerchief, pair of pants]?

Early
What makes you think you're so clever?
Whatever gave you the bright idea you could parachute off the garage roof with an umbrella?
You call those hands clean?
How can you lose a glove [library book, pencil, sweater]?

Later

What do you mean you can't under stand algebra [ancient history, geometry, quadratic equations]? What gives you the idea that you're the only one who knows anything? You call that cleaning your room? How'd you like a punch on the nose? How can you lose a bicycle [hockey stick, pair of glasses]?

Even Later

Whatever made you think I cared the first thing about you, just because I let you kiss me good-night?

Is any girl worth all that moping over —a boy your age?

Don't you think I was ever young myself, son?

When will you learn that you can't go around saying whatever you think? For this we sent you to college?

Would you rather be happy and stupid or miserable and clever?

Are you seriously trying to tell me that you *lost* your glasses [slippers, hat, wallet]?

Much later

How can you speak to me like that? How can you speak like that to your very own child?

Who ever told you you knew how to balance a cheque book | invest in shares, make hotel reservations, speak to a head waiter |?

Don't you have any opinions about anything?

Don't you care?

Do you think I'm putting on weight?
Do you really, but really, like this dress? You're sure it isn't silly?
Gosh, Dad, weren't you ever young?

Condensed from McCall's

Matisse and His "Ugly Splendour"

Inspired by Byzantine mosaics and Oriental carpets, his paintings are among the most vivid of the twentieth century

By Malcolm Vaughan

when he had become one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century and his pic-

tures of unshapely women were famous all over the world, Henri Matisse said, "If I met a woman in the street who looked like my paintings, I'd faint."

Modernist Matisse could paint natural-looking pictures when he wanted to. Indeed, he spent 15 years at it before he decided that art and nature are two different things. He was deep in a study of Oriental rugs and Byzantine mosaics when it dawned on him that he could translate these patterns of colour into pictures.

From that moment on, Matisse's paintings became colour designs rather than true-to-life images. Sometimes the design is intricately intercurved, as in *Interior With Goldfish* (p. 47); sometimes it's sharp cut, as in *The Dance* (p. 48); and sometimes it is almost like a draughts-board, as in *The Hindu*



Collection of Mr. and Mrs.
Donald Stralem

Pose (above). But always it is the colour pattern, not the image, that most concerns him.

How he had to fight to establish his discovery! He was 35 years old, with a wife and three children, when, in 1905, he sent his first big non-factual colour-design to the Paris Autumn Salon, a national art exhibition. The design, entitled Woman With the Hat, burst upon the art world like an explosion. Its viewers thought Matisse's "spots and blotches" outrageous, and from the morning the exhibition opened crowds milled about in front of the picture, hooting at it, ridiculing the

*See "The Astonishing World of Pablo Picasso," The Reader's Digest, March 1959.

artist as an ignoramus, a caricaturist, a madman. The spectators were so wrought up that Matisse ventured into the exhibition only once, and Mme Matisse dared not go at all.

But the picture was sold. An American collector, Leo Stein, who had said at first glance that it was "the ugliest smear" he'd ever seen, returned and bought the painting for about £20 (Rs. 260).

The Matisses were glad to have the money. Often the artist had taken odd jobs to earn a living for his family. For years his parents had sent him £4 (Rs. 50) and a sack of rice every month, but it was his devoted wife whose little millinery shop had supplied their main support.

The "smear" which he sold for £20 proved to be not only a trail-blazer in modern art but also a stepping-stone for Henri Matisse. The buyer introduced him to his famous sister, Gertrude Stein, whose Paris living-room was a meeting place for the avant-garde of literature and art. Here Matisse's genius was recognized. Here he met another obscure artist, Picasso *; also great art critics such as Bernard Berenson and Roger Fry, and wealthy collectors. Though his rise was painfully slow, the artist was launched.

Encouraged by selling his first non-naturalistic picture, Matisse turned even farther away from photographic painting and created loy of Life, a large, almost abstract



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Pushkin Museum of Fine Art, Moscow

colour design of nudes in a Garden of Eden. When he exhibited it in 1906, the crowd again jeered, and even the artist's warmest advocate, Leo Stein, was appalled. Yet weeks later, after many visits to the show, Stein declared the big picture "the most important done in our time," and bought it.

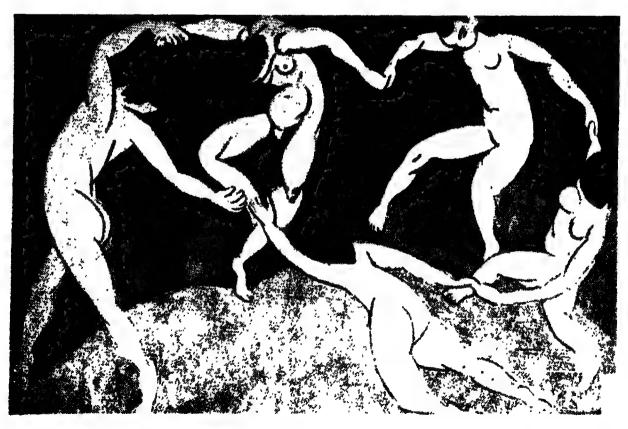
That settled Matisse's future. Though he was increasingly denounced as an impostor, charlatan, "art criminal" and "apostle of the ugly," he could make a living at his kind of painting, selling an occasional picture for £20, £40, perhaps £60. A couple of years later a wealthy Russian bought up a whole year's work, then commissioned

The Dance and several other paintings. Within a few years, • Matisse was one of the two most noted modern artists alive. The other: Picasso.

Yet Matisse remained the same simple, modest, hard-working fellow he'd always been. Of medium height, robust, he was a red-head with regular features and, behind his spectacles, a warm twinkle in his eyes.

He looked so much like a fatherly physician that friends called him "Doctor." As soon as it was financially possible, he took a little house in a suburb, from which he commuted to his Paris studio. In the suburb his children could get fresh air, and the artist could ride horses

4 10 + 13 6 5 d d 1944 The Hermitage, Leningrad



and plant a garden, "just like any man."

Matisse now found himself hailed by many as the founder of a new art style, a modern way of seeing. Unimpressed, he made no effort to be startlingly new or to out-modern the latest moderns. Actually, his painting became more conservative. It continued to be—like the art of the Persians and the Byzantines—an art of design; but it grew a little more natural-looking: the tomatoes a bit more like tomatoes, the women from time to time shapely, alluring.

One December, Matisse caught a fearful cold and went south to the Mediterranean coast. He fell so much in love with the sun-drenched Riviera that he stayed, moving into a high-ceilinged studio with hundreds of birds in cages and a huge window overlooking the sea. Here, year after year, he painted to his heart's content, the birds singing away overhead.

With the approach of old age,

illness struck, and left him bedridden for all but a couple of hours a day. Matisse ordered a tilt-top hospital table that could be rolled over his bed, called for water-colours and oils, and started painting again. Thus he worked for the last 14 years of his life, until he died in 1955 at the age of 85.

His last great work was a totally fresh departure, a venture into architecture—a modern chapel for a young girls' convalescent home in near-by Vence. Propped up in bed, he designed everything—the white-tiled building, stained-glass windows, candelabra, clerical vestments, altar crucifix, and 15 wall paintings—the Madonna and Child, and the 14 Stations of the Cross. Happy, the old artist said of his chapel: "It's my masterpiece."

But today his "colour patterns" are even more renowned. Museums and collectors all the world over point to Matisse paintings as monuments of modern art.

The Striking Difference

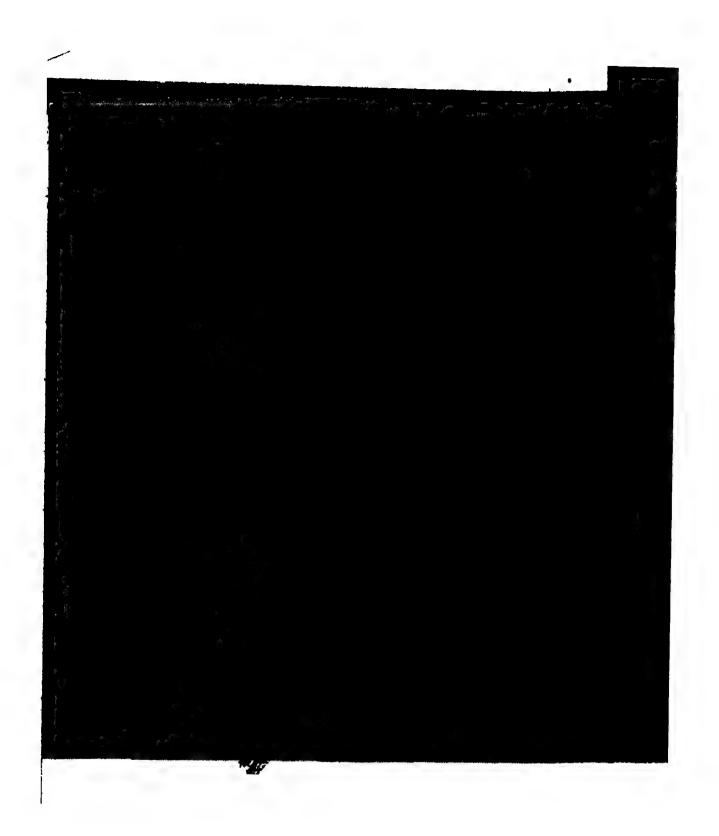
couring London Airport during his visit to Britain, Khrushchev is reported to have commented upon the great size of the terminus and to have asked how many people it employed. Informed by the airline executive escorting him that there were between 3,000 and 4,000 employees, he enquired about the number of hours per week worked by each person.

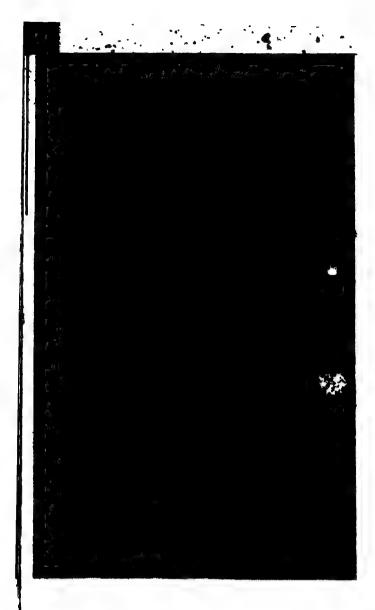
"Thirty-four hours," replied the executive.

"Ah, this is bad," said Khrushchev. "In Moscow our men work 64

hours every week, every man."

"That would be wonderful for us here," said the man. "But if we attempted to suggest such hours we would find ourselves in the middle of a major strike. You see, some of our workers are Communists."





It was the most ambitious sabotage plan of the Second World War. Nazi intelligence aimed at nothing less than throwing into chaos every vital sector of American war production. Here, told in full for the first time, is the story of the eight highly-trained Nazi saboteurs who were put ashore on the Long Island and Florida coasts-and what happened to them. The detailed telling is possible only because, at the urging of The Reader's Digest, the U.S. Department of Justice released the 3,000 pages of evidence dealing with the ill-fated venture

LITTLE AFTER midnight on June 14, 1942, Coast Guardsman John Cullen set out from the Amangansett Coast Guard station, on Long Island, New York, to make a routine beach patrol. He carried a torch and, from time to time, flicked the beam on in front of him. Still, he could see no more than five or six yards ahead in the swirling fog.

The 21-year-old Coast Guardsman was about half a mile east of the station when suddenly he came upon

four men clustered ankle-deep in the surf round a small boat. "What's going on here?" he snapped.

One man, long-faced and speaking with a slight foreign accent, explained that he and his friends were fishermen and that they had become lost in the fog.

Cullen was not satisfied. "You'd better come to the station with me," he said.

The long - faced "fisherman" grabbed at Cullen's arm. "Listen, boy!" he said. "Have you got a

mother and father? Would you like to see them again? Here, take this money and have a good time. Forget what you saw here. Understand?"

Stunned, young Cullen clutched the sheaf of notes thrust into his hand. He was unarmed, and he sensed abruptly that he had stumbled on to something far beyond his ability to cope with single-handed. He backed away, then ran to the Coast Guard station.

The long-faced man and his three confederates quickly fell to unloading the rubber boat which had carried them ashore from the submarine U-202. In a hastily dug trench they buried four waterproof cases, each packed tight with explosives, timing devices and detonators enough to sustain a massive assault on the core of America's industrial might for two years. And then, even as Cullen pounded towards the old wooden Coast Guard station for help, they moved swiftly up the beach road towards the Amagansett railway station. By the time Cullen and two mates had armed themselves and raced back, they found only the deserted beach and the silent grey haze.

Thus began phase one of Operation Pastorius —the landing of a German sabotage team on the shores of the United States.

The broad outline of the plot to bring production in key industrial

*So named by the Germans after Franz

• So named by the Germans after Franz Daniel Pastorius, the leader of the first group of their countrymen to emigrate to the New World.

plants to a halt was the work of the Abwehr—the intelligence division of the German High Command. The mechanics of the plot were entrusted to a brilliant and choleric intelligence officer, Lieutenant Walter Kappe, who for 12 years had been working on propaganda for Nazifront organizations in Chicago and New York. Kappe's plan was to recruit Germans who had lived and worked in the United States—men so at home with American habits and language that they could lose themselves anywhere in that country.

Small teams of these men, intensively trained and lavishly equipped, would be landed by submarine. Their targets would be pinpointed in advance. Kappe had convinced himself that they would be abetted by countless German-Americans loyal to the Fatherland. They would maintain contact with Kappe and with each other by coded advertisements in the Chicago Tribune. Once the sabotage network was established, Kappe would slip into the United States and take charge from a secret headquarters in Chicago.

Walter Kappe began his recruiting in the winter of 1941. It was a tedious chore. He consulted Gestapo lists of recent repatriates. He addressed rallies of the Ausland Institute, organized to recruit Germans abroad into the Nazi Party. He combed the files of the Wehrmacht. He interviewed every likely prospect. And finally, on April 10, 1942,

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the little band of volunteers, soon to be charged with leading the German "invasion", gathered on a heavily wooded estate just outside Berlin. Among them were:

George John Dasch, the longfaced man, 39, eldest of the group, who had entered the United States illegally in 1922, worked as a waiter in New York, and even served for a brief period with the U.S. Army Air Corps before returning to Germany in 1941.

Werner Thiel, who had gone to America in 1927, stayed 14 years and filed first citizenship papers.

Edward Kerling, a dedicated Nazi who had worked as a chauffeur and domestic servant in the United States for 11 years.

Hermann Neubauer, a cook.

Herbert Hans Haupt, youngest of the candidates, who had spent 16 of his 22 years in the United States and was an American citizen by right of his parents' naturalization.

Ernest Peter Burger, a Nazi Party member who had worked in the United States as a machinist and served with units of the Michigan and Wisconsin national guards.

Heinrich Heinck, a toolmaker who had lived in America for 13 years.

Richard Quirin, who had gone to the United States in 1927, then some years later taken advantage of the Reich's offer to finance the return of any German national qualified as a skilled mechanic.

On the afternoon of April 10,

Lieutenant Kappe took his charges on a tour of the estate. Besides a dormitory there was a gymnasium, a classroom and an extravagantly equipped laboratory, a tower for experiments with explosives, and two rifle ranges. Kappe told the group that from that moment they would be lost to the world. No one was to know where they were.

At dawn next morning the rigid routine began: P.T.; classroom lectures on incendiaries, explosives, fuses, timing devices and secret writing; grenade-throwing, rifleshooting and wrestling; and practice missions of actual sabotage.

The instructors concentrated on materials which anyone could buy at a chemist's without exciting suspicion. An effective incendiary, for instance, could be ignited with the help of sulphuric acid and powdered sugar. A concealed-writing process required only an aspirin tablet dissolved in alcohol: dry, the writing disappeared; rubbed with alcoholdipped cotton-wool, it showed plainly.

Ingenious, and deadly, were the methods for triggering an explosive charge. One needed only a wire-tipped cork floating in a slowly leaking tin. When all the water had seeped out, and the agent had had time to put miles between himself and the target, the cork reached bottom, metal touched metal, and an electrical circuit was completed. This activated the explosion.

In the final week of training the

class was taken to the Berlin railway yards. Experts showed them how a handful of sand thrown into a bearing box would put an engine out of commission; how a small explosive charge, judiciously placed, could block a vital section of track for days. From the yards the saboteurs went on a three-day tour of the aluminium and magnesium plants of 1.G: Farbenindustrie. Kappe demonstrated how easy it would be: a high-tension wire cut, a transformer shattered by a rifle shot, and the plant's counterpart in America would be powerless for at least eight hours—long enough for the liquid aluminium to congeal and destroy the intricate network of stoves and stagnant weeks baths. Result: while new equipment was being installed.

Final examinations began on April 29. Sealed instructions directed each team to the site of a mock-up factory, railway terminal or oil tank. After appraising the situation secretly, they were to prepare the proper explosives and, within 36 hours, destroy the target. Two men were summarily dismissed when they bungled their job and were trapped in a surprise raid by school guards.

Examinations over, the successful candidates were promised a monthly income and a soft government post after the war, then divided into two teams and handed their sabotage assignments. Team No. 1, under the leadership of Dasch and including

Burger, Heinck and Quirin, was to attack aluminium factories in Alcoa, Tennessee; East St. Louis, Illinois; Massena, New York; the cryolite works at Philadelphia; and they were to blow up the locks in the Ohio River between Pittsburgh and Louisville. Team No. 2—Kerling, in command of Neubauer, Thiel and Haupt—would concentrate on railway bridges and tunnels, blow New York's Hell Gate Bridge into the East River and destroy New York's water-supply system. At every opportunity both groups were to plant bombs in public places to promote panic.

Kappe hammered away at the need to recruit German-Americans. "Work on their nationalistic spirit, on their homesickness," he would say. "Promise them anything. Promise them heaven on earth, but get them to help you." Kappe said something else, too, in those last days: he ordered each of his charges to kill, without compunction, any of the others who weakened or endangered the mission.

Kappe also made a big mistake.

On the morning of May 26, two days before the two teams embarked on the U-201 and U-202 from the submarine base at Lorient, he doled out the money that was to finance the venture: 50,000 American dollars to each of the two leaders, and money belts stuffed with 4,400 dollars to each of the others. Dasch was packing his money into a false-bottomed suitcase when he suddenly

realized that a substantial part of it was in notes which had been with-drawn from circulation some nine years before. Though the incriminating notes were quickly replaced, a subtle change began taking place in the hearts of the saboteurs. As Dasch has since put it, "I kept thinking about that money. If they could be that stupid, how much did they really care about any of us? What chance did we have?"

HURRYING up the beach road towards Amagansett two weeks later, on the morning of June 14, Dasch had fresh reason to worry. Their first mishap—that damned Coast Guardsman—had hit them even before they could get their landing boat out of the water.

Dasch was still worrying at 6 a.m., when the booking clerk at Amagansett opened his ticket window. The four Germans were waiting to buy tickets. "You fellows are up early," the clerk said pleasantly.

"We've been fishing," Dasch said.

Dasch bought some newspapers and handed them to his confederates. He cautioned them to bury their heads in their papers like the other passengers, and to say nothing. At 7.30 they boarded the New York train.

In New York they separated, Dasch and Burger booking in at the Governor Clinton Hotel, and Heinck and Quirin at the Martinique near by.

They should have been pleased

with themselves. They had landed safely. No one had so much as looked askance at them on the train. They had successfully lost themselves in the city. Later, when they got hold of a car, they would dig up their equipment and carry it to a permanent hiding place in the Catskill Mountains as planned. There was no hurry; Kappe had emphasized that there were to be no overt acts of sabotage until the two teams were firmly established.

Now, however, came the turning point in Operation Pastorius. Precisely why it came about so suddenly may never be determined. As soon as Dasch and Burger were alone in their room, Dasch began to ramble nervously. "Listen," he said, "I'm worried. I want you to tell me how you feel about this thing. I have a plan that will keep us out of trouble here."

"I know what you intend to do," Burger said.

"All right, but if you don't agree, I'll have to kill you—right here and now."

Burger's answer was, "Don't worry about me."

At seven o'clock that evening, an FBI special agent, Dean McWhorter, answered the telephone in his New York offices. A man with a slight foreign accent said that he had just been landed from a German submarine and that he had important information for J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI. "I will be in Washington within the week to deliver

it in person,' he said. Then he rang off.

It was a little more than six months after Pearl Harbour. The FBI had been besieged with calls from cranks and crackpots. Agent McWhorter made a memorandum of the mysterious call and went on to other things. But the call took on significance when the Coast Guard reported to the FBI the happenings on the beach at Amagansett and delivered the cache of explosives which they had subsequently found.

Meanwhile, some 1,000 miles to the south, the U-201, carrying Sabotage Team No. 2, cruised towards the Florida coast. It surfaced off Ponte Vedra Beach, 25 miles southeast of Jacksonville, in the early hours of June 17. A rubber boat was put over the side, and Kerling, Neubauer, Thiel and Haupt rowed ashore. Quickly they buried their equipment. Changing their clothing, they walked to U.S. Highway 1 and waited for the bus to Jacksonville. By next morning Kerling and Thiel were on a train bound for Cincinnati, and Haupt and Neubauer were en route to Chicago.

GEORGE DASCH dallied in New York for four days, killing time by playing cards with his waiter cronies from the old days, before he took the train to Washington and telephoned FBI headquarters. "I'm the man who phoned your New York office," he said. "I am in Room 351 at the Mayflower Hotel." Minutes later he was pouring out his fantastic story to special agents Duane Traynor and Thomas Donegan.

He talked for two days. Agents Frank Johnstone and Norval Wills relieved Traynor and Donegan. A fresh stenographer reported to Room 351 every two hours. Dasch's statement, rambling and full of irrelevancies, covered 254 single-spaced

typewritten pages.

Among the significant pieces of information, he talked about Kappe and the sabotage training school. He listed the objectives of teams No. 1 and 2, described each man and gave the names and addresses of their most likely American contacts. He described the German food, rationing, housing and military situations. He revealed that Nazi submarines were operating at an unsuspected depth, well beneath the killing range of Allied depth-charges. Finally, he voiced the hope that, in return for his co-operation, he would be given an opportunity to make propaganda broadcasts to the German people.

Just about the time that Dasch finished his statement in Washington, FBI agents in New York opened the unlocked door of Ernest Peter Burger's room at the Governor Clinton Hotel and took him into custody. He seemed more relieved than surprised.

An hour or so later, Heinck and Quirin, returning to the Martinique from an afternoon at the cinema, found the FBI waiting for them, too. EDWARD KERLING, leader of Team No. 2, had a wife in New York. He went there from Cincinnati to see her on June 22. The next evening he and Thiel, who had accompanied him, were placed under arrest.

In Chicago, meanwhile, Haupt had moved back into his old room at his parents' house. Airily confident, he walked into an FBI office one day and enquired about his call-up status. He was told, "There is no problem."

There wasn't. The FBI had had him under surveillance for a week, biding its time. Finally, on the night of June 27, he was arrested—after he had led the FBI to Hermann Neubauer, the last of the eight saboteurs.

Five days later, on July 2, President Roosevelt appointed a military commission to hear the case. It was the first such tribunal to be convened in the United States since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in 1865, and it was conducted in strictest secrecy.

The TRIAL began in Room 5235 of the Justice Department Building. Counsel, witnesses, observers and guards were all sworn to secrecy. Top army lawyers including Colonel Kenneth Royall, later to be U.S. Secretary of War, were named by the commission to defend Burger, Heinck, Quirin, Kerling, Neubauer, Thiel and Haupt. At his own request, Dasch was separately defended—by a brilliant lawyer on

wartime duty with the Judge Advocate-General's office, Colonel Carl Ristine.

The trial opened with the evidence of U.S. Attorney-General Biddle who, with the Francis Army's Judge Advocate-General Myron Cramer, personally headed the case for the prosecution. In addition to the amazingly detailed confession of each defendant, he introduced the explosives they had brought with them. He conceded the Germans' queasiness once they had set foot on U.S. shores. But he underlined the fact that only the FBI's sure-handed work in rounding them up kept at least some of the group from carrying out their destructive missions. Were all to be freed because one or two lacked the will to proceed?

The defence hinged on a single issue, and a remarkable one it was: that the Germans had not committed a single act of sabotage—nor had they ever intended to! They were, at most, tepid Nazis who had volunteered for Operation Pastorius only because they hoped thereby to get safely out of Germany and back to friends and relatives in America.

One after another, Lieutenant Kappe's pupils trooped to the witness stand to affirm their secret distaste for the Hitler regime. Burger elaborated on difficulties he had had with the Gestapo. He reminded the commission that his confession had included information of great value to the United States: detailed

descriptions of his confederates; the workings of the saboteurs' hidden equipment; the construction and layout of the U-202.

The high point of the trial was the appearance of George John Dasch. The long-faced man was a nervous, pugnacious, rambling witness. He argued with his own counsel as well as with Attorney-General Biddle. He denied that he had surrendered because of the realization that he was flirting with execution as a spy. He had from the beginning, he said, planned to give the mission away. He hated Hitler and everything he stood for.

The prosecution bore down. Had the FBI promised the defendant anything in return for his co-operation? Indeed it had, Dasch answered. Agent Donegan had told him that if he made a full statement andentered a plea of guilty, he would probably be free in six months. Why, then, asked the prosecution, had he pleaded not guilty? The answer: a guilty plea would have marked him a traitor in Germany, and his family there would have suffered brutal consequences.

Special agent Donegan now gave evidence. The truth, he testified, had been somewhat abused by the defendant. The FBI had promised Dasch nothing. They had only outlined the courses of action which were open to him. (At the time, they had expected the trial to be held in open court. It was the *not guilty* plea which would have exposed to the Germans

Dasch's aberrant role in the case. If he had entered a guilty plea, it would have been unnecessary for him to testify.)

The FBI made another point. Why, if Dasch planned to betray Pastorius, had he waited until June 19 to surrender to the authorities? In those five vital days the United States lost a prime opportunity to trap the U-201 off the Florida coast as it put Team No. 2 ashore.

In reaching a verdict, it is not unlikely that the members of the commission asked themselves questions such as these:

Was it logical—or even reasonable—to assume that in a first-class military power like Nazi Germany, the best men the *Abwehr* could produce for so delicate a mission were the likes of Dasch, a neurotic malcontent, and others equally unstable? Or was this all part of the false façade, the carefully rehearsed attitude the plotters would adopt if they were captured?

Summing up for the prosecution, the Judge Advocate-General addressed the eight officers of the commission thus: "To accept the version of the defence, gentleman, is to conclude that the defendants came here not as invaders but as refugees."

On August 8 the defendants heard the findings of the commission approved by the President: each was guilty of violating the laws of war. Dasch was sentenced to 30 years in prison, Burger to life. For the others: death in the electric chair. They were executed at noon that day, and buried in unmarked graves on a government reservation in Washington.

The news was promptly proclaimed in newspapers all over the world. Within less than two months after landing on U.S. shores, the would-be saboteurs had been sternly dealt with. Unquestionably the desired warning got through to the Nazi High Command.

In April 1948 President Truman granted Dasch and Burger clemency. Both were transported to West Germany. Burger promptly dropped out of sight.

Dasch, however, began an unending campaign to right what he considers grievous wrongs against him by the United States. Specifically, he demands to be admitted to that country on the grounds of his wartime help to the FBI and because his American-born wife is there. To this end, he has agitated, consorted with individuals of the most speckled political character, written lengthy and

highly coloured diatribes and, most recently, visited East Germany. His story is, naturally, grist for the Communist mill. In February 1959 the U.S. Immigration Service turned down his latest plea for admission to the United States.

And there the story stands. What did the seizure of the German invaders do for the United States? Unquestionably, Nazi plans were jolted. When the capture of the saboteurs was announced, Admiral Doenitz was so furious that his submarines had been risked in this scheme that he refused for months to co-operate with the Abwehr on ventures requiring U-boat transport. In America, as a result of heightened vigilance and the constant surveillance of suspected enemy sympathizers (the FBI investigated many thousands of cases in which sabotage was suspected), not a single case of enemy-directed sabotage succeeded throughout the war. This was the heritage of what might have been the most spectacular sabotage triumph of modern history.

Higher Mathematics

SHORTLY after moving to a new house, I met a former neighbour, a retired algebra teacher. I invited her to visit us and suggested that she write down our house number—24361—as it was hard to remember.

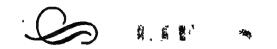
"Why, that's easy to remember!" she replied. "It's two dozen and 19 squared."

—Contributed by Mrs. V. S.

My cousin was undaunted by his mediocre marks at school. When a college application form asked for his position in his class, he wrote:

"Top three-quarters."

—Contributed by Mrs. Robert Kyle





As MY SISTER drove through town, she spotted a parking place in a side street and signalled a turn to the policeman at the junction. Just then someone else slid into the place. Inching up to the harassed policeman, she said, "Officer, I've decided to go straight."

His jaw dropped in surprise. Then he said heartily, "Well, good for you!"

—RITA KENNIELD

AT AN army language school, officers and other ranks study in the same classes. The blurring of distinctions in rank bothers some of the stuffier officers.

At a social function a sergeant introduced his five-year-old daughter to a classmate, a rank-conscious lieutenant. The officer's stiff greeting was no problem to the little girl. She studied the fidgeting lieutenant in his carefully tailored uniform, then said gravely, "I think my daddy is in the same army as you."

—Ken Kraft

An American couple interested in antiques finally fulfilled their ambition of finding and furnishing a period house.

Soon after they had moved in, a friend came to stay with them. With a note of pride in her voice, the wife informed him, "We have one of the oldest houses on Long Island."

"Well, now, don't you worry," he comforted. "Just remember it's your home."

—Julian Boone

On HIS 17th birthday our son was about to realize a cherished dream, an old car of his own. His father spent more money on it than he intended in order to get a good, clean, used car that needed no repair and would be safer than an old jalopy.

My son wasn't too happy about it. He and his pals were in the drive, glumly giving the car a going over.

"Why don't you keep it anyway?" I overheard one of the boys say. "It's got a good engine in it that you can take out—and I know where you can get an old open body for a fiver."

-H. J. Frahm

During our first long winter in Alaska I had an odd-job man in to repair our stove. "Just exactly how long does winter last up here?" I asked him.

"Lady," he said, "the first year I was up here it lasted 13 months."

- B. L. GASH

Delayed by weather, our flight was circling the airport awaiting clearance to land when a passenger beckoned to me. She seemed worried. And, as stewardess, so was I, because she looked as if she were in the last weeks of pregnancy.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"I only have five minutes between planes," she said nervously.

"What!" I exclaimed with my heart in my throat. When she repeated it I was relieved.

"Oh," I said, "I thought you said five minutes between pains." —T. R.

A couple who lived next door to us had a problem. Who was going to stay with their 80-year-old grandmother when they went out at night? They solved it by asking a girl student to come and sit in, and invited her to bring along her boy friend, since Grandmother went to bed at nine o'clock. But when the couple returned at 2a.m. there was Grandmother still up and sitting primly in the living-room.

"Why in the world aren't you in

bed?" they gasped.

"In bed, indeed!" she snorted. "And who did you expect to chaperon these children?"

—ETHEL DIMICK

OUR GUIDE on a tour of paper mills drew our attention to numerous signs fixed on the machines, giving their names and amazing functions. Our awe-struck mood was shattered by a sign pinned to the back of one of the workers. It read: "Man Who Makes the Machine Work."

-THOMAS GRIFFIN and ELTON SMITH

WHEN A GIRL my friend had met on a trip turned up in his home town with another girl, he took them both out. Telling me about it afterwards, he lamented, "Here was I with two beautiful girls and I couldn't get any of the gang to join us—you were sailing round the world, Bob was abroad and Bill was married."

"Why didn't you try Paul?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "I couldn't do that—Paul would have come."

-R. M. GOODCHILD

A young parson we know was working on his sermon when his wife, who was reading a newspaper, began to

giggle. Naturally, he wanted to know what was so funny.

"Well," she said, "I hope tomorrow when you are speaking about Truth you'll be as clever as this new washing machine. The advertisement says, 'After it spins dry, it shut itself off automatically." —MRS. M. R. McManus

Leaving our hotel after a visit, my wife and I discovered we had just enough money to get home—without tips.

I managed to take our cases down to the foyer myself. Then the doorman grabbed them and shoved them into a cab. Making a clean breast of it, I told the doorman our plight.

He pressed a coin into my hand. "For myself, I don't mind," he said. "But the cabby is my brother-in-law, and I don't want him moaning to the rest of the family about the couple of down-and-outs I loaded on him."

-I. TURVEY

During the summer, when I took a party of people by boat 800 miles up the Yukon River in Alaska, we stopped at an isolated cabin and were warmly received by the old man who lived there alone with his dogs. It turned out to be his 72nd birthday, so we gave him some oranges, the first he had seen for many years.

Worried about his being some hundred miles from a village, I asked him, "Don't you want to come out? What

will you do if you fall ill?"

Looking beyond me towards the river and woods, he said quietly, "Son, I've lived here for 30 years. If this country is good enough for living, it's good enough for dying."—R. M. S.

The Things Women Fear-and Why

By Ardis Whitman

or hear a floorboard creak after midnight," said a male acquaintance

of mine recently, "and you can forget all this talk about equality."

He may be right. For we women, it seems, are not quite the brave, self-reliant, competent creatures we like to believe we are.

Surveys have revealed nearly a hundred common fears that women harbour. If we are to believe these surveys, we are afraid of: snakes and spiders, getting fat, growing old, making a speech, staying alone at night, hurting people's feelings. We are worried that our children will fail or be rejected; we brood over criticism; we think that our loves will fly away from us; we are afraid that we will be thought too feminine or not feminine enough.

Of course, women could counter

with a considerable list of fears that men are heir to. But just as we are unlike men in our gifts and our ways of loving, so we are unlike them in the things that frighten us.

Men, psychologists discover, are more likely to worry about money and careers; women, about love and marriage. Men lie awake brooding about an operation or a visit to the dentist, while women blithely go off to hospital to have a new baby, reflecting that they are going to have a little rest from household chores.

Not only are women afraid of different things, but we behave differently under stress of fear. Oppressed by the imminence of failure or the futility of the universe, a man is three times as likely as a woman to commit suicide. Women give vent to their anguish, instead. We weep more than men and ask for help more often. But if you think that we

solve our fears any better or, having wept over them, put them behind us for good, you are wrong. We often waste and paralyse our lives because we are afraid.

Take, for instance, our biggest fear—people. Every test proves that women are more socially competent than men, yet we are the ones who are more frightened of other human beings. And because we are afraid, our intuitive capacity for getting on with others is often stymied before we can use it.

When people first meet my friend Helen she seems stiff, even arrogant. "Where does she get the idea that she's so much better than anyone else?" they mutter darkly. Of course, Helen has no such idea. On the contrary, she is a very humble person who wants to please people more than anything else in the world. But she is so deeply concerned lest others will not like her that she freezes and behaves quite unlike her true self.

Fear does that to all of us. People want to love and understand us, but we don't let them. We are too busy worrying about what they will think of us, and about the little personal mistakes we make. And at the same time we can't love others, either, because we are so busy trying to use them for reassurance that we don't see them as real people at all.

Another worry of most women is that we can't cope, that our responsibilities will be too much for us. Have we enough experience for this job? Is our opinion worth anything? In our fear we turn down new experiences much more often than men do: we are less likely to try new jobs and new ways of life.

"Well, all right," you may say, "but what can we do?"

Paradoxically, the first thing we must do is admit that we are afraid. It is astonishing how much trouble we take to hide our fears from ourselves. It's not, we think, that we are afraid to meet strangers; we prefer a quiet life. It's not that we are afraid to express ourselves to those we love; it's just that reserve is more dignified.

Fear begins to retreat only when we accept it and say, "I'm fright-ened, but so is everyone else, and they go on getting things done." We would all feel better if we remembered that people are as much concerned with our opinion of them as we are with their opinion of us. They, too, are eager for approval. When we care about them and try to understand how troubled they are, we cannot be afraid of them.

Nor would fear make us inadequate to our responsibilities if we could persuade ourselves that there is nothing wrong with failure. A certain number of errors is par for the course, and through long apprenticeship men understand this better than women.

Most of women's fears are, after all, fears of tomorrow. It is not that we cannot cope with this moment, but that we might not be able to cope next week, next month, next year. So it is calming to realize that many of the catastrophes we brood over never happen. And if we look back we will find that, when faced with a difficult situation, we had the power to meet it. We longed to avoid the dread experience. But it came, it is past, we survived.

Finally, there is no real way out of fear unless we believe in ourselves as women. The gifts of femininity are good gifts. We do not need more of the talents usually attributed to men: sense of competition, toughness, rationality. But we do need to use our intuitive capacities, our understanding and compassion.

Then, too, we should trust other people. How necessary this is for women, critical as we are, afraid as we are of losing those we love. Nearly always we keep the love we trust and find kindness when we expect it.

People will help us; life itself is geared to work for us. And in the end it is here that our trust must lie; in the conviction that the ebb and flow of joy and sorrow are a pattern in the hands of God. "We are sustained," wrote Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, "by a universe greater than ourselves and preserved by a love beyond our fathoming."

Courage is a way of saying "yes" to life. If the twentieth century calls on women to be braver than ever before, it is our good fortune to live in these times. For only the brave are happy, only the brave are loved, only the brave are wise.

Putting it Mildly

This story is told about King Edward VII:

The King fancied himself as a singer, and consulted the foremost voice coach in the country. The coach, known for his forthrightness as well as his professional excellence, heard His Majesty sing, then said, "Your Majesty would have the most thrilling voice I've ever heard if the upper register had the power and clarity so desperately lacking in the lower."

-Contributed by K. S.

A GAWKY though attractive young lady is taking dancing lessons in the hope that they will improve her grace and poise. But she isn't doing very well. The dancing teacher put it to the mother this way: "It's not that she doesn't know her right foot from her left; it's just that she gets the names mixed up."

—J. S.

A JAPANESE boy employed at a California hotel failed to show up for work. A few days later the manager's wife received the following letter: "Dear Mrs. Dunn: My heart is with you all there, but my body is detained here by another job. Your friend, Osaki." —Contributed by A. L. L.

There's new help for the hard of hearingthanks to this recent medical triumph

Surgery's Victory Over Deafness

By John Freund

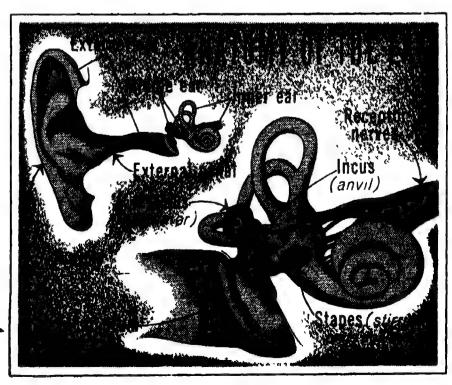
wife, fully conscious under a local anaesthetic, was amazed to hear him speaking to her. She could hear, distinctly, the rumble of hos-

pital lifts, people talking in the corridors and traffic noises in the street below. For 12 years such sounds had been audible to her only when she wore a hearing aid.

My wife experienced no pain during the operation. That night she ate a hearty dinner, and next morning she went

home, having spent less than 12 hours in the hospital. The remarkable gain in her hearing has given her a new zest for living.

Her loss of hearing was due to a



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disease called otosclerosis—a hardening of ear bone. Believed to be hereditary, this condition progressively immobilizes the stapes—a tiny bone of the middle ear which, when it vibrates normally, transmits sound waves to the inner car.

Perhaps a third of the people with impaired hearing are deafened by otosclerosis. Usually it begins in young adults around the age of 20 and progresses at varying rates. For many of these, the operation which helped my wife can be something of a medical miracle. For other common types of deafness it is of no value.

The operation is called "stapes mobilization." Few surgical techniques in modern times have aroused such widespread interest. To understand the operation, one must visualize something of the workings of that intricate apparatus—the human ear.

Our hearing mechanism consists of the external, the middle and the inner ear. The auricle of the external ear is a kind of trumpet which collects sound waves. These flow through the external canal to beat against the membrane known as the eardrum. They are then transmitted by a chain of three tiny bones in the middle car. The first is called the malleus (hammer); the next is the incus (anvil), and the third is the stapes (stirrup), which is about the size of half a grain of boiled rice.

The stapes is the crucial bone in

the middle ear because it rests directly on the membrane called the oval window, which separates the middle from the inner car. As the base, or footplate, of the stapes vibrates in response to sound waves, fluids in the inner car are set in motion, stimulating the receptor nerves of hearing to carry impulses along the

pathways to the brain.

The entire process of hearing occurs with lightning speed; normally, sound perceptions are registered in the brain almost at the instant that the vibrations hit the eardrums. This is hearing by air conduction. Another avenue is bone conduction. Normally, for example, we hear our own speaking voices via the bones of the skull which conduct the vibrations of the vocal cords to the hearing nerve.

To determine the kind and extent of hearing loss, both air and bone conduction are tested. A sensitive electronic machine called an audiometer records the patient's hearing at the various frequencies which determine pitch and at different levels of loudness, measured in decibels. If the sound threshold is below normal but tests and examination show that bone conduction is good, the trouble is likely to be in the middle ear. If the diagnosis is otosclerosis, surgeons can try to by-pass or restore the function of the minute middleear bone which, in hardening, has become an obstacle to, rather than a transmitter of, sound waves.

From the 1870's until the turn

of the century, doctors attempted to restore hearing by freeing the stapes from the otosclerotic growth which held it rigid. This was in the days before antibiotics and modern methods of anaesthesia. Surgical instruments were relatively crude and the surgical microscope now used for an adequate view of the operating field was not available. Complications commonly followed ear surgery; and, as a result, middle-car operations to relieve deafness were largely abandoned.

In 1938, Dr. Julius Lempert of New York re-introduced a procedure called the fenestration operation. (This, too, had been tried by earlier workers and abandoned.) Fenestration is, in effect, a method of allowing sound waves to by-pass the hardened stapes bone which can no longer serve as a transmitter. It is accomplished by drilling a new window in the semi-circular canal of the inner ear. In properly selected cases, the operation has been about 80 per cent effective in restoring usable hearing.* However, the fenestration operation is an extensive one which usually requires general anaesthesia, and there are, also, inevitable risks in entering the inner ear.

Dr. Samuel Rosen, an ear surgeon who had been performing the fenestration operation for some time, began about ten years ago to search for a simpler and less hazardous approach. Dr. Lempert had previously shown that the middle ear could be entered without damaging the eardrum (he developed a method of cutting round it and flapping it back instead of piercing it). Using this technique, Dr. Rosen undertook to find out just how rigidly the stapes was fixed. If there was even a slight mobility left, he felt that a less radical treatment might be possible.

His first opportunity to check this theory came when a patient referred to him for fenestration agreed to permit an exploratory operation on the middle ear to test for stapes fixation. The patient was a 43-year-old chemical engineer with a hearing threshold of 40 decibels for his left ear. (Normal is between zero and ten.)

On April 3, 1952, using a local anaesthetic, Dr. Rosen exposed the patient's middle ear by cutting round and folding back the dram.

Then he applied a gentle, pulsating pressure to the neck of the stapes.

"What have you done?" the man asked excitedly. "I can hear again—sounds I haven't heard for years—everything."

After this simple procedure, the eardrum was returned to its normal position. The next day the patient left the hospital. Two weeks later the audiogram showed that he could now hear at ten—instead of 40—decibels, as he still can today, nearly eight years later.

^{*} See "A Window for Deaf Ears," The Reader's Digest, November 1952.

After this first test, Dr. Rosen embarked on a programme of intensive research. From cadavers in hospital morgues, he removed, studied and experimented with the middle-ear bones. Finally he developed a simple technique for manipulating a fixed stapes until it moves freely and vibrates again.

Since 1952, when Dr. Rosen reported his first case, more than 100,000 stapes-mobilization operations have been performed throughout the world by surgeons who have variously modified the procedure. Thanks to improved techniques and experience, usable hearing is now restored in a high

percentage of cases. The operation, though delicate, is about as uncomfortable as having a wisdom tooth removed, and is now virtually standard procedure before trying the less simple fenestration surgery. In the hands of a skilled ear surgeon, complications are rare. If the stapes becomes rigid again, a second operation can be done with relative ease.

Surgeons cannot yet predict with certainty that surgery will succeed, or that gain in hearing will be permanent. They have, however, made impressive strides in the last two decades, opening up avenues of study which offer more hope than ever before to the hard of hearing.

The Man of the House . . .

We were on a tight budget after the arrival of our first child. So when I found that the baby wouldn't eat a certain baby-food vegetable I'd bought, I asked my shy husband if he would return the remaining tins to the supermarket. He grumbled a bit, but took them along. To my surprise he returned beaming. In order not to disturb the staff at the market, he explained with great satisfaction, he had cleverly sneaked the baby food back on to the shelf when no one was looking!

---Contributed by Mrs. H. K.

My Husband, a biochemistry graduate, insists that dishes be washed immediately after each meal, to avoid possible poisoning from decayed foods. But when I spent a week in the hospital he put his knowledge of biochemistry to work in a different way. He stacked the whole week's supply of dirty dishes in the refrigerator.

—Contributed by Mrs. Y. S. Kim

When my friends were first married, he wanted a dog and she didn't. So he started walking into the house dragging a leash, which he solemnly hooked on to a piece of furniture and, whenever he passed, he would stoop down and pet the dog only he could see. Result: they now have a dog.

—S. A.

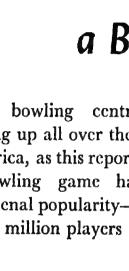
Skittles Come Back with a Boom

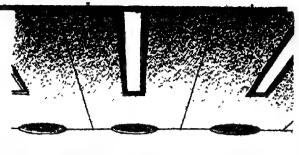
Indoor bowling centres springing up all over the world; in America, as this report shows, the bowling game has won phenomenal popularity—and 25 million players

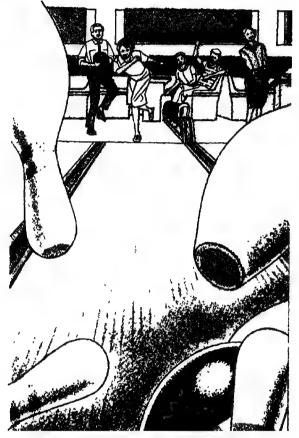
By Joseph Blank

HE MOST striking feature of the Hart Bowling Centre in Dallas, Texas, is a large, glass-enclosed, air-conditioned nursery which juts out prominently from the front of the building. There two trained attendants care for as many as 78 children at a time. Adjoining the nursery is the infants' room with six cots, everything a baby needs, controls for adjusting the intensity of light, and an intercom to page mothers on the bowling lanes. By ten o'clock in the morning at such modern bowling centres all over the

Condensed from The Rotarian











United States the lanes start to fill up with women. One Monday morning I saw a lane occupied by six of them ranging from 22 to 50 years old, taking instruction in the fundamentals of the game.

Waiting her turn to bowl, a house-wife named Betty told me, "I wish I were free to come here more than once a week. I get out of the house and meet new people. My daughter is having a good, safe time in the nursery. And I get exercise the pleasant way, not by listening to some-body telling me to stretch and bend by numbers."

But women make up only about 40 per cent of all bowlers. In all, 25 million players—men, women and children—are rolling balls down 90,000 lanes to make the game the number-one participant sport of the United States.

Freed from its former dingy, masculine setting, bowling has become a family affair—and a multimillion-dollar industry—with air-conditioned, carpeted, noise-conditioned and scientifically lighted bowling centres. These "people's country clubs" often include restaurants, hairdressers', beauty shops, swimming pools and roller-skating rinks.

The boom in bowling represents the quickest revolution in the long history of sport. In the Dallas-Fort Worth area, for instance, the number of lanes has jumped from 91 to 810 in ten years—an increase typical of the American South-west.

C. C. Bearden of Dallas, who began as a pin boy, setting up the skittles in his father's bowling alley, now owns a million-dollar centre.

"When I was growing up," he says, "I got fed up with this business because of the pin-boy problem. When you had customers you often didn't have pin boys to serve them. But my father told me, 'You stay with the bowling alleys. It'll be a good business.' It is."

One of the main reasons it is a good business today is the development of ingenious automatic machines which will sweep away dead pins, pick up live ones and restore them to their exact position, return the ball, and then at the beginning of a new frame set all ten pins back in place.

This mechanization of the game solved the pin-boy problem, and made round-the-clock use of the lanes possible. First marketed in 1952 by the American Machine & Foundry Co., (A.M.F.) automatic Pinspotters took in over 50 million dollars in rentals during 1959. A.M.F.'s competitor, Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., sold over 100 million dollars' worth of machines in the same period.

The best bowling proprietors are missionaries who believe the sport is good for their customers. Fred Magee of Houston is an example. In the early '30's Magee went broke in the cotton business and lost his health as well. His doctor told him.

"Go bowling. It'll strengthen your stomach muscles and generally tone up your body."

Magee bowled every day for 400 consecutive days. He regained his health, put on two needed stones and decided to go into the business. He borrowed money, bought some shoddy alleys and began cleaning them up. For the first few weeks, until he got rid of the hooligans, he had a fight every night; but by 1938 he had established a business of such rectitude that the authorities permitted high-school students to go bowling on his lanes as part of their gym course.

Magee now has investments in 28 bowling centres in the South-west of America and is planning seven more. He feels that his alleys are also community centres, and takes pride in watching whole families bowling together on them. At the opening of each new establishment he holds a meeting with religious leaders, to determine how his business can best serve the neighbourhood. No teenager can bowl during school hours on Magee's lanes without his parents' specific permission. During teenage league games no alcohol is sold.

The game has come a long way, in time and development, to its present position. No one knows just when man first aimed for a perfect "300," but Sir Flinders Petrie, the British archaeologist, found a ball and pins in the grave of an Egyptian child, buried about 5000 B.C. The

Romans played the game in Caesar's time; then it moved north to Holland and Britain, where it became the sport of aristocrats. In England, people took so avidly to bowls that, in 1366, Edward III grew concerned lest its popularity should reduce the practice of archery, mainstay of the land forces. He let it be known that he considered the game "dishonourable, useless and unprofitable."

The game flourished notwithstanding. Betting was prevalent and high. Sir Francis Drake alarmed his lieutenants by refusing to halt a bowling match while the Spanish Armada was sailing towards the Channel in 1588. According to the historian Manson, Drake "insisted that there was plenty of time both to win the game and to beat the Spaniards."

Skittle-bowling arrived in America with the first settlers.* The earliest version of the modern bowling lane was born in 1874, but for several decades bowling was associated with beer guzzlers, low types and shabby quarters. Nothing was standardized; alleys, pins, even balls varied from place to place.

The game entered its modern phase in 1895 when a small group of men formed the American Bowling Congress to eliminate the game's evils and set down rules. The first year's membership numbered 1,000 men. Now, with 3½ million members, the A.B.C. is the authority on

^{*} It is said to have become "tenpins" so as to circumvent a puritanical Massachusetts ordinance forbidding the playing of ninepins.



bowling. It has established rules that govern all bowlers, and has standardized equipment, down to the moisture content of the maple pins.

A big factor that attracted Americans to the alleys was television. After the introduction of mechanization, a few short bowling tournaments were televised. To the surprise of most experts, they caught Soon spectators, especially women and teenagers, became participants. Bowling looked fun and it looked casy. The lanes were near by, and it was cheap; there was no equipment to buy. Soon many centres were open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, especially in industrial areas where factories operate on two and three shifts. (In one California establishment, when the management wanted special photographs taken, no one could recall where the light switches were; for eight months the lights had never been turned of!)

The game is spreading fast internationally, too. While Britain's first indoor-bowling alleys have been opening, men and women from Germany, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Ireland, Spain and Canada have attended manager-training courses in the United States. New centres are being opened in a dozen countries from Sweden to Australia.

The universal attraction of the game intrigues even its old hands. "I've been in this business since I was a kid," an Omaha bowling proprietor said. "And I've never stopped trying to pin down just what brings people back to the lanes time and time again.

"There's a conviviality in the noise and bustle of the game. Strangers meet and become friends. There's the competition, which exhilarates a lot of people, and the chance to excel without having to be young or muscular.

"Also, you can let off steam by rolling at pins and seeing them scatter and hearing them crash. Doctors who bowl tell me it's a good escape. A person concentrating on his game shuts everything else out of his mind."

The sport's greatest allure is probably its adaptability to various human conditions. Hundreds of blind men and women, using a horizontal rail to guide them to the foul line, are regular bowlers. In a "Lame Duck League" are men crippled by arthritis, polio, accidents and war injuries. Mental patients bowl weekly under the auspices of a half-way house to recovery. And Chicago has a very special league called the Ladies-in-Waiting—all expectant mothers, of course.

REFORMERS are too self-righteous. They usually think they have a call from on high, but I think they probably have the wrong number.



Personal Glimpses

BEFORE A wealthy art collector bought Picasso's Mother and Child, he asked the artist to authenticate it. Picasso enquired how much it was being sold for.

"One hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars," was the answer.

"In that case," Picasso replied, "it can't be anyone else's; it must be mine."

—L. L.

During A Big news story in Jordan one of the television camera crews assigned to cover King Hussein was a young married couple. As the King moved into range, the male half of the team dashed forward, sound camera whirring. His pretty, petite, blonde spouse, who was absorbed with the dials of a recorder strapped to her waist, was dumped unceremoniously on the ground, legs, starts and earphones flying.

King Hussein struggled to maintain a monarchal straight face, but afterwards he leaned with the properter friend and said, minning. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?" —Contributed by Daniel Brown

LATE ONE NIGHT at his New York hotel where he lived, millionaire hotel owner E. M. Statler awakened with a

yearning for an apple.

Secure in the knowledge that he owned thousands of apples, he put on his faded brown dressing-gown and went down to the steward's department. The storerooms were locked and the watchmen refused to believe that Statler would be wandering round the kitchen in a disreputable old dressing-gown; if he didn't go about his business, they said, they would throw him out.

On the way back to his room Statler met one of his executives and told him the story.

Everyone on duty was alerted and soon all hell broke loose. The doors of the storerooms swung open, out came gleaming silver trays, the finest crystal,

the gold service, roses.

As dawn broke over Manhattan, a procession advanced upon Statler's room bearing a lordly mound of fruit and an array of eating equipment fit for an Eastern potentate. Statler looked at it all sadly. "All I wanted," he said finally, "was an apple that I could peel with this old pocket-knife. Now I've lost my appetite."

-Rufus Jarmen:

A DEPARTMENT store salesgirl, trying to sell actress Tallulah Bankhead a handbag, urged her to try an over-the shoulder model. Miss Bankhead did and said, "This strap-over-the-shoulder thing isn't for me. It gets in the way of The Chip."

—Leonard

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In 1943 nuclear physicist Niels Bohr fled from Nazi-occupied Denmark to the United States where he worked on the atomic-bomb project. Disguised with dark glasses and under an assumed name, he was travelling by train to a secret laboratory when a woman met him and said, "But isn't this Professor Bohr?"

The professor, constantly aware of A how necessary it was to keep his identity secret, answered politely, "You must be wrong. My name is Baker." At the same time he took a closer look at the woman and recognized her as a friend of the family. He solved his dilemma by saying, "I'm Mr. Baker; but this is certainly Mrs. Bruun. What a pleasure!" --- Contributed by G. G.

When the young planist, Van Cliburn, went to Russia to enter the Tchaikovsky Competition he took with him, as itemized in Time: "A single dress shirt, a plastic wing collar given to him by a friend, a grey Shetland sweater that often showed under his dress jacket when he took his bows," This was the costume he wore when he won the Russian competition that catapulted him to fame.

On his return to New York he was pushed from one engagement to another; with no time to replenish his meagre wardrobe. Just before his second concert in New York he laughingly called to my attention that the sole of his right shoe was flapping. He said that these were his only shoes, and he'd had no time to buy new ones or to send these out to be mended. "I almost broke my neck at Carnegie Hall the night of my first concert and again at the mayor's luncheon."

"Carnegie!" I echoed. "But how could you take such a chance at the concert? How could you pedal?"

"Oh," he shrugged, "I just slipped a rubber band over the shoe. It held fine." -Abram Chasins

My father, Groucho Marx, would rather risk his life than admit he's wrong. Take the time back in 1927 when we were bringing Mother, the new baby Miriam, and a nurse home from the hospital. Father was driving his prized Lincoln, and he stalled it on a level crossing. At that moment we heard an approaching train.

"The 3.02 is right on time," re-

marked Father, glancing at his watch. "My baby!" screamed Mother.

"Let's get out!"

"And leave a 6,000-dollar car on the line? Not I!" said Father. "Now if everybody will just keep calm, I'll get her started."

But nobody kept calm, and he couldn't get her started. The train came into view. Mother grabbed Miriam and hustled the rest of us out of the car. But Father remained at his post, grimly trying the starter and, out of the corner of his eye, watching the train coming closer and closer. Suddenly he leaned out of the window. "Hey, Ruth," he shouted, "in case I get killed, the key to the safe is behind The Works of Shakespeare in my study."

I wonder what would have happened if the train hadn't been a local which had started to slow down. It came to a grinding halt.

"Damn!" said Father, as we all piled back into the car. "Now I have to find a new hiding-place for the safe key!" -Arthur Marx, Life With Groucho

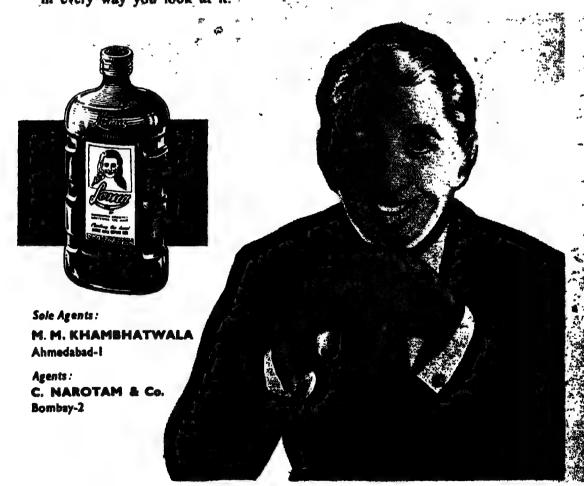
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How tourists in the Soviet Union are duped into bringing home fallacies about "progress" under Communism

Y

ONE
TRIPTO
RUSSIA
DOESN'T
MAKE
AN EXPERT

By Eugene Lyons
Author of "Assignment in Utopia,"
"Our Secret Allies: The Peoples
of Russia," etc.

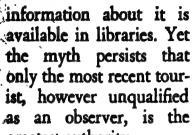
people from the western

are expected to visit the Soviet
Union. Under the tutelage of
tourist, the Soviet agency which shepherds and keeps a strict
on foreign visitors, they
spend from one week to one mont
tasting scenery and statistics, farm
and factories, schools and museums.
On their return home numbers
them will disseminate their impressions and opinions in railway carriages, in addresses to local societics
and in the Press.

How much credence should an intelligent person give to these tourist reports? Will it bring us any closes to the clusive "truth about Russia"!

It would be pleasant to record t' the tourist surge is helping to lighten the non-Soviet world. Unhappily, it is merely adding confusion to the already misty image of Russia. Nearly every tourist, course, does pick up some fragments of truth. In the nature of the cases however, most impressions superficial, most judgements based on scanty or officially trived evidence. The more touris therefore, the greater the number half-truths and full errors they briz home. And their amateur findir amazingly, receive a wide and: critical hearing.

The U.S.S.R. is an ext complex country, as those of us have lived there can tes But a vast body of authorig



greatest authority.

On crossing the Soviet frontier, businessmen, ' *clergymen and lady globetrotters seem to feel a selfimposed compulsion to indge the country. People who in any other country might be content just to see the sights, immediately become sociologists, economists and experts.

We are apprised again and again about the most ordinary facts of Soviet life. A Soviet waiter did or did not-accept a tip; children play in the streets; Khrushchev's picture is everywhere. A British visitor, J. Higginson, thought the standard of taxi-driving in Moscow

was excellent—and reported the fact to Heywood (Lancashire) Rotary Club.

Anyone who in February last year wanted to know how the Russians were dressed had a toss-up choice in two reports published on consecutive days. Writing about Moscow in the London Observer, Edward irankshaw said that he had "found a neat, new elegance in dressing." In the London Times, a

"Please Publish This!"

The following letter was written by a group of students in Moscow and handed to a foreign visitor in that city.

"IT pains us to see that the tourists who come L here get an incorrect idea about our life. They live in the best hotels, dine in the best restaurants, visit places which were built before the Revolution and which are intended more for foreigners than for us.

"Why talk about the well-being of the Soviet people when a worker receives 600-1,000 roubles a month, while a good suit costs 1,500-2,000 roubles, shoes cost 300-400 roubles, and a shirt costs 100 roubles!

"We have no intention of planning an itinerary for your tourists; let them go to see whatever they like, but since they know little about the conditions of our life, let them stop backing up Khrushchev's lie about the Soviet people's well-being.

"We were amazed to learn that our newspapers are sold freely in the West, whereas we do not even know what your newspapers

look like.

"This was written by young men and women who were born and who grew up under the Soviet system and who have never seen any other kind of life. And this is what most of the others think, but they cannot say so. Unfortunately, we cannot sign this letter.'

> correspondent, reporting from Leningrad, referred to "dark, shoddy clothes that look as though they had come from a jumble sale."

> Such trivia are, of course, harmless. The damage begins when hurry-up tourists address themselves to over-all political and economic evaluations. In an interview for his local evening paper, one English tourist, an ex-schoolmaster, reported that he was "amazed by



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scope of Russian economic and and andustrial progress," and "quite astonished by the high general level of education and, in particular, by the level of appreciation of the arts and culture." Teams of specialists working for months could scarcely have covered so much ground.

A Manchester doctor, reporting on his visit to Russia as a member of a medical delegation, said that, as far as he could see, there was "no let nor hindrance to people who wanted to follow a religious belief." Apparently he remained unaware of the punishing economic and social discrimination to which open believers are subjected. (They cannot, for example, belong to the ruling party.)

William Saroyan, novelist and playwright, recently told the Moscow News while in Moscow that what impressed him most was "a quite incomparable and overwhelming victory by this nation—the victory of the book!" This, of a country in a strait-jacket of censorship, where scores of writers have died in slave camps; a country which refused to allow its most gifted writer, Boris Pasternak, to accept a Nobel Prize!

A clergyman, the Rev. Albert Howarth of Birkenhead, Cheshire, reported that "there is perfect freedom in Russia."

A conservative French deputy, Edmond Barachin, after ten days the U.S.S.R., wrote that living litions are hard, but the people "nevertheless have the impression that no one individual exercises more privileges than another." Actually, the conspicuous privileges of Russia's "new class" are deeply resented by the people.

The notion that a short visit entitles a traveller to pronounce judgement on a nation and its institutions

is patently naïve.

How can tourists acquire, in a few hectic weeks, sensible opinions on a gigantic land remote from their experience, a land where unchaperoned travel is almost impossible and the gulling of foreigners a prime art? The truth is that few of them suspect the ferments, terror and desperation behind the totalitarian façade.

Last summer, Boris Kidel told Britain's News Chronicle readers: "Never will I forget the frightened look of a young man in Moscow who rushed off like a person in flight, in the middle of a sentence fixing an appointment with me, when he noticed a militiaman behind us." One visitor thus got a glimpse of the grim reality. But few have their complacent acceptance of the surface so disturbed.

When Catherine the Great planned a journey through her realm, Prince Potemkin, her counsellor, wanted to make sure that she would be favourably impressed. Along her route he had spick-andspan villages constructed, and filled them with well-dressed peasants under orders to display ecstatic



YOU LOOK YOUR BEST IN

Khatau

VOILE 1



happiness and loyalty. Since then "Potemkin villages" have become a synonym for the hoaxing of innocent travellers.

The Kremlin is not above setting up such villages—model schools, model prisons, model farms—to impress visitors. Former U.S. Vice-President Henry Wallace, for instance, has admitted that he was the victim of a colossal hoax during his wartime visit to Magadan, a Siberian slave-labour region. In all innocence he addressed an audience of cleaned-up prisoners and their wardens under the delusion that they were "pioneers," like those who opened up the American West.

More effective than officially fabricated villages, however, are the fabrications which are inserted in the minds of many tourists: the mishmash of propaganda clichés about the "great experiment" now deftly confirmed by Intourist guides.

The true feelings of 208 million people—a complicated mosaic of classes, races, cultures and conflicting interests—are not easily assayed. Talking to Russians does not help, since the parroting of official slogans and claims is a matter of personal survival. Anyone who talks frankly to a stranger, says a Soviet adage, is "a fool or a tool."

One itinerant American politician said: "I found no one in Russia who seemed interested in changing their system." Is it likely that anyone in a police state would have

confided such a dangerous secret to a casual American?

Field-Marshal Montgomery had a useful talk with Khrushchev in Moscow last year. But he could not resist reporting: "The Stalin regime has passed away . . . The secret police do not operate as before; there seemed to be more freedom for everybody and less fear."

Thousands of fugitives from Khrushchev's paradise think differently. Among the most recent of them is Alexander Kaznacheyev, the 27-year-old Soviet diplomat in Rangoon, who was granted asylum in the U.S. Embassy last June.

"I love the Russian people," he said, "but I hate the government of the Soviet Union and its cruel intelligence services which oppress the people. Communism is evil, because it deprives a man of his pride and self-respect. It reduces man to a sub-human level, where he is a slave to the Party and its masters."

At the very least this opens the contrary opinions of quickie experts to serious doubt. Common sense should raise a question: Why would any government assign major slices of its budget, man-power and brains to internal security unless it felt itself menaced from within? In its forty-second year of absolute power, the Kremlin not only dares not allow the most elementary freedoms of speech and Press, but employs hundreds of thousands of "agitators" to brainwash its subjects.

It maintains a secret-police

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establishment without match for size or ruthlessness. It imposes multiple censorship, liquidates dissenters, makes it a capital crime to leave its prison-land without permission. If tourist reports of popular enthusiasm for the regime are correct, then the Kremlin is wasting its substance on unnecessary terror and surveillance.

What of the progress and improvement reported by expertsvia-Intourist? Soviet industry and technology have, of course, grown

impressively.

In so far as this has raised Moscow's military and foreign-trade potentials, it commands our most earnest attention. But discounts must be made for poor quality of goods, low productivity per manhour and especially for the shocking costs in suffering, exploitation and death. Soviet growth remains uneven and unbalanced. A bitter Soviet joke goes like this "Last year we got a Sputnik and this year a Lunik—one of these years we may even get shoes."

The nation's life, beyond a few pampered cities, remains in many respects as primitive as it was 50 years ago. Although 50 per cent of the labour force is in agriculture, food shortages are still chronic. Despotic states have always been able to get dramatic results by concentrating on limited objectives and disregarding material and human costs. It was thus that the Pharaohs built their pyramids.

It makes little sense to contrast percentages of annual industrial growth in Russia with those in other countries. In a highly industrialized nation, the rates of growth are lower than in a nation at an early stage of industrialization. When the Soviet period is compared with an equivalent period in the United States, say 1870–1910, its achievements cease to be spectacular.

Those who credit Soviet economic progress to the magic of Communism might recall that feudal Japan, too, industrialized itself swiftly and from a much lower starting point. In this post-war period, West Germany and France have shown rates of annual industrial growth

as striking as Russia's.

It would have been something of a miracle if a dictatorship with many millions of people and the resources of a sixth of the earth's surface at its disposal, and with a complete disdain for human and material costs, had *failed* to achieve greatly in the limited areas of its power interests. Besides, in 42 years, Russia under any system would have scored great progress.

Too many tourists fall for the Red propaganda device which credits everything good to the Kremlin while excusing everything bad as a

legacy from the past.

A little homework in Russian history would save them from the pitfalls of this Great Alibi.

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American Bar Association, says: "For those who want to understand Communism, we prescribe not a 15-day trip to Russia but 15 days in a library studying the Communist conspiracy." This is sound advice, not only for tourists to the Soviet Union but for those at home to

whom they report. They will then have a chance to sift the wheat of reality from the chaff of propaganda. An understanding of a phenomenon as huge and complex as Soviet Communism cannot be bought quickly and cheaply with a 10- or 30-day guided tour.

How Does my parish look to me, a churchman?

It is a poor, worldly thing, often concerned with petty matters; yet it is the doorway to the Great Church.

It is often hopelessly behind the times; yet it is the gateway to the future.

It is often torn by controversy; yet it holds the key to eternal harmony. Its minister is only human, and often makes mistakes; yet he is the type and substance of the Great High Priest.

Its altar is humble and plain; yet from it is dispensed the Bread of Life. Its choir sings but indifferently; yet through it sing the choirs of angels and archangels.

Its organizations are petty, and often seem to have little to do with religion; yet through them the organism that is Christ's Holy Body may function.

Its preaching is often pedestrian, even dull; yet through its pulpit the Word of God speaks to His children.

Its Sunday School is noisy, and the teachers are not well trained; yet through them a new generation is learning to carry on the Faith.

It seems to have little influence on the community; yet without it the community would be a poor place to live in.

Its budget is small, and hard to balance; yet within it is to be found the Great Treasure.

Its missionary flame burns low; yet through it men are sent forth to preach the Gospel to all nations.

It is full of sinners like me; yet it is the mother of saints.

In the eyes of the world it is a poor and perhaps a pitiful thing, one that can be easily overlooked or ignored.

But in the eyes of God it is His Holy Church, the manifestation of His presence in that particular corner of His world.

My parish may seem weak, inefficient, inadequate and worldly; yet at it is my link with the Great Reality, it is the very means whereby God. It comes down to earth and dwells among His people.

—Clifford Morehouse I



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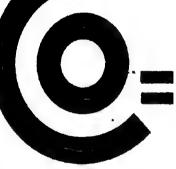
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By Robert Updegraff

EARLY ALL of us have had the experience of travelling on a train with no one to talk to, or of sitting through a concert or lecture to which we were not really listening, and having ideas tumble over themselves in our minds. This is the subconscious mind at work, taking advantage of the relaxed state of the conscious mind. It is capable of doing much of our best thinking and of helping us to solve our most perplexing problems. It can bring to bear on all our affairs far more wisdom and experience than our conscious minds command.

There is, of course, a time for concentrated application to our problems. But there is also a time to stop and idle and let the subconscious mind do its part of the work. For it is accomplishment that we are all after, not activity.

Fehr, the French scientist, who

made a study of the working habits of his contemporaries, says that 75 per cent of the scientists stated that their important discoveries came to them when they were not actively engaged in research.

Most of us use our conscious minds far too hard and, as a result, our thinking and our decisions are not as good as they should be. The trouble is, we are working with only half our minds, and with less than half of our accumulated experience and judgement. As a consequence, we cheat ourselves of many hours of recreation which in themselves add to the effectiveness of our thinking. For relaxation is the key to the door of the subconscious. mind, which works best when we are doing what we like best. A happy mind is a healthy mind and it puts drive behind a man's activities. As the philosopher Henry David

AND THE STREET, STREET

THE READER'S DIGEST

Thoreau said, "A really efficient labourer will be found not to crowd his day with work."

How, then, may we consciously plan to use the subconscious mind, to take advantage of its power to improve our judgements and decisions, or to furnish us with bold new ideas or creative concepts?

The process of thinking is akin to the process of cooking. Although direct heat is ordinarily used, many dishes are better brought to completion after long, slow cooking by retained heat.

The subconscious mind is a fireless cooker into which we can put our problems to finish the cooking on "retained thought." To do all of our mental cooking with our conscious minds is to burn mental energy wastefully, and at high cost to our nervous systems.

One rule always holds good: you must give your problems to your subconscious mind in the form of definite assignments, after assembling all the essential facts, figures and arguments. The cooking process must first be started by focusing your mind on this material long and intently enough to get it thoroughly heated with your best conscious thinking.

To start this focusing process, one method is to write on a sheet of paper the problem facing you, jotting down all important aspects. If there are pros and cons, enumerate all the factors you can think of its two columns. Then tear up the

Marie Contract of the Contract

sheet and forget all about it. Do something you want to do, something that will rest your mind.

Another way is to talk over the problem or situation with your associates, exploring every angle in detail. Get right down to hard facts—but don't attempt to come to a decision. End your discussion abruptly and set the whole matter aside to "cook."

Still a third method is to work consciously on the problem until you are fagged out mentally. At that point put it entirely out of your mind. Go fishing, golfing or motoring, or to bed.

One night in October 1920, Frederick Grant Banting, a young Canadian surgeon with such a small practice that he had to teach to eke out a living, was working on his next day's lecture. His subject was diabetes. Hour after hour he pored over the literature of this dread disease, his head a whirling maze of conflicting theories, case histories, accounts of experiments with dogs. Finally he went wearily to bed.

At two in the morning he got up, turned on a light and wrote three sentences in his notebook: "Tie off pancreatic duct of dogs. Wait 6 to 8 weeks for degeneration. Remove residue and extract." Then he went back to bed and slept.

Those three magic sentences led to the discovery of insulin. Banting's conscious mind had come to grips with one of the most baffling problems in You got there fast by Boeing All. These jething operating under prescribed flight rules, have records in regular passenger service over ever major U.S. and overseas route. For example

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The Insect Journal

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It is reported that Miss Anopheles was taking her usual early morning walk along Bedtoom Boulevard, after a heavy meal of human blood, when she suddenly walked straight into an ambush by FLIT gunman. She died on the spot.

Walks straight into ambush by FLIT gunman!

THE death occured on Sunday morning, of Miss Artful Anopheles — a prominent leader of the Malaria Mosquito Party.

. 02





subconscious mind finished the job.

The fireless-cooking process may require only hours, as in Banting's case, or it may require days or weeks. And it may be necessary to turn the heat on again consciously once in a while to keep the cooking process going. But nearly always the subconscious mind can be depended upon to finish the cooking, and frequently with greater speed than if we relied on conscious thought alone. Furthermore, it usually turns out a better product because it brings to bear all of one's accumulated life experience, including much that the conscious mind has long since forgotten.

In an interview on his 75th birthday, Henry Ford referred to "instinct." "What is instinct?" asked his interviewer. "Probably the essence of past experience and knowledge stored up for later use," replied Ford.

A man of my acquaintance has the habit of dropping into an easy chair in his office for 20 or 30 minutes each day, picking up a book and forgetting his business concerns.

"I have never sat in that chair," he told me, "with any thought of developing an idea, but the minute

my mind relaxes ideas begin to develop of themselves."

The renowned German physicist, Von Helmholtz, said that after thoroughly investigating a problem "in all directions," he found that "happy ideas come unexpectedly without effort, like an inspiration. But they have never come to me when my mind was fatigued or when I was at my working table."

Thornton Wilder, author of the play Our Town, once confessed that his best story ideas come to him "on hikes and in the shower and places." Anywhere, it seems, other than at his desk!

Descartes, the famous French mathematician and philosopher, is said to have made his great discoveries while lying in bed in the mornings.

If you have not been consciously using your subconscious mind it may be a bit rusty, and you may have to make several tries before it will begin to function. Subconscious cerebration requires time, relaxation and a sense of leisure.

Perhaps that is what the late Andrew Mellon, the financier and philanthropist, had in mind when he said, "In leisure there is luck."

Last Laugh

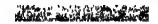
PREACHER used as his text the story of Ananias and Sapphira, who told a lie to God and were struck dead. The old preacher roared, "God doesn't strike people dead for lying, as He used to. If He did, where would I be?" When his audience sniggered a bit, he roared back, "I will tell you where I would be I would be right here preaching to an empty house!"

—J. Н. W.

In
every
industry
there must
be a "first".
This is the story
about the "first"
in India's
cycle
industry.

on the road

-a proof of strength and quality





The bicycle and you

The bicycle made its first appearance in India in 1890; an oddity which attracted wondering crowds Regular imports, however, commenced only from 1905; they were predominantly cycles of British, German and Japanese brand. It was not till 35 years later that the first major step was taken to produce an Indian cycle. In 1939 the pioneering House of Birla set up the Hind Cycles factory at Bombay-one of the largest and best equipped of its kind in the world. Result: the first Indian cycle which took the road in 1941. The then Indian Government were quick to appreciate its. quality and thousands of Hind Cycles were pressed into service in the Burma Campaign. Since that time the story of the Hind Cycle has been the story of the Indian Cycle Industry—the rapidly-growing popularity for the two-wheeled vehiclematched by rapidly increasing production of Hind Cycles to meet this demand.

Today there are 12,50,000 Hind Cycles on the road. As
Pandit Nehru put it: "India has
definitely launched on the bicycle age".

As an industry too, cycle manufacture is important to our economy. The capital, management and labour at Hind Cycles Ltd., are all Indian. Hind Cycles provide employment for over 1,500 workers who are among the highest paid operatives in India. Tested by time and trusted by its users, the Hind Cycle is more than a symbol of quality—it is an expression of the fact that India has the talent and the capacity to produce a product comparable to the best anywhere in the world.

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- New China Star
- Whitehall
- * Beauty De-Luxe
- * Bright Star

NEW CHINA

Poplins & Fancy Dobby Poplins



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The Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson

Lancaster was a town of some 50 families on the frontier of the English colony of Massachusetts when 400 Red Indians attacked it in the winter of 1675. This account by a minister's wife of how she was "taken prisoner by the Indians, and treated in the most barbarous and cruel Manner by those vile Savages" was first published in 1682

Written by her own Hand

tenth of February, 1675, came the Red Indians in great numbers upon Lancaster. Hearing the noise of guns,

caster. Hearing the noise of guns, we looked out: several houses were burning, the smoke ascending to heaven. At length they beset our house and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The bullets seemed to fly like hail. After two hours they prevailed to

fire the house. One ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took.

Now is the dreadful hour come. Some were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers cry out, Lord, what shall we do? Then I took my child and went forth, but

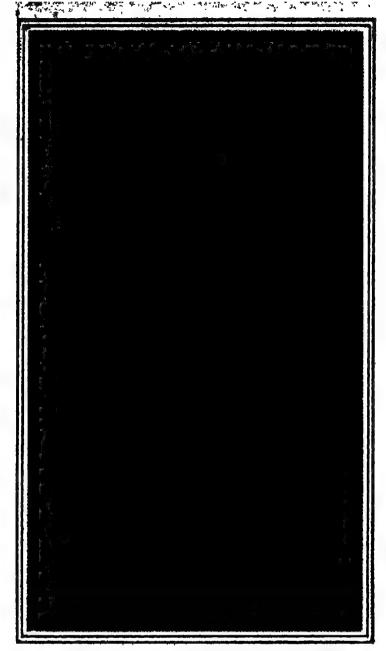
the bullets rattled so thick against the house that we were fain to give back. But out we must go, the fire increasing behind us, roaring, and the Indians before us, with guns, spears, and hatchets, to devour us. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathens, with the blood running down to our heels.

Oh! the doleful sight that now was to behold: our dear friends bleeding out their heart's blood upon the ground. One was chopped into the head with a hatchet, and stripped naked, yet was crawling up and down. Another there was who fell down, wounded; he begged of them his life, promising them money, but they would not hearken, but stripped him naked, and split open his bowels, and these hellhounds roaring, ranting and insulting. Yet the Lord by His almighty power preserved some of us from death, for 24 were taken alive and carried captive.

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, our hearts no less wounded than our bodies. There remained nothing for me but my poor wounded babe, in a condition bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. All was gone, my husband being in Boston, and the Indians said they would kill him the came homeward. This night.

when we lodged, was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh the roaring and singing and dancing and yelling of those black creatures, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. But now, the next morning, I must travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. But God was with me, bearing up my spirit. I carried my poor babe till my strength failed, and I fell down. Then they set me upon a horse with my child in my lap. There being no furniture upon the horse, at a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhuman creatures laughed, and rejoiced to see it.

Now it quickly began to snow, and this night I must sit in the snow. before a fire, my sick child calling much for water, being now fallen into a violent fever, my own wound also growing so stiff I could scarcely rise up. Yet the Lord upheld us both alive to see the next light. Very wearisome and tedious were the days, there being no crumb of refreshment come within our lips from Wednesday to Saturday night, except only a little water. My child moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body or cheer the spirits. Instead, one Indian, then another, would tell me, our master will quickly knock your child in the head. Thus nine days I sat with my child upon my lap, being ready to depart this sorrowful world. Then they hade me carry it to snother



King Philip, chief of the Red Indians who captured Mrs. Rowlandson. He later arranged to sell her back to her husband—for Lao and "one pint of liquors."

wigwam (I suppose lest they be troubled with the picture of death) and about two hours in the night my sweet babe departed this life. But the goodness of God preserved me, that I did not use wicked means to end my own miserable life.

The next day many Indians reault of Medfield.

But oh the outrage whooping, which be gan about a mile before they came to us, signifying how many they had destroyed, which was 23. Then, the hideous insulting there was? over some Englishmen's scalps they had taken. And a poor woman, having muchgrief about her miserable condition, being so near her time, often asked the Indians to let her go. They, vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company and stripped her naked and set her in their midst. When they had sung and danced about her (in their. hellish manner) they knocked her on the head, and made a fireand put her into it.

These many weeks I travelled, mourning, and lamenting, farther into the vast wilder-

ness. My head was light, my knees feeble, my body raw so that Lannot express the affliction upon my spirit.

But the Lord brought that precious, scripture to me: "Refrain . . . thine eyes from tears . . . and they shall come again from the land of enemy." Many and many a



have I wept sweetly over this scripture. Now because of my wound, I was favoured in my load: I carried only my knitting and two quarts of parched meal. When we must go over a river, they cut dry trees for rafts, and by the advantage of some brush upon the raft, I did not wet my foot, which cannot but be acknowledged as a favour of God, it being a very cold time. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

At first I could eat nothing of their filthy trash; then I found my stomach grew very faint, but at last, though formerly I would starve before I ate such things, yet the broth from an old horse's leg was sweet and savoury to my taste. They would cut up old bones full of worms and maggots, and scald them to make the vermin come out, and then boil them and drink up the liquor. They ate horse's guts and ears, also bear, beaver, frogs, squirrels, dogs, skunks, rattlesnakes, yea, the very bark of trees. Many times they would eat swill that a hog would hardly touch, yet by that, God strengthened them to be a scourge to His people.

Yet in other things they were so nice that when I fetched water and put the dish I had dipped the water with into the kettle they said they would knock me down, for it was a sluttish trick.



When we had crossed the Connecticut river I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans. They gathered all about me, alone in the midst, and I fell aweeping, which was the first time I wept before them. Rather I had been all this while in a maze, like one astonished. Then came one and said none will hurt you, and he gave me two spoonfuls of meal. Then I went to see King Philip. He bade me make him a shirt, and for it he gave me a shilling, and with it I bought a piece of horse flesh.

After many removes we bent our course homeward, and this much cheered my spirit. I asked my master whether he would sell me to my

husband. He answered yes, which did much rejoice my spirit. Now, on our travels, I went with a good load (for they carry all their trumpery with them). I told them the skin was off my back, but had no other comforting answer than this, that it would be no matter if my head were off too.

At this time they came yelping from Hedley, having killed three Englishmen, and bringing one captive. He wept bitterly supposing they would quickly kill him. I asked him of my husband and he said he was very melancholy.

At the next remove we must wade over Baquag river, the water up to the knees and so cold I thought it

that CINTHOL freshness that come with the breath of de the frequence of flowers in bloom are your with the winder enquelient. (*11.



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1960 CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF MARY ROWLANDSON

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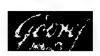
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Conthet with as wonder angredient. G-11.



would have cut me in sunder. The Indians stood laughing to see me staggering. Then quickly came an Indian saying that a letter was come **From** the Council about redeeming the captives, and that I must be ready. Now was my heart so light that I could run. Yet bitter, weary days I had of it, travelling three days together without resting any day between. At last came my master and said: "Two weeks and you shall be Mistress again." He asked when I washed me last. I told him not this month. Then he gave me a glass to see how I looked and he fetched water himself and bid me wash and bid his squaw give me to eat. This favour much refreshed my feeble carcass. So little do we prize common mercies when we have them to the full!

The chiefs called me to ask how much my husband would give to redeem me. Now I was in a great strait. If I should speak but a little it would hinder the matter; if a great sum, I knew not where it would be procured. So at a venture I said 20 pounds, yet desired them to take less. **But they would not hear of it, but** sent that message by a praying Indian to Boston.

On a Sabbath-day came Mr. John **Hoar**, the Council permitting, and is own forward spirit inclining . They catched up their guns as enemy had been at hand. But ey shot over and under and before horse, and they pushed him this and that, at their pleasure,

showing what they could do. Then they let him come to their wigwam. And there was I, fain to sit their pleasure.

Then they dressed themselves for their dance, eight of them, four men and four squaws. My master had a Holland shirt with great laces at the tail of it; silver buttons, white stockings, his garters hung round with shillings and girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. My mistress had a jersey coat with girdles of wampum from the loins upward: her arms covered with bracelets, handfuls of necklaces about her neck and many jewels in her ears; fine red stockings and white shoes, her hair powdered and her face painted red, that was always before, black. All the dancers were after the same manner. So they held on, hopping up and down, until almost night.

Then came my master telling Mr. Hoar that for one pint of liquors more than the ransom he would let me go tomorrow. And Mr. Hoar sent his own Indians to get it, and he had it.

Now quickly came my master, ranting after his drink, and drank to Mr. Hoar, saying he was a good man, and then again he would say, hang him, rogue. Then he drank to me, showing no incivility. Then he went in to his squaw, and she ran out, and he after her, round and round the wigwam, his money jingling at his knees. She escaped him, but having an old squaw he then ran



This once-smart private secretary will soon be joining the typists' pool. Her appearance is no longer an asset. Not that she doesn't weak the right clothes. She has taste in colour and design, but her chic summer cottons look like hand-me-downs after the first wash. Maybe someone should warn her to look for the label 'Sanforized' on all cotton fabrics and ready-made cotton garments.

Look for the label 'Sanforized' on every yard of cotton material and your clothes will never shrink out of fit. on the label
and your clothes will never
shrink out of fit!

Issued by Chuett, Peabody & Co. Inc., (Incorporated in the U.S.A. with limited liability) proprietors of the Registered Trade Mark 'Sanforized'. The use of the trade mark 'Sanforized' is permitted only on fabrics that meet this Company's rigid anti-shrinkage requirements.

For information: 'Sanforized' Sanforized' Sanforized'

" KN.

to her, and lo, through the Lord's mercy, we were no more troubled that night. He was the only Red Indian ever I saw drunk.

Next morning the Council assented to my going home. Eleven weeks and five days I was with the enemy. By night and day, alone and sleeping all sorts together, I have been amongst those roaring lions that feared neither God nor the devil, yet not one ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity in word or action. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears more than all the other time.

At Lancaster a solemn sight it

was, not one Christian to be seen nor one house standing. But at Concord I was full of joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians.

Being recruited with food and raiment we went to Boston where I met with my dear husband.

So now I have seen the extreme vanity of this world. One hour I have been in health, and wealth, wanting nothing, but the next in sickness and wounds and death, having only sorrow and affliction. But the other day; if I had had the world, I would have given it to be the servant to a Christian.

So I have learnt to be quieted under present and smaller troubles.



Industrial Progress

THE MAN to be pitied nowadays is the industrialist—every time he puts a new product on the market the Russians invent it a week later, and within a fortnight the Japanese are making it cheaper.

—Walter Trohan

IN A WAY, the Russians are quite helpful. If we didn't have them, how would we know whether we were ahead or behind?

—C.T.

A Face at the Window

PEOPLE IN cars look worse than they are. Boys under 20 in cars look delinquent; men over 30 shifty and gross. Most middle-aged women look bad-tempered, and most young women hard. Children in cars are either asleep or unmanageable, jumping up and down in the back seat, leaning over the front seat or pressing dirty faces against the rear window. Only dogs, I think, preserve their charm; there is nothing more attractive than the canine face shoved out of the window inhaling the sharp breeze and the myriad smells it carries.

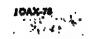
—Marya Mannes



Swiftly a mask is clapped on the patient's face and tired lungs breathe in deep draughts of the resuscitating gas. With a tired but happy sigh the surgeon peels off his gloves. The drama is over—another operation is successful—another life saved.

For twentyfive years Indian Oxygen have shouldered the responsibility for manufacturing and supplying medical and therapeutic gases. In addition, Indian Oxygen have provided the medical profession in India with modern gas therapy equipment and the service necessary for its maintenance.







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Humour in Uniform

As FIRST LORD of the Admiralty, early in the Second World War, Winston Churchill was inspecting a warship which had an abnormal number of changes in its complement. The young officer in charge of one division was taken aback when Churchill said, "I suppose you know the names of all the men in your division?"

But he quickly recovered and re-

replied, "Oh yes, sir."

"Then what," asked the First Lord, noticing the hesitation, "is the name of this man?"

"Arthur Smith, sir."

Churchill turned to the man and asked him his name. "Arthur Smith, sir," came at once from the loyal lips of Able Seaman William Smart.

--"Peterborough" in the Daily Telegraph, London

When MY husband was posted overseas we flew in a military aircraft with a pressurized cabin. Although there were at least 15 children aboard, the ten-hour flight was remarkably quiet. My husband, talking to the pilot, commented on the children's behaviour and wondered why they were so good. The pilot laughed and told him, "When we have a load of kids on board and they begin to get restless, we just run the cabin altitude up a few thousand feet. Funny how sleepy it makes 'em!"

A NAVAL RATING had fallen overboard, but a near-by ship quickly spotted him. She rushed to the rescue at such speed that she went on past him before she could stop. As the ship manoeuvred to make another attempt, an officer on the bridge, trying to reassure the man in the water, shouted, "Don't worry, we'll have you aboard soon."

Shaking with cold and apprehension and unimpressed by the seamanship so far displayed, the swimmer shouted back, "Well, don't take too long. I'm getting out of the Navy in four more days."

—ROBERT MCNITT

THE CHIEF Engine Room Artificer was particularly proud of the clean-liness of the ship's engine room. The men under him lacked his enthusiasm; they had to do the work.

One day a seaman had just finished putting what seemed to be the 99th coat of high-gloss enamel on the reduction gear housing. He was sitting admiring his handiwork when the chief appeared and demanded to know why he was loafing.

"I'm waiting for the paint to dry," the sailor said, "so that I can start scrubbing it."

—L. J. Honan

AT MY air force camp walking on the grass was strictly forbidden, but there were numerous offences and the men were wearing a path across the beautiful lawn.

A sergeant of one unit tried several variations on the usual "Keep Off the Grass" signs.

Finally he discovered a sign that worked. It read: "short cut to the GUARDROOM."

—M. J. GILLIAM

During the war John Phillips, a university professor, was commissioned by the U.S. Navy as an education officer—to teach English. His orders directed him to proceed to the Boston Navy Yard. When he reported, the captain of the yard told him he was late and should get down to the quay as quickly as possible.

There the new officer was hailed by a licutenant. "Commander Phillips? Please get aboard, sir," he urged. "We're late."

Up the gangway he went, boarding a ship for the first time in his life. When the vessel cast off and headed out to sea, the professor, violently seasick in his bunk, learned that he was suppose to be in *command* of the ship.

He was sick all the way over to England and all the way back to Boston. There he wobbled down the gangway to be confronted by a hard boiled officer.

"Are you Commander John Phillips, Naval Reserve?"

"I am," weakly replied Phillips.

"Well, so am I," roared the deepsea officer. "And if you think you've wrecked my command, just wait until you see your English class!"

-C. HARVEY MILLER

A DOZEN sailors surrounded a pretty young woman standing near me at a bus station. They were "shooting their line," asking her name, address, telephone number, etc.

Flashing a bright smile, she gestured in the sign language used by deaf-

She continued until the men got discouraged and moved on. Then, turning to me with the same smile, she said, "That always works."

-Mrs. Jim Maxey

BOARDING a bus outside the dock yard I found that, I was the only Marine among a crowd of sailors. They shouted, "We're safe now, the Marines have landed."

At the next stop, a young Marine recruit got on and sat down beside me. Seeing an opportunity to get back at the sailors, I turned to them and cried, "Okay, you're outnumbered now. There's two of us!"

The little Marine looked at me, looked at all the sailors, and hurriedly got off the bus.

--J. C.

THERE was a shortage of submarine personnel during the war, because the physical and mental requirements were extremely high. Aboard ship we had one fellow who met all the requirements but for some reason refused to volunteer. An officer worked on him day after day, overcoming his objections one by one, pointing out all the advantages of submarine duty—the pay, the amount of leave, the food and the glory. Just when the officer thought he had convinced him, the sailor came out with an objection that settled the matter.

"Sir," he said, "I like to sleep with the windows open."

—J. N. R.





Is This the Farm of the Future?

By Henry La Cossitt

with headquarters in the small town of Belle Glade, in Florida, is a farm organization resembling something out of science fiction. Every season, thousands of tons of celery, maize, beans, leaf crops and other vegetables—an average of 6,000 freight-truck shipments—roll out of Pioneer's packing plant, the largest of its kind in the United States.

To streamline the harvesting and marketing of this flood of produce, every modern technique is employed, including a unique use of two-way radio. Because of its remarkable methods, the operation has been called "electronic farming."

If you sit in Pioneer's marketing office and watch executive vice-president Eugene McCabe and his three salesmen at work, you see why. In the room are a radio transmitter, a loudspeaker, microphones, and a chattering teleprinter which brings up-to-the-minute market news. The salesmen, wearing telephone headsets with mouthpieces, constantly scan a blackboard on which figures based on U.S. Department of Agriculture reports are written—a running record of food supply in, and

shipments to, 16 key distribution centres.

This is vital information. The Coop sells in 200 towns and cities to 241 regular customers, including several big chain-store groups. The information on the blackboard affects the prices quoted to all of these. It also influences harvesting: if the board shows food supplies piling up, activity in the fields will be curtailed, and vice versa.

Orders come pouring into this one room over the long-distance telephone from all over the United States and Canada. The salesmen glance at the board, peer at the teleprinter, think of the weather, talk over the microphones at their elbows, say yea or nay to the buyers. If the deal is closed, the order will usually be on its way by sundown.

Such speed and efficiency are possible largely because of radio. When the salesmen use the microphones they talk directly to the points where harvesting is in progress. In the fields foremen and growers have two-way sets in their jeeps; in addition, roving supervisors carry sets in their cars and talk to the marketing office as they drive around the 12,650 acres of rich Everglades farmland on which the Co-op's vegetables are grown.

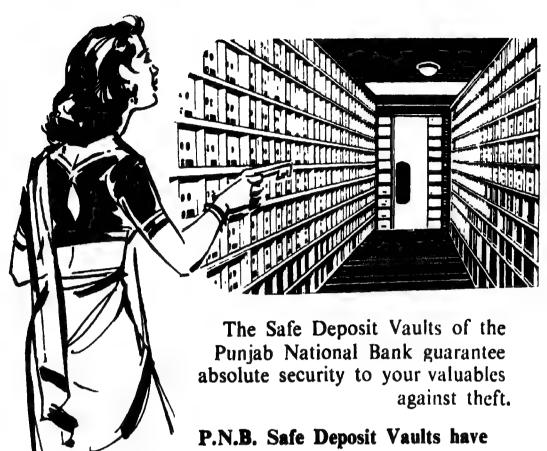
To see how the system operates, look over McCabe's shoulder as I did one winter day.

The owner of a group of chain stores in Massachusetts telephoned to buy vegetables for his week-end trade. The weather was atrocious in New England, but the forecast for Saturday was good, and the Massachusetts man wanted to place a big order. McCabe called up the foremen and field men by radio. Could they provide what was wanted? Some of the items, yes. Others were in short supply. But 16 producers in the Belle Glade area, although not members of Pioneer, use its marketing, packing and shipping facilities. The field men reported that some of these growers could help.

With the buyer still on the phone, McCabe quickly located the producers of all the items he needed, then checked the harvesting rate with foremen in the fields. The Massachusetts man, hearing replies as they came over the loudspeaker, learned what was available, in what quantities, and placed his order accordingly. Within a few hours his consignment was harvested, processed, loaded in refrigerator trucks and on its way.

In addition to obtaining data for marketing, McCabe also uses radio to speed up or slow down harvesting, to co-ordinate the work in different fields and to check the efficiency of field hands. For example, when celery is being harvested and crated, each packer is given a number, which goes on the crate he packs. If packing falls short of rigorous standards, McCabe radios the foreman, tells him number so-and-so is careless, and thus keeps the loading "up to scratch."

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- Lockers provided with effective dual control locks.
 - * Lockers that will only be operative on proper identification.
- * Lockers available in all principal towns at competitive rates.

Working funds exceed Rs. 179 Crores. Deposits exceed Rs. 141 Crores.

THE PUNJAB NATIONAL BANK LTD.

(ESTABLISHED 1895)
HEAD OFFICE: NEW DELHI

By a curious phenomenon of the air waves, Pioneer's radio has served yet another purpose. Normally it has a power range of 20 miles around Belle Glade, but one day in 1953, when McCabe was talking to a field man, a strange voice broke in. It was a radio operator at a station of the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario, 200 miles north of Toronto in Canada.

Since then the phenomenon has recurred from time to time, because of sunspots or unusual conditions in the ionosphere—nobody knows exactly what. But it has practical value. McCabe and his men have observed that two to three days after they hear Canadian signals Belle Glade has a cold spell. They have also learnt that if they pick up Hobbs, New Mexico, or a certain oil company station in west Texas, a change in the weather may be expected in two or three days.

In the conventional sense, Pioneer's 25 member-growers aren't farmers at all; they are industrialists.

Not one is originally from the region in which he operates, and not one lives on his land. All of them live in Belle Glade or some near-by urban centre. Pioneer's labour force is nearly all under contract. During the season the work is constant and grinding. Field workers have most Sundays off; the men who operate the Co-op take no days off at all between November and June, and frequently work right round the clock. "The stuff grows 24 hours every day," McCabe explains.

Since Pioneer started to use radio eight years ago, the efficiency of its members has risen steadily. A few growers gross nearly a million dollars annually. Seeing this, a number of other American farm organizations have adopted the scheme. And now McCabe is dreaming of television in the fields.

"If we could do that," he says, "it would mean that a buyer in a store a thousand miles away could tune in to us and select his produce right from the field. That will be the day!"

The Pay-Off

OR NEARLY a year a friend of mine in America has had a runaway correspondence with her local gas company. One month she would get a note informing her she had underpaid her bill, the next that she had overpaid it. She blamed it all on that inscrutable way big companies have of getting entangled in red tape.

Recently the whole thing was cleared up. My friend received a card listing a number of standard reasons for the irregularities in accounts, such as "Signature incomplete" and "Payee not this company." None applied to her. But on the back of the card was pencilled in a patient but long-suffering hand: "You have been paying the date—please pay the amount."

—Gene Sherman

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- makes teeth sparkling white
- stops bad breath



A Football for Grandma

By Allan Sherman

That's how it came out—
one long, excited word. He started yelling it at the top of the stairs, and by the time he bounded into the living-room he really had it going well. I'd been talking to his mother about a money problem, and it stopped me in mid-sentence.

"Robbie, please!" I said. Then I appealed to my wife. "Can't we have just five minutes without kids

screaming?"

Robbie had been holding something behind his back. Now he swung it round for me to see. "Daddy, look!"

It was a picture, drawn in the messy crayon of a seven-year-old. It showed a weird-looking creature with one car three times as big as the other, one green eye and one red. The head was pear-shaped, and the face needed a shave.

I turned on my son. "Is that what you interrupted me for? Couldn't you wait? I'm talking to your mother about something important!"

His face clouded over. His eyes filled with bewilderment, rage, then

tears. "Awright!" he yelled, and threw the picture on the floor. "But it's your birthday on Saturday!" Then he ran upstairs.

I looked at the picture on the floor. At the bottom, in Robbie's careful printing, were some words I hadn't noticed: MY DAD by Robert Sherman.

Just then Robbie slammed the door of his room. But I heard a different door, a door I once slammed —25 years ago—in my grandmother's house in Chicago.

It was the day I heard my grandmother say she needed a *football*. I heard her tell my mother there was going to be a party tonight for the whole family, and she had to have a football, for after supper.

I couldn't imagine why Grandmother needed a football. I was sure she wasn't going to play the game with my aunts and uncles. She had been in the States only a few years, and still spoke with a deep Yiddish accent. But Grandma wanted a football, and a football was something in my department. If I could get one, I'd be important, a contributor to the party. I slipped out of the door.

There were only three footballs in the neighbourhood, and they belonged to older boys. Homer wasn't at home. Eddie wouldn't sell or lend, at any price. The last possibility was a tough kid we called Gudgie. It was just as I'd feared. Gudgie punched me on the nose. Then he said he would swap me his old football for my new sledge, plus all the marbles I owned.

I filled Gudgie's football with air at the garage. Then I sneaked it into the house and shone it with shoe polish. When I'd finished, it was a football worthy of Grandmother's party. All the aunts and uncles would be proud. When nobody was looking I put it on the dining-room table. Then I waited in my room for Grandma to notice it.

But it was Mother who noticed it. "Allan!" she shouted.

I ran to the dining-room.

"You know your grandmother's giving a party tonight. Why can't you put your things where they belong?"

"It's not mine," I protested.

"Then give it back to whoever it belongs to. Get it out!"

"But it's for Grandma! She said she needed a football for the party." I was holding back the tears.

Mother burst into laughter. "A football for the party! Don't you understand your own grandma?" Then, between peals of laughter, Mother explained: "Not football.

FRUIT BOWL! Grandma needs a FRUIT BOWL for the party."

I was starting to cry, so I ran to my room and slammed the door. The worst part of crying was trying to stop. I can still feel it—the shuddering, my breath coming in little, staccato jerks. And each spluttery breath brought back the pain, the frustration, the unwanted feeling that had made me cry in the first place. I was still trying to stop crying when the aunts and uncles arrived. I heard their voices (sounding very far away), and the clink-clink of Grandma's good china, and now and then an explosion of laughter.

After dinner Mother came in. "Allan," she said, "come with me. I want you to see something." I followed her into the living-room.

Grandma was walking round the room like a queen, holding out to each of the aunts and uncles the biggest, most magnificent cut-glass bowl I'd ever seen. There were grapes and bananas in it, red apples, figs and tangerines. And in the centre of the bowl, all shiny and brown, was Gudgie's football.

Just then my Uncle Sol offered Grandma a compliment. "Esther," he said, "that's a beautiful football. Real cott gless."

Grandma looked at Uncle Sol with great superiority. "Sol," she said, "listen close, you'll learn something. This cott gless is called a frutt boll, not a football. This in the middle, this is a football."

Uncle Sol was impressed. "Very

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smot," he said. "Very nice. But, Esther, now tell me something. How come you got a *football* in your *frutt boll?*" He pronounced them both very carefully.

"Because," Grandma said, "today mine Allan brought me a nice present, this football. It's beautiful,

no?"

Before Uncle Sol could answer, Grandma continued. "It's beautiful, yes—because from a child is beautiful, anything."

... From a child is beautiful, anything.

I picked up Robbie's picture from the floor. It wasn't bad, at that. One of my ears is a little bigger than the other. And usually, when Robbie sees me at the end of the day, I do need a shave.

I went up to his room. "Hey, Rob," I said.

His breath was shuddering, and his nose was running. He was packing a cardboard box, as he always does when he Leaves Home. I held up the picture. "I've been looking at this. It's very good."

"I don't care," he said.

He threw a comic into the box and some toys. "Tear it up if you want to. I can't draw, anyway." He put on his cap and jacket, picked up the box and walked right past me.

I followed him, with the picture

in my hand.

When he got to the front door, he just stood there, his hand on the knob, the way he always does. I suppose he thinks of the same things I used to, whenever I Left Home. You stand there by the door, and pray they won't let you go, because you have nowhere to go, and if they don't want you, who does?

I got my coat and joined him. "Come on," I said. "I'm going with you." And I took him by the hand.

He looked up at me, very scared.

"Where are we going?"

"The shopping centre is open tonight," I said. "We're going to buy a frame for this picture. It's a beautiful picture. We'll hang it in the living-room. After we've got the frame, we're going to have an ice-cream, and I'll tell you about something."

"About what?"

"Well, you remember that old football your great-grandma keeps in the cut-glass bowl on her diningroom table?"

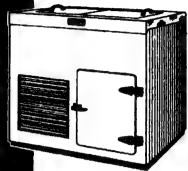
"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to tell you how she got it . . ."

FRIEND of mine who was visiting Alaska met a man and married him after a very brief acquaintance. When she got home she explained why their courtship had been so short. "When it was dark enough to park, it was too cold," she said. "And when it was warm enough, it was too light."

—Contributed by Sylvia Caudill

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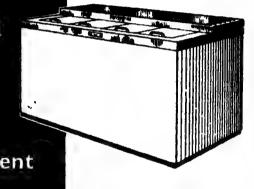
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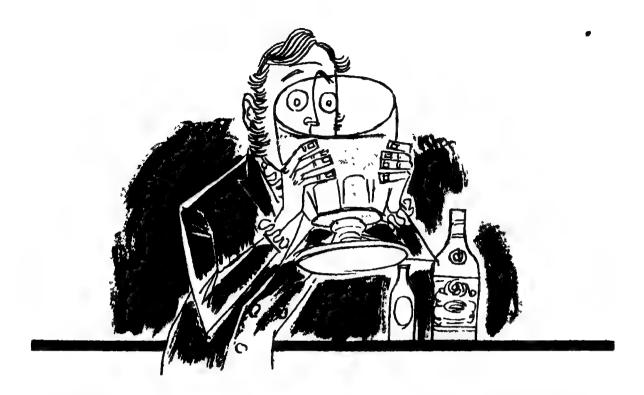
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We may like to think that we say what we mean, but do we?

The Strange Magic of Words

By Wilfred Funk

ords are odd things—strange symbols that we scribble down, noises that come out of our mouths. Weak as a word is in actual breathforce, even a whisper can lose you a friend, or put you in jail—or start a riot.

In England, many years ago, it was considered indelicate to use the word "shirt" in mixed company because shirts were worn by women; so "smock" was substituted. In the course of time "smock" grew disreputable and "shift" was substituted. Later even "shift" became vulgar and "chemise" was used. When the word "shift" was spoken aloud by an actor in a Dublin theatre as

recently as 1907, the audience broke up in wild disorder.

Anything that lies next to a woman's body is suspect, and you must be careful not to undress a girl verbally in public. When we refer to matters which have any sexual overtones, however faint, we must use evasions or else face social embarrassment. We do this so often that we are not even aware of it.

At Christmas, for instance, you may have eaten turkey. You said you preferred "white meat," not "dark meat." Why "white" and "dark"? Ah, these phrases cover up two sordid words.

In Victorian days no one ever said "breast" or "leg" out loud, not even when referring to poultry. Some phrase had to be invented in order to specify a cut, and "white meat" and "dark meat" solved this difficult situation.

Early in the last century the word "chair" was taboo in mixed company. It was too closely associated with the part of a woman's body which sat on it. So "seat" was used instead. But soon "seat" began to be associated with the "backside" (a circumlocution), and for a while people had only an anonymous piece of furniture on which to rest their derrières (another circumlocution).

We may be amused by this Victorian coyness, for we feel that now we are sophisticated. We don't resort to subterfuges in our speech:

today we meet life with a direct eye and a frank phrase.

Or do we?

In these Bikini days a girl doesn't own much underwear, but whatever she has is rarely called by that vulgar name. Our modern miss wears "briefs" or "undies" or, as they "indescribables," used to say, "unutterables" "unmentionor ables." Within the memory of my generation, "drawers" became "stepins," and later "panties," although it is puzzling to know why stepping into these articles presents a more decent picture than drawing them on.

As a matter of fact, "lingerie" is about the nicest way for retailers today to get round this whole subject.

Not long ago a great racehorse was retired to stud. Most of us can face the word "stud" now. But this prize animal was found to be sterile, "even though," in the coy language of one newspaper, "he was an 'entire' horse."

In English newspaper storics a girl is rarely "raped": until recently she was "betrayed" or "attacked" or "seduced"; nowadays she is "improperly interfered with," and her attacker is reported as having "committed an offence." In speaking of a married woman who strays out of bounds we usually avoid "adultery." We say she has had an "affair" or "committed misconduct."We seldom use the word "lavatory." Men "wash their hands," women "powder their noses."

The meaning of a word is a convention—something a group of people have agreed upon. If enough people think certain words are vulgar, they are. In the proper decades of the late 19th century, legs were "limbs" and were covered to the shoe-tops. Breasts became "bosoms." And even the word "woman" grew too suggestive and was changed to "female." And one never "went to bed" (never said it, that is, in front of a lady). One "retired" or "went to sleep.'

Again, don't feel too superior about all this. When a popular song of the early 1930's-"Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Bed"—was sung over the radio, the title was changed to "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep" to avoid offending listeners.

Farther down the semantic ladder are the so-called four-letter words, spoken only in men's clubs and changing-rooms. They went underground a long time ago—and for an interesting reason. When William the Conqueror invaded England in 1066, many of the local Saxons who wanted to move in court circles and prosper in business, adopted some of the speech of the Norman-French victors. Thus the Old English dialects were used less by the better classes, and the Anglo-Saxon sex expressions became words to be used only by serfs and yokels; they were no longer fit for aristocratic mouths, despite the fact that previously these words for intimate functions had

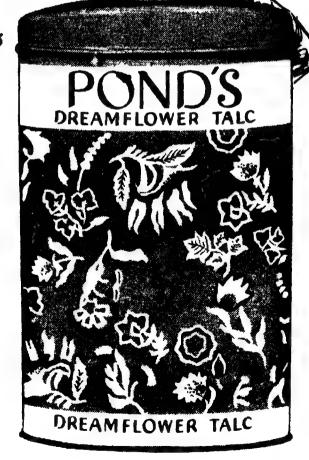


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been used by everyone from lord to villein.

Within living memory words which even sounded like the ta-booed Saxon words were considered improper. In the 1890's a philologist noted that "bull," "cock," "boar" and "ram" were avoided by villagers in Somerset, England, because they considered them indelicate.

Coupled with a wish to avoid unpleasant word associations is one to invoke the magic of words to lend dignity to an activity or a situation. We call the art of giving pleasant names to less delicate matters "cuphemism," from the Greek eu, "well," and phanai, "speak." Nowadays, for instance, the English dustman may be called the "refuse collector." The one-time rat-catcher is a "pest control officer," the undertaker is a "funeral director" and the doorman is a "commissionaire."

Publicity is no longer handled by a press agent: he is now a "public relations consultant." A pregnant woman is called an "expectant mother"; young law-breakers are "juvenile delinquents." Dictators have stopped killing their enemies; they "liquidate" them. And they never conquer a tountry; they "liberate" it. Big businessmen aren't sacked; they "resign."

In every area of life, and on every social level, the word magic of the ancients is still with us.

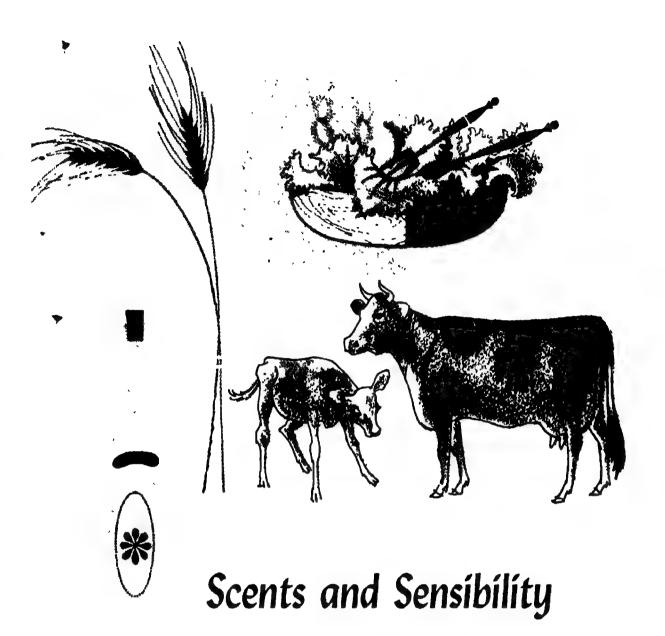


FAVOURITE argument of those who disagree with the idea of a purposeful God is to point to all the evil in the world, "How can a benevolent God," they ask, "permit so much badness to exist and to flourish?"

I always like to answer this question by turning it inside out and confronting these people with what I call "the problem of good." How do they account for the existence of so much good in the world? How is it that man, who only a few thousand years ago was on the level of the beasts, has risen to the heights of love, unselfishness and self-sacrifice? Why should he lay down his life for his friend? Why should he sacrifice his welfare for others? Why has the history of humanity been so illuminated by heroes and martyrs who have willingly died for an idea greater than themselves?

We tend to take for granted the virtues of mankind and excoriate its vices. But why should mankind have any virtues at all beyond those of the scorpion or the spider? We have far more cause for rejoicing at God's goodness than for reviling man's imperfection.

—Sidney Harris



By Roy Bedichek

ost schools have art teachers educating the eye and music teachers educating the ear, but none so far has attempted to tutor the nose. Yet the nose holds the key to distinctions which no other sense can unlock, and to aesthetic pleasures as great for some as music and pictures are for others.

Not vision, not hearing, not

The pleasure we can find in smell the most experienced yet the most neglected of our senses

touch nor even taste—so nearly akin to smell—can conjure up memories with such verity. The odour of newmown hay, burning leaves in the autumn, stable manure, ham and eggs cooking, new leather—many another aroma may suddenly bring back a magic moment, alive and unimpaired by lapse of time.

"Smell," Helen Keller, the blind and deaf author, once wrote, "is a potent wizard that transports us across thousands of miles and all the years we have lived: fruit odours waft me to my southern home and frolics in the peach orchard; other odours cause my heart to dilate joyously or contract with remembered grief."

The sense of smell has few words which belong to it exclusively. Just in from an early-morning ramble through a grove of sycamores, I search in vain for a word to describe the pleasing odour that lingers in my nostrils. I can say that the trunk of the sycamore is smooth to the touch, and that the crown of the tree is yellowish-green in colour. But for the odour there is no word.

This paucity of odour words—common to most languages—is all the more remarkable when we consider that smell is the most experienced of the senses. Sight does not function in absolute darkness; the ear can listen and hear nothing. But, night or day, there is no odourless place for the sensitive nose.

The newborn calf, shaky on its spindly legs, with wide-open but unseeing eyes, searches along the vast underside of its mother, guided by smell to the distended udder. Cows, sows, ewes and nanny goats, bitches, mares, all identify their

young by odour, even after the infant has found its voice.

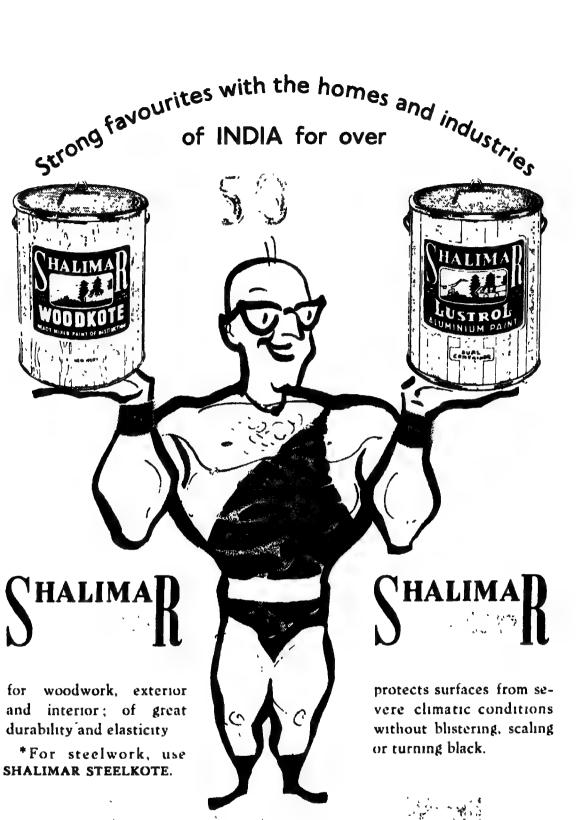
In the human face the outside nose is obvious, but another nose, in the upper nostrils, is a hidden mechanism of unimaginable delicacy.

On each side of the upper nostrils, a small spot contains special nerve cells. Odour molecules, which in the form of gases travel even in the stillest air or water, are carried to these cells and produce chemical reactions.

Unlike the eye and the ear, which respond to only a limited and precise range of vibration, the mechanism in this inner nose is able to receive a virtually unlimited number of odour stimuli.

On a spring-morning stroll in the country, or a walk in the woods, there are fresh and delightful nasal experiences at every turn. Some people have the bad habit of picking a flower or a spray from a fragrant shrub and holding it to the nose. They will learn from experience that one odour in the bush is worth two in the hand. It is true that the breath of early plum blossoms brings a gasp of pleasure. But this odour, delightful as it is, should not be thrust into the nose; it should be borne there gently on the wind.

Besides, with plum blossoms to the nose, the smeller may miss a choicer offering or a wider blending. Nature anticipated the perfumery trade by mixing odours indiscriminately in the wind, and the



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Though in Western civilization the sense of smell has fallen from its great estate as dispenser of sensuous delights, it is a sense that can be developed. The Japanese, who perfume many things that come into daily use about the household, have a game of competitive identification of odours. Helen Keller, through her blindness, has acquired an exquisite sense of smell. Often she knows without being told what occupations people are engaged in, through the odours of wood, iron, paint or drugs clinging to their garments. "When a person

passes by," she wrote, "I get a scent impression of where he has been—the kitchen, the garden or the sickroom." In short, she can smell a way of life.

We are only at the threshold of discovering the linkage of smells with the emotions, and the still unexplained physiology of the transmission of sensory data to the brain. Perhaps one day, when we come to understand this delicate sense, we will give it the education it deserves. Then we may be able to restore to the human nose the full power and acuteness it had, before neglect and the violent affront upon it of burning petrol, smoke, and the thousands of other products of civilization disrupted the marvellous mechanism of olfaction.



Age Lines

WORRIED about what to give his girl for her birthday, my grandson asked his mother for help. "Mum," he said, "if you were going to be 16 years old tomorrow, what would you want?"

Her heartfelt reply was: "Not another thing!"

-Contributed by Mrs. Charles McFarland

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD came home full of praise for her new swimming instructor. Asked by her mother how old he was, she thought a moment, then replied, "I don't know, but I'd say he is either a late tecnager or an early man."

—Helen Shaw

My WIFE was 50 last year, and for her birthday dinner she arranged candles on the cake to form the numerals 5 and 0. This year the cake was decorated with a 4 and 9.

"I've begun my count-down," she explained. —Contributed by Jay Smith



Cinnii Cino Io Wiir

BY
GENERAL GEORGE KENNEY

Page 130

At least one warrior reduced the vast, impersonal business of waging the Second World War to a matter of individual pride and private vengeance. When Pappy Gunn joined battle it was as a crusader, a one-man Commando raging across the Pacific like an angry hornet, always striking where it hurt the enemy most.

Mind Mills

BY MARK TWAIN

Page 143

To lovers as boats, the gorgeously fanciful steamboats of the Mississippi represent one of the most glamorous eras of travel. The immortal author Mark Twain fell under their spell as a boy, and became an apprentice river-pilot. Now, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of Twain's death, this classic book recalls his romance with the river.

In all the thousands of news stories that came from the Pacific during the war, there was no mention of Paul "Pappy" Gunn. And with good reason.

On December 7, 1941, Pappy Gunn was a middle-aged civilian—an airline executive in Manila, with a wife and four children. When the Japanese captured Manila they interned his wife and children in the infamous Santo Tomas prison camp.

From that day on, for four years, Pappy Gunn rampaged up and down the Pacific in a wild, daring, highly personal campaign. But the war correspondents never told his story, for fear of reprisals against his family if the Japanese found out what an adversary he had become.

Now General George Kenney, who was commander of the Allied Air Forces in the Pacific at the time, has written Pappy Gunn's amazing saga.

GUNN

Gunn he was busily engaged in a project which, by all the rules, should have won him a court martial. It was August 5, 1942, at Charters Towers Acrodrome, on Australia's eastern sea-coast. Having recently been appointed commander of Allied Air Forces in the Pacific, I was inspecting my units for the first time.

Colonel James Davies, commander of the Third Bombardment Group, pointed Pappy out to me.

He was carving up the noses of a dozen A-20 bombers and fitting each with a personally designed package of four 50-calibre machine guns, which I was certain he had stolen from the U.S. Army.

Pappy was a United States Army Air Force major, tall, lean and hard-looking. The only thing that distinguished him from the half-dozen grease-stained enlisted men working with him was the major's insignia on his mechanic's cap. He had steely blue eyes which looked me over quickly but carefully when



GOES TO W

from the book by General George Kenney

we were introduced. Then he flashed a wide grin and said he was glad to know me. He said it in a way that made me believe it. I was relieved, because somehow it mattered what Pappy Gunn thought. I asked him what he was doing.

"Why, General," he said, "we're just fixing these aircraft to fight a war." Then, with almost fanatical enthusiasm, he described in detail how the guns were installed, how they were fed ammunition, how empty cartridges were ejected so as not to hit the tail surfaces, how the aircraft flew with the new

mounts and what a fine job the guns did in shooting up enemy aircraft if you caught them on the ground.

He volunteered some highly obscene opinions of the "pea-shooter" guns that were standard equipment on the A-20, and showed me a bomb rack he had built which was better than the original.

I didn't bother to point out that he was installing an armament load that the aircraft was never intended to carry, for Pappy had aires proved his scheme would work had heard how, weeks earlier, an

unidentified officer, enraged at some "toothless tiger" A-20's, had descended at night on an army quartermaster depot and had helped himself to several dozen machine guns. The next day, Pappy—with absolutely no authority—had performed his unique operation on the nose of an A-20. Then he had run off a one-man raid on a Japanese aerodrome in New Guinca, leaving an ammunition dump, a fuel dump and two enemy aircraft in smouldering ruins.

When we left the tent-hangar I told Colonel Davies to send Pappy to my headquarters in Brisbane. There was nothing our then pitifully small Allied Air Forces needed so much as a real, can-do, take-hold boss maintenance man, someone who had no love for rank or red tape. Pappy Gunn was my man.

I learned that Pappy had desperate personal as well as patriotic reasons for wanting to end the war quickly.

In 1937, he had retired from the U.S. Navy as a Chief (petty officer) Airplane Pilot after 20 years' service. He had taken his wife, Polly, and four children to Manila, where he became operations manager for the newly-formed Philippine Air Lines. The day after the Japanese struck, Pappy was summoned to USAAF headquarters at Fort McKinley and sworn into the Air Force as a captain. He was to ferry military personnel and carry mail, dispatches, food, drugs and medicines

—anything that had to be moved in a hurry.

For three weeks, Pappy carried supplies to Bataan. Then, on Christmas Eve, he was ordered to fly a load of passengers to Australia.

He told his wife, "If the Japs take Manila and you are captured, for God's sake don't tell them that I'm a pilot. They might kill you. Whatever happens, hang on. I'll get back to you, I promise."

On January 2, however, before Pappy could return, the enemy entered Manila. Polly and the children were interned. From that moment, Pappy was obsessed with a twofold purpose: to destroy the enemy quickly, and to regain his family.

He was not attached to any unit and had no orders, so he struck out on an amazing career of free-lance soldiering. One day a cargo ship arrived in Brisbane with 20 crated P-40 fighter planes. In the confusion of early wartime, no one seemed to know what to do with them. Pappy did. He rounded up a crew of Australian and American pilots who had been ferried out of the Philippines and put them to work assembling the P-40's and flight-testing them. (These were the men who, deferring to Captain Gunn's authoritative attitude and relatively advanced years—he was 40—nicknamed him "Pappy.")

By January 16, the P-40's were ready for battle. Then word came from General Lewis Brereton,

USAAF chief in Brisbane, that the planes were to base themselves at Soerabaja, Java, nearly 3,000 miles distant. Feeling that the young pilots were too inexperienced for long, over-water navigation, Pappy led them in two flights to Soerabaja.

When Pappy heard that another shipload of P-40's was on the way he decided to get them into the war in a hurry. Without asking anyone he headed for Del Monte Field in the Philippines, some 1,400 air miles north-east.

He knew that a number of pilots from Manila had reached Del Monte. He would take them to Brisbane to fly the incoming P-40's.

Pappy had crossed the Celebes Sea and was ten miles past Zamboanga, Mindanao, when a Japanese plane spotted him. He had no guns in his Beechcraft plane and was shot down in the jungle. Pappy wasn't hit or hurt. He walked out and hitched a lift to Del Monte. There he worked straight through three days and nights supervising the repair of a crashed B-17. Then he loaded 22 pilots and mechanics aboard and flew them to Darwin, Australia.

There is no official record of Pappy's activities for the next month, but he was active indeed. He joined the Australian Air Force and flew a Wirraway fighter—a trainer with guns mounted on it—in the defence of Rabaul, New Britain. Shot down again, Pappy clawed his way out of the steaming jungle in two weeks,

staying alive on insects, grubs, berries and a small boa constrictor. He then thumbed a lift back to Australia on a flying boat and began flying and maintaining B-25's for the USAAF's Third Bombardment Group, which had been ordered to mount an attack on Japanese shipping around the Philippines.

Pappy was dismayed to find that the B-25's had no bombsights. Without them, the Third Bombardment Group might as well throw rocks at the Japanese. He began searching for bombsights all over Australia. When he learned that a Dutch squadron in Canberra had 12 B-25's so equipped, he absented himself from Colonel Davies' command one day and returned the next—with 12 spanking new Sperry bombsights!

On April 12, 1942, Davies led his B-25's against enemy convoys near Davao and Cebu. Thanks to Pappy Gunn's bombsights, they achieved highly satisfactory results. But at the end of the war the Dutch were still complaining about their missing sights.

When Pappy reported to me in Brisbane, I had a tailor-made job waiting for him. We didn't have many bombs in the South-West Pacific. To be sure each one reached its mark we had taken to skip-bombing Japanese vessels with our B-25's—going in practically on the water and skipping our bombs into the ships' sides. The trouble was, we did not have enough forward firepower

to cover our approach. I told Pappy to squeeze as many 50-calibre guns as he could get into the forward turret of a B-25. Then, if the aircraft would still fly and the guns would fire without tearing it apart, we could overwhelm the deck defences of any ship when we went in for the kill.

Two weeks later I visited the hangar where Pappy had set up shop. The B-25 he was working on looked murderous. He had tucked four -50-calibre guns and 500 rounds of ammunition for each into the nose. Two more guns were emplaced on each side of the fuselage and three more were forward under the belly. To keep the rivets from popping out of the aircraft when the guns were fired, Pappy had put longer blast tubes on the guns and stiffened the gun mounts with steel plates. I feared he had made the aircraft terribly nose-heavy and I asked him about the centre of gravity.

"Hell, General, we threw that away to save weight," he said.

I dropped in again a week later, just as Pappy landed after a test flight. The aircraft's tail had behaved as though it didn't belong to the rest of the plane, he said.

"Pappy, don't you think the plane needs 100 pounds of lead in the tail?" I asked. He had a better idea. He installed an extra 200-gallon fuel tank behind the wings. It not only balanced the aircraft, but gave it greater range. I sent drawings of Pappy's remodelling job to my boss and old friend, General Hap Arnold, chief of U.S. Army Air Forces, and asked him to have new B-25's built like that. A few months later, when I was in Washington, Hap called me to his office for a conference with a group of Air Force engineers. He had sent them my drawings for their comments.

For an hour they explained why the whole idea was impractical—the balance would be all messed up; the aircraft would not fly properly. Then I told them how only two weeks earlier, on March 1, 1943, when a 20-ship enemy convoy heavily guarded by destroyers was spotted leaving Rabaul, we had thrown our whole air strength of 130 bombers and fighters at them.

That engagement, now known as the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, had been opened by 12 of Pappy Gunn's modified B-25's. In the first 15 minutes of the attack they had skipbombed and sunk four enemy cargo ships and two destroyers. The vicious intensity of that onslaught broke the convoy's back.

I agreed it was possible that Pappy's B-25's didn't fly very well by slide-rule standards. But we hadn't lost one.

For a long, frightening moment, Hap glared at the engineers. Then he told them to get out. (In fairness, it should be said that the engineers were able to improve on Pappy's work. Before they finished they had managed to stuff two more .50-calibre guns into the nose turret.)

When I got back to Brisbane, Pappy pointed at the wings on my chest and asked how he could get a similar pair.

"Go over to the post exchange and

buy some," I said.

"No good," he said. "I haven't any authority to wear them—no pilot's rating. I shouldn't even be flying a plane at all." Then he told me he had joined up on December 8, 1941, but had never received official word of his status. Even though he had been on more than 100 combat missions, he had never drawn flying pay. "The finance officer says he has no authority to pay me," he said.

I wired Hap Arnold asking that Major Paul Gunn be rated an Airplane Pilot retroactive to December 7, 1941. A message came back from some staff officer stating that Major Gunn should proceed to the United States for flying training! I shot another wire off to Hap marked "For His Eyes Only," explaining the situation. Hap immediately confirmed Pappy's rating. I pinned his wings on him and promoted him to licutenant-colonel. He collected 4,000 dollars from the finance office and asked for permission to travel to New Guinea.

"Sure," I said, "but what are you going to do with all that money?"

"General, tomorrow I'll be a millionaire." He secured the huge roll to the inside of his shirt with a mammoth safety pin. "I'm going to break up every crap game in New Guinea."

He climbed into the co-pilot's seat of a B-25 being delivered to New Guinea. Midway across the Coral Sea, the equatorial sun burned oven-like heat into the aircraft. Pappy took off his money-laden shirt, laid it across his lap and rammed a window open.

Theairstream snatched the shirt off his lap and through the window. Pappy turned to see if the shirt had caught in the tail surfaces. It had not. He carefully shut the window and looked at the pilot reflectively. Then he grinned. "Easy come, easy go," he said.

Shortly after that, the Third Bombardment Group moved to Dobodura, New Gamea, and Pappy went over to get in some flying time in B-25's. Somehow he managed to break the little finger of his right hand.

A Brisbane doctor set it in a splint. Pappy banged the splint into something and broke the finger again. The doctor reset it. This time the splint got in Pappy's way when he tried to work. Impatiently he tore it off. The finger kept aching. Again the doctor splinted it, this time fitting it with a metal protector and warning Pappy to go easy with the hand. But the thing kept interfering with his work.

Finally he went to the Third Bombardment Group's flight surgeon, Major John Gilmore, and demanded that he should amputate the offending digit.

Gilmore naturally refused to cut it off. Pappy was outraged.

"The trouble with you pill-pushers," he shouted, "is that you are not only ignorant and don't seem to know I've got a war to fight, but you are also a coward!" He pulled a .45 from his shoulder holster, shifted it to his left hand and pointed it at the finger. "If you won't cut it off, I'll shoot it off," he announced.

Gilmore knew that years earlier Pappy, annoyed at a naval dentist's seemingly endless drilling and filling, had got a civilian dentist to remove all his teeth. He also recalled an occasion when a jagged shell fragment from a Japanese cruiser had pierced Pappy's left hand and nailed it to the side of a B-25 cockpit. Pappy had landed at an Australian base, got a doctor and a sheet metal man to extricate the hand and, despite the doctor's pleas to go to hospital, had angrily gone off in search of the cruiser which had so abused him. There was no question in Gilmore's mind that Pappy would carry out his threat.

"All right," the doctor sighed. He gave Pappy a local anaesthetic, removed the finger and ordered the patient to bed, telling him to report back the next morning. At noon, when Pappy had still not arrived, Gilmore learned that he had taken off at dawn.

When Pappy landed at Dobodura a few days later, a throng greeted

him. A parade formed and led him to a clearing on the edge of the jungle where a small casket lay beside an open grave. Inside was his missing finger. Thereupon, burial rites were performed, and a headstone of native mahogany was placed on the grave. It bore the inscription: "The Wicked Digit of Pappy Gunn—Departed this life October 20, 1943." Until the day Pappy died he insisted that the marker still stood in the New Guinea jungle, and he claimed that the natives had made a shrine out of it.

IN MID-SEPTEMBER, 1944, Pappy, learning that MacArthur had decided to re-enter the Philippines on October 20, was afire with anticipation. It had been nearly three years since he had heard anything of Polly and his children. He could not even be sure they were still alive, but he had to believe they were. This was what his war had all been about.

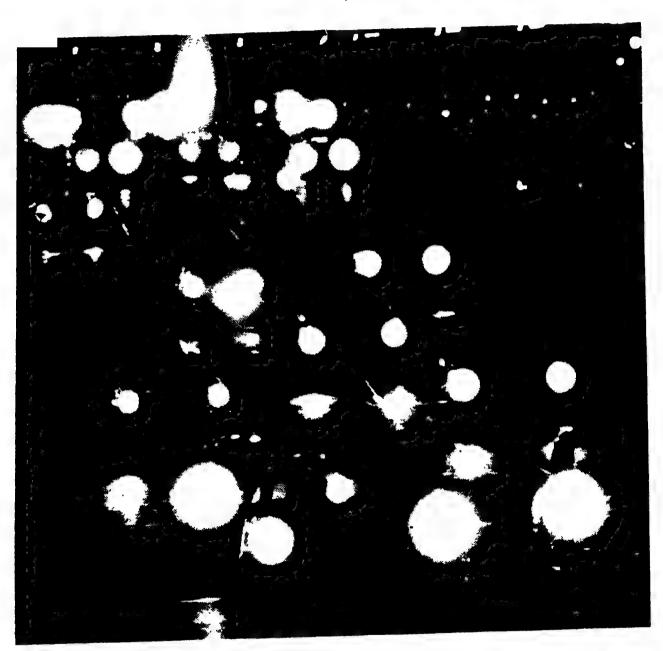
Pappy asked my permission to fly one of his remodelled B-25's to Manila and tear up the 300 Japanese aircraft our intelligence crowd claimed were parked on Taft Boulevard.

He knew he couldn't make it all the way back, but he had the map marked for me where he would run out of fuel and ditch the B-25—some 500 miles out to sea. My part in the plan was to arrange a rescue rendezvous with one of our amphibian planes. I vetoed the scheme.

He came back with another idea.

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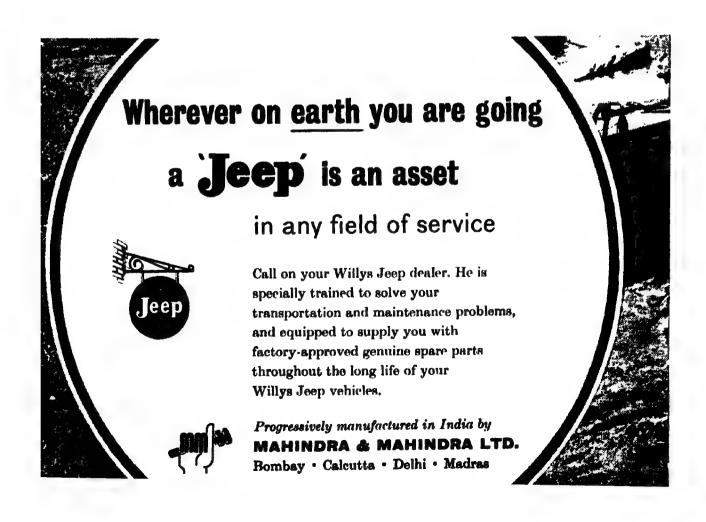
The Timken Roller Bearing Compai Canton 6, Ohio, U.S.A. Cable: "TIMROSCI Timken bearings manufactured in Austra Canada, England, France and U.S.A. He had decided to become a foot soldier. I was to get a letter from General MacArthur authorizing him to organize a Filipino army to attack from the rear when we made our landing. Instead, I gave him a job that had been simmering in my mind for days—a job I knew no one else could handle quite like Pappy.

"I want you to find me 50 men who can do anything," I said. "They must be able to shoot, dig trenches, lay steel mats for runways, rebuild wrecked aircraft, overhaul engines, live off the country and fight with knives or fists. I want to load you and your thugs on a boat on October 13. Get going!"

Pappy left, smiling. He scoured the maintenance shops of Australia. On October 12, he met me at Hollandia, New Guinea, with the toughest-looking crew I have ever seen. Each man was armed with a pistol, a trench knife and a bag filled with tools and ammunition.

Four Army divisions stormed ashore at Leyte on October 20. By the next morning they had captured an airstrip at Tacloban, on the north-cast corner of the island. It was little more than a sandspit, about a mile long and 300 yards wide, now honeycombed with bomb craters.

Pappy Gunn and his gang moved in, enlisted the aid of 1,500 Filipinos and began to level the airstrip.



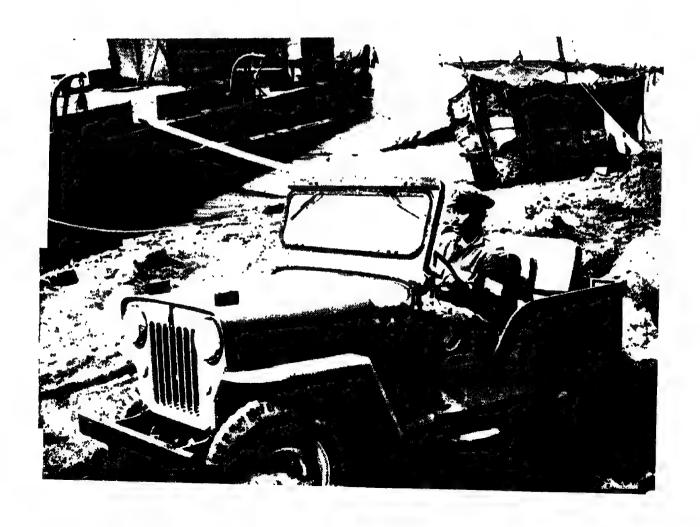
The enemy tried desperately to stop them. They threw fleets of bombers at them six to eight times a day. They kept Pappy's bunch diving for slit trenches and filling new craters, but the airstrip kept growing longer.

When 1,500 feet of the strip was completed, Pappy learned that 30 of the recently sunk aircraft carrier *Princeton*'s aircraft were coming to Tacloban. They would arrive after dark, and there were no landing lights. But Pappy Gunn, an old Navy pilot, knew just what to do.

He tied torches to a pair of sticks and stood out on the runway to signal the planes in, just as a Landing Signal Officer does on a carrier. Pappy brought them all down beautifully.

Ten days after our invasion I was in a jeep on the runway when I suddenly saw four enemy fighter-bombers coming in low over the palm trees at the south end of the runway—so low our radar had missed them. The planes swept along the runway, their bombs blasting us. When they were gone, two of our aircraft were in flames, four men were dead, 11 wounded. One of the wounded was Pappy Gunn.

Pappy had dived under a jeep. But a piece of phosphorus from an incendiary bomb had torn into the upper part of his left arm, severing nerves, muscles and arteries. He had



come heart-breakingly close to reaching his family, but it was not to be done that way—Pappy Gunn's war was over.

The following morning we flew Pappy to Brisbane. For the next three months he lay in a hospital bed 3,000 miles from Manila.

AT THE END of January, after the Sixth Army landed on Luzon to start the final drive to Manila, General MacArthur learned that the enemy had stopped feeding the 3,700 internees at Santo Tomas. After three years on starvation rations, it seemed doubtful if many could survive much longer.

MacArthur ordered the First Cavalry Division to move on to Manila at top speed.

On February 3, armoured cars clattered into the university courtvard of Santo Tomas.

Among those who had survived the hell of that prison were Polly and the four Gunn children. Somehow they had managed to stay alive, but they looked like their own ghosts. We fed and rested them for two weeks, then flew them to Pappy's bedside in Brisbane.

We retired Pappy as a full colonel. His arm had wasted away until the fingers of his left hand were nothing more than claws.

It was to take several years, a number of operations and numerous threats by Pappy to have the arm cut off before the pain was relieved and circulation restored. But Pappy simply would not be an invalid. With the end of the war there was work to be done. The Philippine Air Lines had to be reorganized and, as vice-president in charge of operations, Pappy put the company back in business.

I LAST saw Pappy in the autumn of 1950, when a bunch of us old war comrades gathered for dinner at Clark Field, near Manila. After an evening of reminiscences, everyone was leaving to fly back to Manila. But Pappy said he was driving. The others insisted that he should not, pointing out that the "Huks"—a Communist-led bandit outfit—owned the roads at night.

"I drove up here and I'm driving back," Pappy said stubbornly.

I had lunch the next day with Ramon Magsaysay, later to become President of the Philippines. "It could only have happened to Pappy Gunn," Magsaysay said as I walked into his office. I asked him what he meant.

"If you don't know," he chuckled, "you must be the only man in the Philippines who doesn't."

Half-way to town the previous night, Pappy had come upon a road-block with several Huks standing guard. Pappy merely drove round the obstruction, paying no heed to the shouts to halt. Then some shots ripped through the back of his car and two bullet holes appeared in his windscreen.

Pappy slammed on his brakes, ran

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back to a Huk holding a tommy gun and nearly tore his head off with a punch. He roundly denounced the others and ordered them to work out who was going to pay for his windscreen, for he would be back to collect. Then he got into his car and drove off.

ON OCTOBER 11, 1957, Pappy's luck finally ran out. He was flying a planeload of company executives back to Manila after looking over a timber tract in eastern Luzon. Nearing Manila, he ran into a tropical storm.

A solid wall of rain and washing-machine turbulence killed his engine. Losing altitude fast, he tried to land in a small clearing.

As he came in, a wing hooked a palm tree and the plane crashed and burst into flames.

Dr. John Gilmore, the flight surgeon who had reluctantly removed Pappy's "wicked digit" in New Guinea 14 years earlier, met his body at San Francisco and escorted it to the Barrancas National Cemetery, near Pensacola, Florida.

The saga ended much as Pappy had lived it. Here was a retired naval chief petty officer being laid to rest with an Air Force, firing squad in attendance—here was an Air Force colonel and a Mason whose last rites were performed by a Catholic chaplain from the Navy. But we didn't bury an ordinary man that day. We buried Pappy Gunn.

THE.END



Strictly Personal By Sydney Harris

THE ABUSE of antibiotics by over-enthusiastic patients makes even more imperative the remark addressed by Sir William Osler to the medical profession half a century ago: "One of the first duties of the physician is to educate the masses not to take medicine."

The steady confusion between size and success is best exemplified in the story of the millionaire who sponsored a concert by a famous trio in his local town hall. After the concert, he shook the leader's hand and said, "Enjoyed your playing. Hope that when you come back next year, your little group will have grown."

A woman who tries desperately to keep her looks is sure to lose them more swiftly than a woman who is a little careless about them; grim intensity defeats its own purpose, in looks, in love and in life generally.

One of the higher-paid jobs in broadcasting consists of standing in front of a microphone, separating the good records from the bad ones—and playing the bad ones.

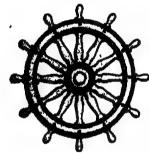
—G. F. C.

Life on the Mississippi



"A film of dark smoke appears up the river; instantly a negro famous for his prodigious voice lifts the cry, 'S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'l' and the scene changes . . All in a twinkling, the dead town is alive and moving"





When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the

west bank of the Mississippi River. That was to be a steamboat-man.

Once a day a cheap, gaudy packet arrived upwards from St. Louis, and another downwards from Keokuk. I can still picture the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer's morning: the streets empty; one or two shop assistants sitting in front of the Water Street stores, with their cane-bottomed chairs tilted back against the walls, hats slouched over their faces, asleep; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along, doing a good business in water-melon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely freight piles scattered

about the river-bank—the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of one of them; and the majestic Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun. Presently a film of dark smoke appears up the river; instantly a negro famous for his prodigious voice lifts the cry, "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'!" and the scene changes! The drunkard stirs, the shop assistants wake up, and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying to the wharf.

Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder seen for the first time. She is long and sharp and trim; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gilded device swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glass and

"gingerbread," perched on the "texas" deck; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous, with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name; the decks are fenced with clean white railings; there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff, the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely; the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain

stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all; great volumes the blackest smoke are rolling out of the chimneys—a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch-pine just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the forecastle; the broad stage is run far out over the

port bow, and an envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope; the pent steam is screaming through the gauge-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest. Then such a scramble to get aboard, and to get ashore, to take in freight, and to discharge freight; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it all with! Ten minutes later the steamer is once

more under way, and the town is dead again.

Such tantalizing grandeur could produce but one result: boy after boy managed to get on the river. The minister's son became an engineer. Four sons of the chief merchant, and two sons of the county judge, became pilots. Pilot was the grandest position of all. The pilot,

even in those days of trivial wages, had a princely salary—from 150 dollars to 250 dollars a month, and no board to pay. Two months of his wages would pay a preacher's salary for a year. I determined to become a pilot.

My family would not let me get on the river so, by and by,

ran away. I said I would neve come home again till I was a pilo and could come in glory.

FOR A LONG time I could not man age it. But I was ashamed to g home, and so for three years I wan dered about, working at my trad as printer. Then, one day in New Orleans, I laid siege to the pilot c the Paul Jones, and at the end c three hard days he surrendered. H agreed to teach me the Mississipi River from New Orleans to S.



Louis for 500 dollars, payable out of the first wages I should receive after graduating. I entered upon the small enterprise of "learning" 12 or 13 hundred miles of the great Mississippi River with easy confidence. I supposed that all a pilot had to do was to keep his boat in the river, which could not be much of a trick, since it was so wide.

The boat backed out from New Orleans at four in the afternoon. Mr. Bixby, my chief, "straightened her up," ploughed her along past the sterns of the other boats that lay at the Levee, and then said, "Here, take her; shave those steamships as close as you'd peel an apple." I took the wheel, and my heartbeat fluttered up into the hundreds; for it seemed to me that we were about to scrape the side off every ship in the line. I held my breath and began to claw the boat away from the danger. In half a minute I had a wide margin of safety between the Paul *Jones* and the ships; and within ten seconds more I was set aside in disgrace, and Mr. Bixby, flaying me alive for my cowardice, trimmed the ships so closely that disaster seemed ceaselessly imminent. When he had cooled a little he told me that the easy water was close inshore and the current outside, and therefore we must hug the bank, upstream, to avoid the current, and stay well out, downstream, to take advantage of it.

Now and then Mr. Bixby called my attention to certain things.

"This is Six-Mile Point." "This is Point," Nine-Mile and "Twelve-Mile Point." They, all looked about alike, and I hoped Mr. Bixby would change the subject. But no; he would crowd up near a point, hugging the shore with affection, and then say: "The slack water ends here, abreast this bunch of China trees; now we cross over." He gave me the wheel once or twice, but I had no luck. I either came near chipping off the edge of a sugar plantation, or I yawed too far from shore, and so dropped back into disgrace.

The watch was ended at last, and we took supper and went to bed. At midnight the glare of a lantern shone in my eyes, and the night-watchman said:

"Come, turn out!"

Here was something fresh—this thing of getting up in the middle of the night to go to work. It was a detail in piloting that had never occurred to me. I knew boats ran all night, but somehow I had never reflected that somebody had to get up out of a warm bed to run them.

It was a rather dingy night, and the shores scemed wonderfully far away and indistinct. The mate said:

"We've got to land at Jones's plantation, Sir."

I desired to ask Mr. Bixby whether he really imagined he was going to find that plantation on a night when all plantations were exactly alike. But he made for the shore and soon was scraping it, just

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as if it had been daylight. And not only that, but singing:

"Father in heaven, the day is declining," etc. Presently he turned on me and said:

"What's the name of the first point above New Orleans?"

I said I didn't know.

enta in our

"Well, you're a smart one!" said Mr. Bixby. "What's the name of the next point?"

Once more I didn't know.

"Well, this beats anything. Tell me the name of any point or place told you." I studied awhile and decided that I couldn't.

"By the great Caesar's ghost!
You're the stupidest dunderhead
I ever saw or ever heard of! Look
here! What do you suppose I told
you the names of those points for?"

"Well, to—to—be entertaining, I

thought."

This was a red rag to the bull. He raged and stormed so that he ran over the steering oar of a trading scow. When the traders sent up a volley of red-hot profanity, never was a man so grateful as Mr. Bixby. He threw open the window, thrust his head out, and such an eruption followed as I never had heard before. Then presently he closed the window and said to me in the gentlest way: "My boy, you must get a little memorandum book; and every time I tell you a thing, put it down right away. There's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have To know it just like A B C."

That was a dismal revelation; for my memory was never loaded with anything but blank cartridges.

By THE TIME we had gone seven or eight hundred miles up the river, I had learnt to be a tolerably plucky upstream steersman, in daylight; and I had a notebook that fairly bristled with the names of towns, points, bars, islands, bends, reaches, etc.; but the information was in the notebook only—none of it was in my head. It made my heart ache to think I had only got half of the river set down; for as our watch was four hours off and four on, there were long four-hour gaps in my book for every time I had slept.

At St. Louis, my chief was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans boat, and I packed my satchel and went with him. She was a grand affair. When I stood in her pilot-house I was so far above the water that I seemed perched on a mountain. It was a sumptuous glass temple; showy red and gold curtains; an imposing sofa; leather back and cushions to the high bench where visiting pilots sit to spin yarns and "look at the river"; bright, fanciful cuspidors, instead of a wooden sawdust box; a wheel as' high as my head, costly with inlaid work; and a white-aproned, black "texas-tender," to bring up tarts and ices and coffee during mid-watch, day and night. I began to take heart once more and to believe that piloting was romantic after all.



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The moment we were under way I began to prowl about the great steamer. She was as clean and dainty as a drawing-room; her long, gilded saloon was like a splendid tunnel; she had an oil picture on every state-room door; she glittered prism-fringed chandeliers; lovely rainbow light fell everywhere from the coloured glazing of her skylights; her boiler deck was as spacious as a church. To me, and to most of the passengers from the towns along the river, such a steamboat was finer than anything I had known ashore. It was like entering a new and marvellous world. And when I found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully "sir'd" me, my satisfaction was complete.

WHEN I returned to the pilothouse, St. Louis was gone, and I was lost. Here was a piece of river which was all down in my book, but I could make neither head nor tail of it, for it was turned round. My heart broke again, for it was plain that I had got to learn this troublesome river both ways.

The pilot-house was full of pilots, going down to "look at the river." The Mississippi changes its channel so constantly that the pilots used to find it necessary to run down to Cairo to take a fresh look when their boats were to lie in port a week. A deal of this "looking at the river" was done by poor fellows who seldom had a berth, and whose only those of getting one lay in their

being always freshly posted. And a good many of them constantly ran up and down because (being guests of the boat) it was cheaper to "look at the river" than stay ashore and pay board. All visiting pilots were useful, for they were always ready, night or day, to go out in the yawl and help buoy the channel or assist the boat's pilots in any way they could. They were likewise welcomed because all pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

We had eight or ten of these river inspectors on this trip. Two or three of them wore polished silk hats, elaborate shirt fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots. They were choice in their English, and bore themselves with a dignity proper to men of solid means and prodigious reputation. I was a cipher in this august company, and felt subdued; and the talk I listened to took all the hope out of me. One visitor said to an-

other:

"Jim, how did you run Plum?"
Point, coming up?"

"It was in the night, there, and I ran it the way one of the boys on the Diana told me; started out about 50 yards above the woodpile on the false point, and held an she salar.



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under Plum Point till I raised the reef — quarter less twain — then straightened up for the middle bar till I got well abreast the old one-limbed cottonwood in the bend, then got my stern on the cottonwood, and head on the low place above the point, and came through a-booming."

And so they went on talk-talk-talking. Meanwhile, I was thinking, "Must I even get up a warm personal acquaintance with every old snag and one-limbed cottonwood and obscure woodpile on this river for 1,200 miles—and so that I actually know where these things are in the dark?"

At dusk Mr. Bixby tapped the big

bell three times (the signal to land), and the captain emerged and looked up enquiringly. Mr. Bixby said:

"We will lay up here all night,

Captain."

"Very well, Sir."

Next morning we went booming along, taking a good many chances, for we were anxious to "get out of the river" (as getting out to Cairo was called) before night should overtake us. But Mr. Bixby's partner, the other pilot, presently grounded the boat, and we lost so much time getting her off that it was plain darkness would overtake us a long way above the mouth. Coming upstream, pilots did not mind low water or any kind of darkness;

AIRY OPINIONS: Spring: Slippy, drippy, nippy.

Summer: Showery, flowery, bowery.

Autumn: Hoppy, croppy, poppy.

Winter: Wheezy, sneezy, breezy.

Sydney Smith.











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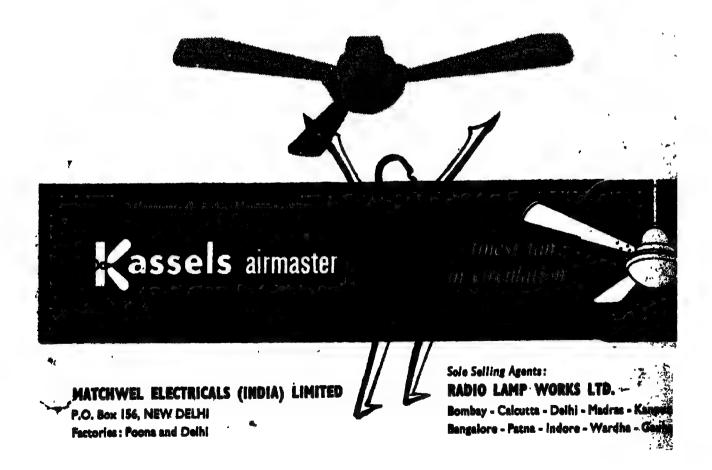
nothing stopped them but fog. But downstream work was different; a boat was too nearly helpless, with a stiff current pushing behind her; so it was not customary to run downstream at night in low water.

There was one small hope, however: if we could get through the intricate Hat Island crossing before night, we could venture the rest, for we would have better water. So there was a constant ciphering on our speed, and for hours all hands lay under the burden of this suppressed excitement.

An hour before sunset Mr. Bixby took the wheel. For the next 30 minutes every man held his watch in his hand, silent and uneasy.

At last somebody said: "Well, yonder's Hat Island—and we can't make it." The pilot-house was thick with disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell-tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat bore steadily down the bend. Enquiring looks were exchanged, and nods of surprised admiration—but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. Bixby, as the sky darkened and one or two dim stars came out.

The dead silence became oppressive. Mr. Bixby pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes floated off on the night. Then a pause, and one more note was struck. The



watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck:

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated on the hurricane "M-a-r-k deck. three! M-a-r-k three! Ouarter-less-three! Half wain! Quarter twain! twain! Quarter-less---"

Mr. Bixby pulled two bell-ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine-room, and our speed slackened. The cries of the leadsmen went on—a weird pound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching now, with fixed eyes. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. Bixby. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her (to me) utterly invisible marks, he would meet and fasten her there. Out of the murmur of half-audible talk one caught:

"There; she's over the first reef!" After a pause, another subdued POICE:

"Her stern's coming down just meactly right, by George!"

Somebody else muttered:

Oh, it was done beautiful beautiful!"

Now the engines were stopped together, and we drifted with the arrent. Presently I discovered a acker gloom than that which surminded us. It was the head of the and. We were closing right down to it. We entered its deeper murks waste one

shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate. But still Mr. Bixby stood by his wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler, by the leadsmen's cries, till it was down to:

"Eight-and-a-half! E-i-g-h-t feet! Seven and----"

Mr. Bixby said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer:

"Stand by, now!" "Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Seven-and-a-half! Seven feet! Six-and----"

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. Bixby set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "Now, let her have it—every ounce you've got!" then to his partner, "Put her hard down! Snatch her!" The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. Bixby's back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house before!

There was no more trouble after that. Mr. Bixby was a hero that. night; and it was some little time, too, before his exploit ceased to be. talked: about by rivermen.

Fully to realize the marvellous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that that the development expenditure needed to bring an oilfield into commercial production, though less hazardous, is generally several times as great as the original exploration effort. 99

Extract from a Burmait-Shell publication

An oil derrick in Assess

Coolness at a touch Tata's EAU DE COLOGNE 80° EAU DE COLOGNE TATA PRODUCTS not only must she pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her stern, but at one place she must pass almost within arm's reach of a sunken wreck that would snatch the hull timbers from under her if she should strike it, and destroy a quarter of a million dollars' worth of steamboat and cargo in five minutes, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives into the bargain.

The last remark I heard that night was uttered in soliloquy and with unction by one of our guests:

"By the Shadow of Death, but he's a lightning pilot!"

AT LENGTH, I could shut my eyes and reel off a good long string of islands, towns, bars, points and bends without leaving out more than ten miles of river in every 50. But when my complacency would start to lift my nose a trifle, Mr. Bixby would think of something to fetch it down again. One day he turned on me suddenly:

"What is the shape of Walnut Bend?" I reflected respectfully, and then said I didn't know it had any particular shape. My gun-powdery chief went off with a bang, and continued firing until he was out of adjectives.

I had learnt long ago that he only carried just so many rounds of ammunition, and then was sure to subside. By and by he said:

"My boy, you've got to know the shape of the river perfectly. It is all there is left to steer by on a very dark night. But mind you, it hasn't the same shape in the night that it has in the daytime.

"A clear starlight night throws such heavy shadows that, if you didn't know the shape of a shore perfectly, you would claw away from every bunch of timber, because you would take the black shadow of it for a solid cape; and you would be 50 yards from shore all the time when you ought to be within 50 feet of it. You can't see a snag in one of those shadows, but you know exactly where it is, and the shape of the river tells you when you are coming to it. On a pitch-dark night, all shores seem to be straight lines, and mighty dim ones, too; and you'd run them for straight lines, only you know better. You drive your boat right into what seems to be a solid, straight wall (knowing very well that in reality there is a curve there), and that wall falls back and makes way for you. Then here's your grey mist; and then there isn't any particular shape to a shore—"

"Oh, don't say any more, please! Have I got to learn the shape of the river according to all these five hundred thousand different ways?"

"No! you only learn the shape of the river; and you learn it with such absolute certainty that you can always steer by the shape that's in your head, and never mind the one that's before your eyes."

"Very well, I'll try it; but, after I have learnt it, can I depend on it to keep the same form?"

Before Mr. Bixby could answer, Mr. W. came in to take the watch,

and he said:

"Bixby, you'll have to look out for President's Island, and all that country clear away up above the Old Hen and Chickens. The banks are caving and the shape of the shores changing like everything. Why, you wouldn't know the point above 40. You can go up inside the old sycamore snag, now."

So that question was answered. Here were leagues of shore changing shape. My spirits were down in the mud again. Two things seemed apparent: a pilot had to learn more than any one man ought to be allowed to know; and he must learn it all over again in a different way

every 24 hours.

I went to work now to learn the shape of the river; and of all the eluding and ungraspable objects, that was the chief. I would fasten upon a sharp, wooded point that projected far into the river some miles ahead, and laboriously photograph its shape upon my brain; then as we drew nearer, it would melt away and fold back into the bank! If there had been a conspicuous dead tree standing upon the very point of the cape, I would find that tree merged into the general forest, and occupying the middle of a straight shore, when I got abreast of it No prominent hill would stick

to its shape long enough for me to make up my mind what its form really was. Nothing ever had the same shape coming downstream that it had borne when I went up. I mentioned these little difficulties

to Mr. Bixby. He said:

"That's the very main virtue of the thing. If the shapes didn't change every three seconds they wouldn't be of any use. Take this place where we are now, for instance. As long as that hill over yonder is only one hill, I can boom right along; but the moment it splits at the top and forms a V, I know I've got to scratch to starboard in a hurry, or I'll bang this boat's brains out against a rock; and then the moment one of the prongs of the V swings behind the other, I've got to waltz to larboard again, or I'll have a misunderstanding with a snag that would snatch the keelson out of this boat. If that hill didn't keep changing shape there would be an awful steamboat graveyard around here inside of a year."

In the course of time I began to get the best of this knotty lesson, and my self-complacency moved to the front once more. Mr. Bixby was ready for it. He opened on me after ' this fashion:

"How much water did we have in the middle crossing at Hole-inthe-Wall, trip before last?"

I considered this an outrage. The said:

"Every trip, down and un th

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leadsmen are singing through that tangled place for three-quarters of an hour on a stretch. How do you reckon I can remember such a mess as that?"

"'My boy, you've got to remember it. You've got to remember the exact spot and the exact marks the boat lay in when we had the shoallest water, in every one of the 500 shoal places between St. Louis and New Orleans; and you mustn't get the shoal soundings and marks of one trip mixed up with those of another, either, for they're not often twice alike."

When I came to myself again, I said:

"When I get so that I can do that, I'll be able to raise the dead, and then I won't have to pilot a steamboat to make a living. I want to retire from the business. I haven't got brains enough to be a pilot; and if I had I wouldn't have strength enough to carry them around, unless I went on crutches."

"Now drop that! When I say I'll learn a man the river, you can depend on it, I'll learn him or kill him."

There was no use in arguing with a person like this. I promptly put such a strain on my memory that by and by even the shoal water and the countless crossing-marks began to stay with me. But I never could get more than one knotty thing learned before another presented itself. Now I had often seen pilots

gazing at the water and pretending to read it as if it were a book; but it was a book that told me nothing. A time came at last, however, when Mr. Bixby seemed to think me far enough advanced to bear a lesson on water-reading. So he began:

"Do you see that long, slanting line on the face of the water? Now, that's a reef. Moreover, it's a bluff reef. There is a solid sand bar under it that is nearly as straight up and down as the side of a house. There is plenty of water close up to it, but mighty little on top of it. If you were to hit it you would knock the boat's brains out. Do you see where the line fringes out at the upper end and begins to fade away?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, that is a low place; that is the head of the reef. You can climb over there, and not hurt anything. Cross over, now, and follow along close under the reef—easy water there—not much current."

During the afternoon watch the next day, Mr. Bixby left the boat in my sole charge so long that I began to get prouder and prouder. I even got to "setting" her and letting the wheel go entirely, while I vaingloriously turned my back and inspected the stern marks and hummed a tune, a sort of easy indifference which I had prodigiously admired in Bixby and other great pilots. Once I inspected rather long, and when I faced to the front again my heart flew into my mouth. One of those frightful bluff reefs was

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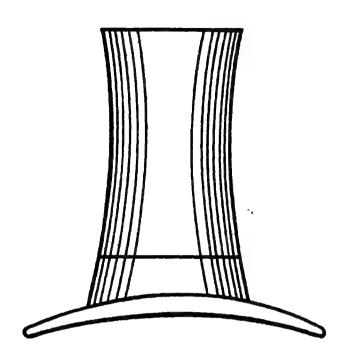


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stretching its deadly length right across our bows! My head was gone in a moment. I spun the wheel down and the boat answered and turned square away from the reef. But the reef followed, right across my bows! The awful crash was imminent. I never looked to see where I was going, only fled. We were just in the act of climbing an overhanging tree, and the passengers were scudding astern like rats, when Mr. Bixby appeared on the hurricane deck. I would have felt safe on the brink of Niagara with Mr. Bixby on the hurricane deck. He blandly took a toothpick out of his mouth and commanded genely:

"Stop the starboard! Stop the larboard! Set her back on both!"

The boat hesitated, halted, pressed her nose among the boughs a critical instant, then reluctantly began to back away.

Then Mr. Bixby came in and said,

with mock simplicity:

"When you have a hail, my boy, you ought to tap the big bell three times before you land, so that the engineers can get ready."

I blushed and said I hadn't had

any hail.

"Indeed? Why, what could you want over here in the bend, then? Did you ever know of a boat following a bend upstream at this stage of the river?"

"No, Sir—and I wasn't trying to follow it. I was getting away from a bluff reef."

one within three miles of where you were."

"But I saw it. It was as bluff as that one yonder."

"All right, run over that one. I am taking the responsibility."

I impressed his order upon my memory, to be used at the inquest, and made a straight break for the reef. As it disappeared under our bows I held my breath, but we slid over it like oil.

"Now, don't you see the difference? It wasn't anything but a wind reef. The wind does that."

"So I see. But it is exactly like a bluff reef. How am I ever going to tell them apart?"

"I can't tell you. It is an instinct. By and by you will just naturally know one from the other, but you will never be able to explain why or how you know them apart."

It turned out to be true. The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book which told its most cherished secrets without reserve. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. Throughout the long 1,200 miles there was never a page that was void of interest, never one that you could leave unread without loss. The passenger who could not read it was charmed with a peculiar sort of faint dimple on its surface; but to the pilot that was an italicized passage; for it meant that a wreck or a rock was buried there that could tear the fife out of the strongest vessel. It is

the faintest and simplest expression the water ever makes, and the most

hideous to a pilot's eye.

Now when I had mastered the language of this water, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry, had gone out of the majestic river! It had become, instead, the grimmest of reading matter. If I observed a beautiful sunset on the water, I looked upon it without rapture, commenting inwardly after this fashion: "This sun means that we are going to have wind tomorrow; that floating log means that the river is rising; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights; those tumbling 'boils' show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that troublesome place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the 'break' from a new snag, located in the best possible place to fish for steamboats; that tall dead tree is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?"

No, the romance and beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish towards compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat.

Thus I learned how exacting are the requirements of piloting. One day we met a great rise coming down the river. The whole vast face of the stream was black with drifting dead logs, broken boughs, and great trees. It required the nicest steering to pick one's way through this rushing raft, even in the daytime, when crossing from point to point; and at night the difficulty was mightily increased. Every now and then a huge log would suddenly appear right under our bows; we could only stop the engines, and one wheel would walk over it from one end to the other, keeping up a thundering racket and careening the boat most uncomfortably for the passengers. Now and then we would hit one of these sunken logs dead centre, with a full head of steam, and it would stun the boat as if she had hit a continent.

Of course, on the great rise, down came a swarm of prodigious timber rafts from the headwaters of the Mississippi, coal barges from Pittsburgh, little trading scows from everywhere. Pilots bore a mortal hatred for these craft, and it was returned with usury. The law required all such helpless traders to keep a light burning, but it was a law that was often broken. All of a sudden, on a murky night, a light would hop up, right under our bows, almost, and an agonized



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The questions we are asked most about SIMCA

Read this and know almost everything about SIMCA, except how wonderful it is to drive!

- 1. How many miles per gallon? Depends on how you drive, and which model. Most SIMCA owners average 30 to 40 miles per U.S. gallon.
 - 2. How much horsepower? 51.5 and 60 in the Aronde series; 51.5 in the Ariane 4; 84 in the Ariane 8 and Vedette series; 45 in commercials.
- 3. Can SIMCA hold the road? Speed Age reported "SIMCA's roadholding ability is second to none."
- 4. What accessories do you recommend? None are necessary at extra cost. Almost everything is standard—heater, defroster, automatic 'choke, 4-speed transmission, windshield wipers, directional signals, permanent oil filter and complete instrumentation.
- 5. How much money will SIMCA save in upkeep? You'll save a substantial amount on gasoline alone. SIMCA's resale value is also high. Repairs are few and inexpensive.
- 6. How big are SIMCA wheels? 5.60 x 14 on the Aronde series; 6.5 x 15 on Ariane and Vedette models.
- 7. Is there aluminum in the engine? The entire cylinder head.
- 8. Where is the gas tank? In the rear, outside the body of the car.
- 9. Is there extra charge for deluxe upholstery? No. Deluxe interiors are standard.
- gauges? One is the conventional gauge. The other is a special blinker to warn when gas is low.

- 11. I've heard economy cars are noisy. Is that true? Not SIMCA. Every-SIMCA body is sound-proofed and insulated, and the engine rides on vibration-damping mounts.
- 12. Where's the choke? On the carburetor. It's automatic.
- 13. Is there room for 4 people? Room for 5 in the Aronde models; 6 in the Arianes and Vedettes.
- 14. Do turn signals cost extra? No.
- 15. Does it have reclining seats? Yes. They're standard in most SIMCAs.
- 16. How long will SIMCA stay in style? Probably longer than any car you've ever owned.
- 17. How big are the brakes? Over 127 square inches braking surface in the Aronde series; 193.5 square inches in the Ariane and Vedette series.
- 18. How long and wide is the SIMCA?
 Aronde series 164.9" long, 61.7"
 wide; Ariane 4 is 177.9" long,
 68.9" wide; Ariane 8 and Vedette
 series 187" long, 69.2" wide.
- 19. How big is the trunk? Nearly 8 cubic feet in Aronde models; Vedettes have the largest trunk of any European automobile.
- 20. How long will the tires last? About half again as long as tires on conventional cars.
- 21. Does SIMCA have a unitized body? Yes. SIMCA's UniGard construction means that the body and frame are one welded-together piece.
- 22. How fast will SIMCA go? Aronde series, 80 mph; Ariane 4, 75 mph; Ariane 8 and Vedette, 90 mph.

The same

- 23. Why is the battery so big? SIMCA has a 12 volt ignition system for more starting power.
- 24. Do the side windows roll down all the way? Yes. In some economy cars rear windows only open half way. In a few, not at all.
- 25. How much gas does the tank hold? Aronde series, 11.4 U.S. gallons; Ariane and Vedette, 15.8.
- 26. What is the engine displacement? 51.5 and 60 HP engines, 78.7 cubic inches; 84 HP engine, 143.46.
- 27. What are the bore and stroke? 51.5 and 60 HP engines, 2.91" x 2.95"; 84 HP engine, 2.60" x 3.37".
- 28. Can a SIMCA be started with a push? Of course.
- 29. How popular is SIMCA in France? SIMCA is the largest selling five-passenger car in France.
- 30. What does this writing on the rear deck mean? "14 Records Du Monde" means that SIMCA holds 14 all-time world's records for high speed endurance driving.
- 31. How could SIMCA beat enormously powerful competition cars? On a test track, a stock SIMCA was driven continuously for 887 hours, covering 62,137 miles at an average speed of 70.02 mph. This set 14 world's records.

- 32. No other car has ever done that? No car, regardless of size, has gone so far at such speed.
- 33. What models does SIMCA sell? Sedans, sports cars, hardtops, station wagons, and utility pick-ups.
- 34. Can I order any color combination? There is a wide variety of standard colors and special colors may be ordered, too.
- 35. Are the hood and trunk lids count terbalanced? Yes. Very little est fort is required to lift them.
- 36. Can a SIMCA haul my trailer? A SIMCA Aronde once pulled a 9 ton bus from a standing start.
- 37. Can it take punishment? The "Hell Drivers" team uses SIMCA. They do more to punish a car in one show than you can in a year.
- 38. How can I tell if I'll like driving it? Take a test drive. You can't imagine how exciting it is to drive until you get in and go.
- 39. When can I arrange that? Any time. How about now?
- 40. By the way, how can they build; so much into such a low-priced car? That's a very good question. The answer has to be that they just do, that's all.

See your nearest SIMCA dealer for the free booklet that will answer all your questions.



voice, with the backwoods "whang" to it, would wail out:

"Whar'n the —— you goin' to! Cain't you see nothin', you dash-dashed aig-suckin', sheep-stealin', one-eyed son of a stuffed monkey!"

Then, for an instant, as we whistled by, the red glare from our furnaces would reveal the scow and the form of the gesticulating orator, as if under a lightning flash, and in that instant our firemen and deckhands would send and receive a tempest of missiles and profanity, one of our wheels would walk off with the crashing fragments of a steering oar, and down the dead blackness would shut again. And that flatboat-man would be sure to go into New Orleans and sue our boat, swearing stoutly that he had a light burning all the time, when in truth his gang had the lantern down below to sing and drink and gamble by, and no watch on deck. Once we just caught the sound of music in time to sheer off from such a craft when they happened to be fiddling down below. And once a coalboat-man sent 'a bullet through our pilot-house when we borrowed a steering oar off him.

The big rise brought a new world under my vision. We had forsaken our old paths and were hourly climbing over bars that had stood ten feet out of water before; we were shaving stumpy shores which we had always avoided; we were clattering through chutes where the dense, untouched forest overhung both banks, and as we swept by we glimpsed grassy nooks, swinging grapevines, red-blossomed creepers, and a spendthrift richness of forest foliage.

Behind other islands we found wretched little farms, and wretcheder log cabins. There were crazy rail fences sticking a foot or two above the water, with jeans-clad, chills-racked, yellow-faced male miserables roosting on the top rail, chewing tobacco, while the rest of the family and the few farm animals huddled in an empty wood-flat moored close at hand.

There is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate, and that is memory. Nothing short of perfection will do. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must know it. As a result a pilot's memory is about the most wonderful thing in the world. But only in the matters it is daily drilled in. A time would come when a man could not help noticing landmarks and soundings, and holding on to them with the grip of a vice; but if you asked that same man at noon what he had had for breakfast, ten to one he could not tell you. Astonishing things can be done with the human memory if you will devote it faithfully to one particular line of business.

At one time wages soared high on the Missouri River, and my chief, Mr. Bixby, went up there and learned more than a thousand miles



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astonishing. When he had seen each division once in the daytime and once at night, he took out a "daylight" licence; a few trips later he took out a full licence, and went to piloting day and night—and he ranked A1, too.

But even more than memory, a pilot must have good and quick judgement, and a calm courage that no peril can shake. Courage in the pilot-house does not reach maturity until some time after the young pilot has been "standing his own watch" alone. Therefore pilots wisely train their cubs, by various strategic tricks, to face danger calmly.

Mr. Bixby served me in this fashion once, and for years afterwards I used to blush when I thought of it. I had become a good steersman; so good, indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night and day. Mr. Bixby seldom made a suggestion; all he ever did was to take the wheel on particularly bad rossings, land the boat, play gentleman of leisure nine-tenths of the watch, and collect the wages.

The lower river was about bank full, and if anybody had questioned my ability to run any crossings between Cairo and New Orleans, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the daytime, was too preposterous for contemplation. Indeed, I judged my pilot's

education was complete. So I got to tilting my cap to the side of my head, and wearing a toothpick in my mouth at the wheel. Mr. Bixby had his eye on these airs. One day, as I was bowling down the bend above Island 66, he said:

"I am going below awhile. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One couldn't come to any harm, whether he ran it right or not; and as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew this perfectly well. "Know how to run it? Why, I can run it with my eyes shut."

"How much water is there in it?"

"Well, that is an odd question. I couldn't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The tone of the question shook my confidence. He left, without saying anything more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I got to the head of the island I had 15 or 20 people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across, the captain glanced aloft and said, with sham uneasiness;

"Where is Mr. Bixby?"

"Gone below, Sir."

But that did the business for me

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A

LOST TOOTH

I am Maxillary Molar - Max to my friends and neighbours. And I belong to Mr B. I was meant to last him a lifetime; but here I am at a dentist's — being extracted! And I haven't lived half my age! I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr B screams with pain!

I was born when Mr B was eight years old, sixteen years ago. I grew up to be a shining white tooth. Whenever Mr B looked into the mirror, I shone with whiteness, like the rest of my brethren. We were a set of gleaming white teeth. And no wonder. Mr B cleaned us regularly, morning and evening — with a foothpaste, of course.

You probably use a toothpaste yourself. But which toothpaste? That's the point. I've just heard the dentist say to Mr B: 'Most toothpastes clean the teeth well; but that's not enough. A toothpaste must care for the gums, too. Do you know that unhealthy gums are the greatest single cause of tooth losses?'

A little laugh escaped Mr B.

'Gum troubles are no laughing matter. Mr B. They breed toxic matter in the mouth, which cannot but pass into the body. When this happens, stomach troubles and ill-health start.'

'Grruff!'

'Research has shown,' continued the dentist, 'that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases — without being aware of it! You are one of the nine, Mr B.'

'What can I do about it?' mumbled Mr B.

"Well, this is what I do," the dentist said, picking up a phial from this shelf. "We dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate for treating gum troubles."

'Sodium Ricinoleate?' Mr B said, brightening up. 'That reminds me of Gibbs SR Toothpaste. I've read an advertisement where they say that only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate. What does it do?'

'It strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding. And it neutralises the toxic action of bacteria in the mouth.'

The dentiat's forceps have gripped me firmly—and ohh! there's no last straw left for me. Before I am dropped into the dentist's little bin, let me tell you why I relate my story. I want to help you save your teeth. Let them last you a lifetime, as they are meant to do! Let your own teeth chew your food all your days. Let them add sparkle to your smile all your life.

Down, down I go! (Clinki)...



My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead! A wave of coward agony surged through me and all my confidence in that crossing vanished. I seized the bell-rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; then pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself. Captain and mate sang out instantly, together:

"Starboard lead there! and quick

about it!"

This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other. Then came the leadsman's sepulchral cry:

"D-e-e-p four!"

Deep four in a bottomless crossin! The terror of it took my breath away.

"M-a-r-k three! Quarter-lessthree! Half twain!"

This was frightful! I seized the bell-ropes and stopped the engines.

"Quarter twain! Quarter twain! Mark twain!"

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do.

"Quarter-less-twain! Nine-and-a-half!"

We were drawing nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly. I flew to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer:

"Oh, Ben, if you love me, back

her! Back the immortal soul out of her!"

I heard the door close gently. I looked round, and there stood Mr. Bixby, smiling a bland, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a thundergust of humiliating laughter. I saw it all then, set the boat in her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said:

"It was a fine trick to play on an orphan, wasn't it? I suppose I'll never hear the last of how I was ass enough to heave the lead at the head of 66."

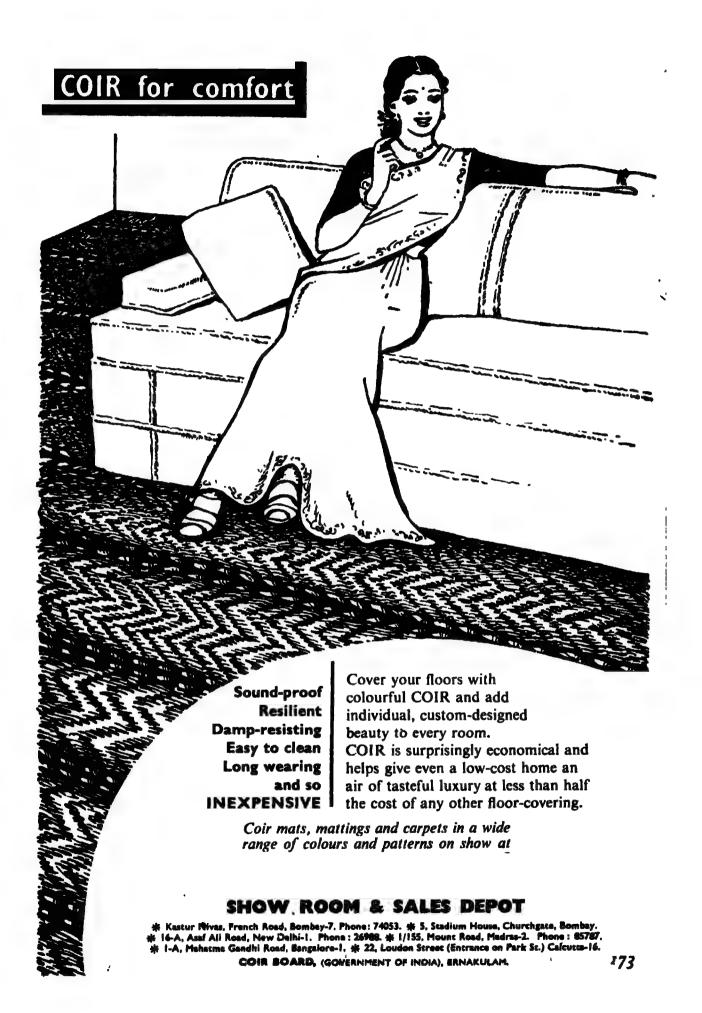
"Well, no, you won't, maybe. In fact I hope you won't; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Didn't you know there was no bottom in that crossing?"

"Yes, Sir, I did."

"Very well, then. You shouldn't have allowed me or anybody else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing: when you get into a dangerous place, don't turn coward. That isn't going to help."

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly learned. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, "Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her!"

I HAVE TRIED to show my readers that piloting is a very curious and wonderful science. If I have seemed to love my subject, it is no surprising thing, for I loved the profession



far better than any I have followed since, and I took a measureless

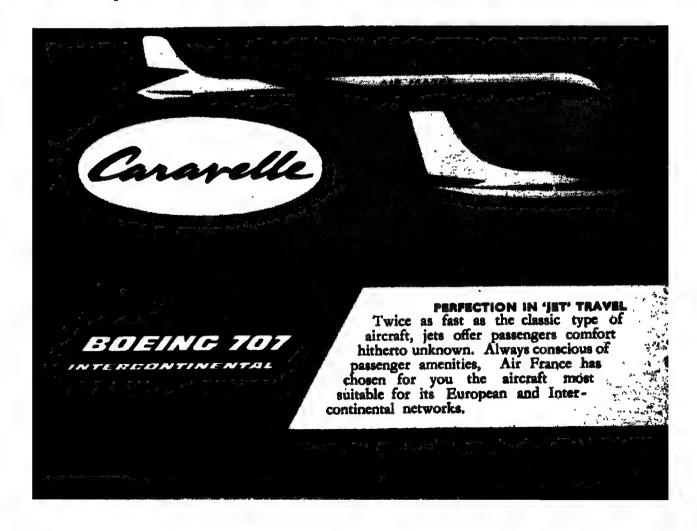
pride in it.

The reason is plaint a pilot, in those days, was the only unfettered and entirely independent human being on earth. The captain might give him five or six orders while the vessel backed into the stream, but the moment the boat was under way, she was under the sole and unquestioned control of the pilot. He consulted no one, he received commands from nobody, and he promptly resented even the merest suggestions. Indeed, he was a great personage in the old steamboating days.

I think pilots were about the only

people I ever knew who failed to show, in some degree, embarrassment in the presence of travelling foreign princes. But then, people in one's own grade of life are not usually embarrassing objects.

In those old days, to load a steamboat at St. Louis, take her to New Odeans and back, and discharge cargo, consumed about 25 days. Seven or eight of these days the boat spent at the wharves of St. Louis and New Orleans, and every soul on board was hard at work, except the two pilots; they did nothing but play gentlemen uptown, at full wages. The moment the boat touched the wharf they were ashore; and they were not likely to be seen



again till the last bell was ringing and everything was in readiness

for another voyage.

When a captain got hold of a pilot of particularly high reputation, he took pains to keep him. When wages were 400 dollars a month on the Upper Mississippi, I have known a captain keep such a pilot in idleness, under full pay, three months at a time, while the river was frozen up. And in those cheap times, 400 dollars was a salary of almost inconceivable splendour. Few men on shore got such pay.

And not only pilots, but all steamboat-men were persons of distinction in the river towns, where they swaggered and spent money lavishly; and they gained importance according to the dignity of the boat they were on. For instance, it was a proud thing to be of the crew of such stately craft as the Aleck Scon or the Grand Turk. Negro firemen, deck-hands and barbers belonging to those boats were distinguished personages in their grade of life. A stalwart negro once gave offence at a ball in New Orleans by putting on a good many airs. Finally one of the managers hustled up to him and said:

"Who is you anyway? Who is you? Dat's what I wants to know!"

The offender was not disconcerted in the least, but swelled him self up confidently.



"Who is I? I let you know mighty quick who I is! I want you folks to understan' dat I fires de middle do' on de Aleck Scott!"

That was sufficient.

In the hey-day of steamboat times it was the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five in the afternoon. From three o'clock onwards they would be burning resin and pitch-pine (the sign of preparation), and there would be a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall ascending columns of coal-black smoke. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack-staff. Belated passengers dodged among the frantic loadings of freight, while halfnaked crews of perspiring negroes, who worked the loading windlasses, were roaring such songs as "De Las' Sack! De Las' Sack!"—inspired to unimaginable exultation by the chaos.

With hurricane and boiler decks packed black with passengers, the "last bells" would clang, and all down the line boats would slide backwards into the stream, leaving wide gaps in the serried rank of steamers. Citizens crowd the decks of boats that are not to go, to see the sight. Steamer after steamer straightens herself up, gathers all her strength, and presently comes swinging by, under a tremendous head of steam, with flag flying, black smoke rolling, and her entire crew of firemen and deck-hands

(usually negroes) massed together on the forecastle, the best "voice" of the lot mounted on the capstan waving his hat, and all roaring a mighty chorus. Steamer after steamer falls into line, and the stately procession goes winging its flight up the river.

In the old times, whenever two fast boats started out on a race, it was inspiring to hear the crews sing, especially at nightfall, when the forecastle was lit up with the red glare of the torch baskets. The date for a race was set weeks in advance, and from that time forward the whole Mississippi valley was in a state of consuming excitement. As the time approached, the two steamers "stripped" and got ready. Every encumbrance that added weight or exposed a resisting surface was removed, if the boat could possibly do without it.

If the boat was known to make her best speed when drawing five and a half feet forward and five feet aft, she carefully loaded to that exact figure—she wouldn't enter a box of pills on her manifest after that. Hardly any passengers were taken, because they not only add weight but they will never "trim boat." They always run to the side when there is anything to see, whereas a conscientious and experienced steamboat-man would stick to the centre of the boat and part his hair in the middle with a spirit level.

Racers would stop only at the largest towns, and then but a few moments. Coal-flats and wood-flats

by their
united effort
Britons and Indians
are building a
vast steelworks
at Durgapur



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BRITISH COMPANIES WORKING FOR INDIA

A familiar sight in the Durgapur of today is this instance of Indo-British collaboration—of Indian and British technicians discussing problems and working together to help build the giant I million ton steel plant in the newest steel city of India.

The entire construction work of the Durgapur project has been entrusted to ISCON, a consortium of leading British engineering and electrical firms, and from the very start they are working in partnership, hand in hand, with Indian technicians, Indian workers, skilled and unskilled.

ISCON-19

were contracted for beforehand, and these were kept ready to hitch on to the flying steamers at a moment's warning. Double crews were carried, so that all work could be

quickly done.

The chosen date having come, the two great steamers back into the stream, and lie there jockeying a moment, flags drooping, the pent steam shrieking through safety valves, the black smoke tumbling from the chimneys. People everywhere; the shores, the house-tops, the steamboats, the ships, are packed with them, and the borders of the broad Mississippi are fringed with humanity for 1,200 miles northward to welcome the racces.

Presently tall columns of steam burst from the 'scape-pipes of both steamers, two guns boom a goodbye, two red-shirted heroes mounted on capstans wave their small flags, two mighty choruses burst forth—

and here they come!

Two nicely matched steamers will stay in sight of each other day after day. They might even stay side by side, but for the fact that pilots are not all alike, and the smartest pilots will win the race. If one of the boats has a "lightning" pilot, whose partner is a trifle his inferior, you can tell which one is on watch by noting whether that boat has gained or lost ground during a four-hour stretch.

DURING THE two years of my apprenticeship I served under many pilots, and had experience of many

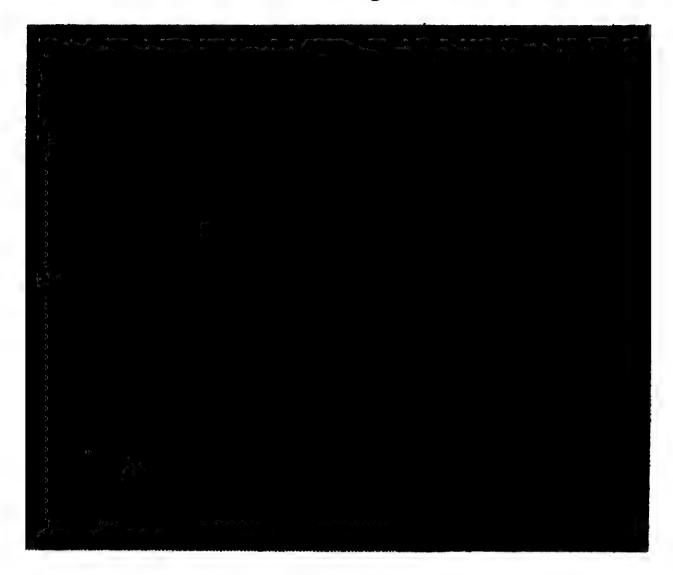
kinds of steamboat-men and many varieties of steamboats. In due course I got my licence. I was a pilot now, full-fledged. I dropped into casual employment; no misfortunes resulting, intermittent work gave place to steady engagements. Time drifted smoothly and prosperously on, and I supposed—and hoped—that I was going to follow the river for the rest of my days, and die at the wheel when my mission was ended.

But the days of the steamboat's glory were numbered. First, the war came and almost entirely annihilated the steamboating industry during several years. Next the railways, intruding everywhere, began to divert passenger travel from the steamboats, so that there was little for the steamers to do but carry freight; and finally, some genius from the Atlantic coast introduced the plan of towing a dozen steamer cargoes down to New Orleans at the tail of a vulgar little tugboat; and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, the noble science of piloting was a thing of the dead and pathetic past, and my occupation was gone!

I had to seek another livelihood. So I became a silver miner in Nevada; next, a newspaper reporter; next, a gold miner in California; next, a reporter in San Francisco; next, a special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands; next, a roving correspondent in Europe and the East; next, an instructional torch-bearer on the lecture platform; and

Be cool this summer

in smart Liberty bush-shirts!



This summer, well-dressed men will be wearing Liberty bush-shirts. Made from the finest materials... with an eye to colour and design... Liberty bush-shirts will keep you smart and comfortable all through summer!

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finally, I became a scribbler of books, and an immovable fixture among the other rocks of New England. After 21 years' absence I felt a strong desire to see the river again, and the steamboats, and such of the boys as might be left; so I started westward for St. Louis.

There, manifestly, a glory that once was had dissolved and vanished. The change of changes was on the levee. Half a dozen soundasleep steamboats where I used to see a solid mile of wide-awake ones! Half a dozen lifeless steamboats, a mile of empty wharves, a negro fatigued with whisky, stretched asleep in a wide and soundless vacancy, where the serried hosts of commerce used to contend.

Here was desolation indeed.

The pavements along the river front were bad; the streets were out of repair; there was a rich abundance of mud. All this was familiar and satisfying; but the ancient armies of drays, and struggling throngs of men, and mountains of freight, were gone; and Sabbath reigned in their stead. St. Louis is a great and prosperous and advancing city; but the river-edge of it seems dead past resurrection. The towboat and the railways had done their work, and done it well and completely.

Mississippi steamboating wasborn about 1812; at the end of 31 years it had grown to mighty proportions; and in less than 30 more it was dead! A strangely short life for so majestic a creature.

THE END

Cartoon Quips

Woman at club meeting to friend, as speaker is introduced: "I know her intimately. We have the same charwoman!"

—Galbraith

Wife to husband: "Can't we discuss something just once without being reasonable?"

—S. H.

Husband to wife: "I may have a lot of faults, but being wrong isn't one of them!"

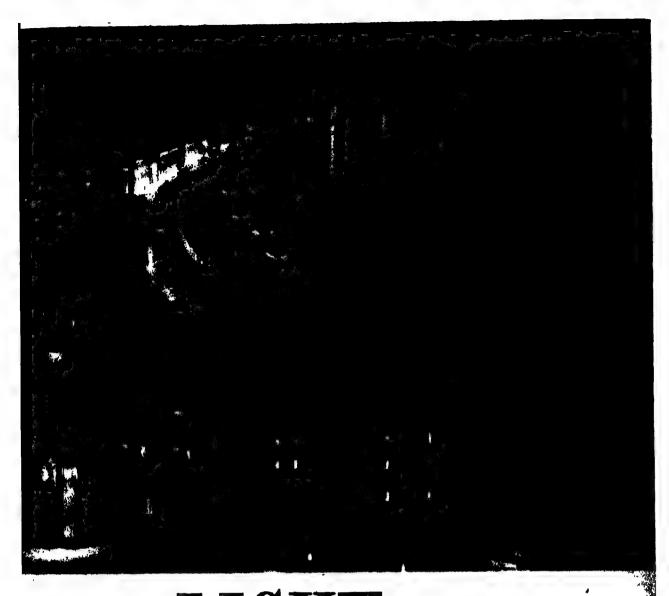
One teenage boy to another: "I had a long talk with my father about girls. He doesn't know anything about them either."

—W. V. R.

Wife, to frowning husband holding cancelled cheques in his hand: "You mean the bank saves all the cheques I write and sends them to you?

What an underhand thing to do!"

—L. H.



ead kindly

into the early hours of the morning.

Sang the Poet a few centuries ago.

Light, in the literal sense, has made considerable progress since then.

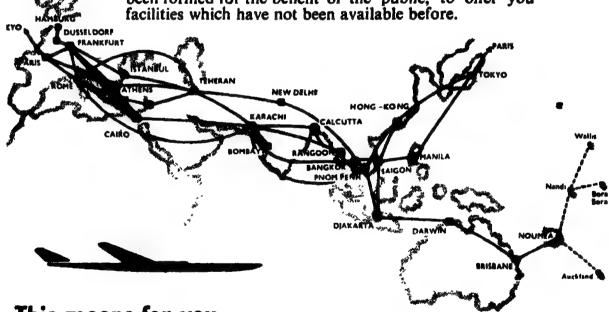
Modern Cities, Towns and even Villages are agleam after dusk and well."

India too, is catching up with this progress. We also are doing our bit to promote planned lighting in homes, offices, factories and institutions. Our Lighting Advisory Service Department will be pleased to advise your on any of your lighting problems.



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BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA



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No more burning sensation, no more touch-me-not feeling. Just dab on a little CREST after you shave.

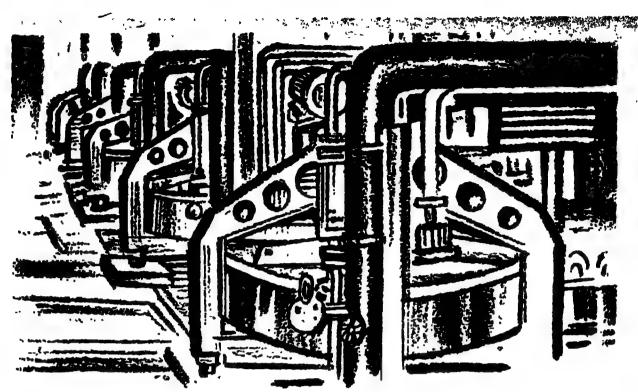
Another intriguing reason, women love its fragrance—so use CREST After Shave Lotion for your evenings out.

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2



SODIUM HYDROSULPHITE

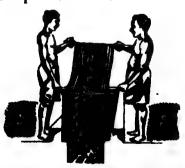
... another TCC first!

FOR USE: principally when dyeing vat dyestuffs, for lightening or levelling out dyeings, stripping dyed shades and prereducing vat dyestuffs in textile printing, and also as a powerful reducing agent in the sugar industry.

Now... sodium hydrosulphite ("hydros") is MADE IN INDIA at TCC's modern plant! (Capacity—3 tons a day.)

Maybe, the erection and commissioning of this new plant adds a

fresh laurel to our brow, but we'd rather like to think of this achievement as another opportunity for service to the textile industry-may its "shade" never grow less!





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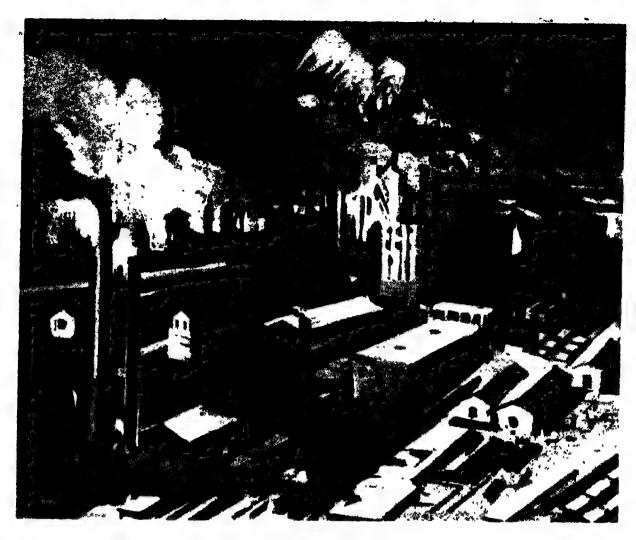
Morning or evening, drink regularly delicious "Drinking Chocolate" from Cadburys. Easy to prepare, quick to serve.

Cadbury means Quality



and water) and stir,

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate for Puddings and Cakes too!



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Six flavours and colours—all in one packet! Ready in a minute, you can serve creamy-smooth Brown & Polson Variety Custard with puddings and sweets. Delightful too, with all kinds of fresh and tinned fruit.



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Mr. Chinubhai Kilachand, Director of The Premier Automobiles Ltd., and Chairman of The Indian Society of Advertisers

ADVERTISING increases the number of customers a producer can reach. Result: Increased output to meet the enlarged demand.

Advertising sharpens competitive selling: the producer, knowing that his competitors can also use advertising to appeal to a wider market, must improve the quality, utility, durability or performance of his product in order to keep his customers, attract new ones.

How have we tested this in practice? In the Automobile Industry, the objective is to improve quality, improve design and performance. To achieve this we have to develop new engineering skills; gather data on improved techniques and have at our disposal modern technical know-how.

Manufacturers have learnt that it pays to invest substantial sums on training engineers and acquiring know-how—for improving existing products so as to hold their own in a highly competitive market.

This investment in knowledge is willingly made because subsequent acceptance and demand prove that the consumer expects and approves the improved article.

This continual raising of technical standards and knowledge becomes practicable with the mass market which advertising alone can economically create. It is no longer the consumer alone who insists on a better product; the producer is equally insistent that the upward cycle of progress is maintained to the benefit of everyone!



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BREEZE for a healthier, lovelier complexion

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For maximum economy & protection



when should you change oil

By M. D. Lotlikar

r. M. D. Lotlikar, Chief Engineer of Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, answers here some questions on oil changes... to guide motorists as regards the correct engine oil-change intervals for their cars.

Q. Does the rule 'change oil every 1,000 miles' apply to to-day's high-compression engines?

A. It certainly does! As a matter of fact, it is even more important, because today's engines are making increasingly greater demands on oil, than say, the engines of 10 years ago.

Q. But aren't today's oils better?

A. Of course they are! Actually modern engines wouldn't work efficiently without these specially developed oils. But this doesn't mean they don't become dirty in service! If oil is left in the engine for too long, it picks up many impurities that form varnish, lacquer and sludge.

O. And so . . . ?

A. And so this quickly brings down engine efficiency. You'll find your engine losing power, not operating

smoothly and needing frequent repairs (costly repairs!).

Q. In other words would you say that trying to economise on oil changes is penny-wise and pound-foolish?

A. Definitely! This is no mere assumption, but a positive fact proved by laboratory experiments. These experiments have shown that engine wear in cars where oil is changed every 2,000 miles, is 1½ to 1¾ greater than in cars with oil changed every 1,000 miles. This wear rate further increases if you change oil every 3,000 miles!

Q. Is it right to say 1,000 miles is the average?

A. That's right! The 1,000 miles is a very good yardstick. Did you know that your average car trip in the city hardly exceeds 6 miles? This doesn't even give the engine a chance to warm up properly, and it is the first few miles that are the hardest on oil. That's why we say, average conditions necessitate an oil change every 1,000 miles.

Q. But isn't the average motorist doing this?

A. We're afraid not! And that's why he is running up costly repair bills, losing on engine efficiency, and depriving himself of the pleasure of smooth, trouble-free driving!

'NOW,' SAYS MR. LOTLIKAR, 'LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION—AND LET ME ANSWER IT MYSELF!'

Q. Why should you take all this trouble to change oil regularly?

A. Because your car is a valuable investment! And so, you must protect it, keep it in top condition for a long, long time. MOBILOIL gives your engine this complete protection. It maintains, from cold starts, to high-temperature speeds, a tough, protective film of oil between moving parts. This film cuts down on unnecessary friction, giving you increased power and longer engine life!

MOBILOIL — FIRST IN PROTECTION — FIRST IN WORLD SALES.





At the foot of the Himalayan ranges dwelt Suka the learned Rishi, and to him came from far and wide many seekers after knowledge.

To him there came, one day, a thoughtful man with a question in mind and he asked of the Rishi, "Of all things on this earth what takes the longest to grow?"

Suka mused awhile then answered: "Confidence. Whatever is tried and tested in the crucible of time and found to give complete satisfaction—only then does confidence come to be reposed in it! That is the touchstone of its success".

ALEMBIC CHEMICAL WORKS COMPANY LIMITED BARODA 3

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Reader's Digest

JUNE 1960



The most important event of modern times may be the race between "population explosion" and scientific efforts to create means of "population control"

TOO MANY PEOPLE:

What Can We Do About It?

By Robert Coughlan

ago parents everywhere could expect almost half their children to die before maturity. The actual span of life was less than half the Biblical "three score and ten." As a result it took the first 5,000 years of civilization to raise Man's numbers to a thousand million. Then

scientific medicine began producing its miracles. Infant mortality started going down; longevity started going up.

It then took less than 100 years to double world population from 1,000 million to 2,000 million, the mark reached in the 1920's. To double this once again to the 4,000 million expected by 1980 will have

taken less than 60 years! And if the present rate of increase is maintained, the figure will be doubled every 40 years, millions piling on millions in an explosive chain reaction of human fertility.

From the viewpoint of Western society, the question for our time is whether Western civilization and democratic government are likely to survive such a runaway increase in

population.

In the technically advanced countries, medical progress has been a continuous process extending over half a dozen generations, Population has increased, but in general the economic systems were wellenough developed to keep pace.

By contrast, the dramatic new lifesavers—vaccines, antibiotics, insecticides—have been arriving abruptly in large parts of the world that have traditionally been characterized by high death- and birth-rates and primitive economic development. A good example is Cevlon, From ancient times malaria had been the great killer there. After the Second World War the Ceylon Government determined to stamp out malaria by a rigorous national health campaign. In only a few years the death-rate fell by more than half —but the birth-rate stayed high. Ceylon now has an annual population increase approaching three per cent, one of the world's highest. And what has happened in Ceylon is about to happen almost everywhere one looks in the Far East.

Forty years from now, if present rates continue, there will be 1,000 million Indians and 1,500 million Chinese.

Taking all the underdeveloped countries of the world together, a U.N. statistical study indicates that their population is increasing at a rate more than double that of advanced nations. Forty years from now the world population will be 70 per cent Afro-Asian. Adding in some Latin-American countries, one finds that about three-quarters of the world's population will be living in today's least developed areas!

What kind of life can these new millions have? The living standards of the present generation are miserably low. Unless the birth-rate falls, there is almost certain to be a lowering of standards until human misery finally puts a brake on breeding probably not, however, until democracy has been thrown overboard in favour of some form of dictatorship —most likely, Communist dictatorship.

Sir Julian Huxley, who, while head of UNESCO, had reason to study the situation, has "Everything points to one conclusion. While every effort must be made to increase food production, to facilitate distribution, to shame the 'have' nations into a fairer sharing of the good things of the world with the 'have nots,' this alone cannot prevent disaster. Birth control is also necessary, on a world scale and as soon as possible."

Social and religious attitudes towards population control—a better reterm than "birth control" in the present context—vary tremendously. In the crisis areas, primitive agriculture is still the main way of life, and hence children are welcomed for the useful work they can do at an early age. As for religious factors, probably the most powerful one is a traditional resignation, among the masses, "to God's will." Yet, while all the religions mainly involved— Buddhism, Hinduism, primitive animism, Islam and Roman Catholicism—contain elements that tend to encourage procreation, none maintains that it ought to be unlimited.

Catholic doctrine tends to be misunderstood even by many Catholics. While Catholics are supposed to obey the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply," wide flexibility is allowed. As the late Pope Pius XII said in 1951, "Serious reasons, such as those found in the medical, eugenic, economic and social 'indications,' can exempt for a long time, perhaps even for the whole duration of the marriage, from this positive duty." The choice here — "medical, adjectives eugenic, economic and social" obviously offers considerable latitude to Catholics.

The approved Catholic method of family limitation is the use of woman's natural "rhythm," limiting marital relations to those days when she is presumed to be infertile. As Pope Pius said further: "One may

On present evidence, there is no reason to believe that the world-wide adoption of the practice of birth control would have biologically malign effects. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that failure to adopt some measure of family limitation will lead, in the long run, to misery, privation and economic distress.

—Professor P. B. Medawar in the fourth of the 1959 series of Reith Lectures on "The Future of Man" broadcast by the B.B.C.

even hope that science will succeed in providing this licit [rhythm] method with a sufficiently secure basis." The Catholic disagreement with other religions, then, concerns method, not principle.

In the immediate population crisis, Catholic doctrine is of concern only in Latin America and the Philippines. In other areas birth-control movements are in various stages of development. Japan, in fact, has solved the problem, but the main method used—inexpensive legal abortions, on a scale of well over a million a year—would be abhorrent to most societies.

Both India and Egypt are supporting family-planning clinics. Thus, an example has been set for other countries in Asia and the Middle East. The impetus is almost necessarily from government to people rather than the other way round. The average peasant couple is only vaguely aware of the forces at work beyond the village, and has

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little comprehension or feeling about a national population problem. But the peasant man and woman are uncomfortably aware of their own personal over-population problem and *are* receptive to the idea of family limitation.

The clinics so far are completely inadequate. What chiefly stands in their way is the lack of a feasible means of accomplishing birth control. Present methods (including rhythm) could, if they were generally applied, impede the human flood. But they encounter many obstacles: male self-indulgence, lack of privacy, frequent inability to understand how female contraceptive devices work. And at present most such methods are expensive in relation to the people's low income.

The "perfect" contraceptive must be cheap, simple, long lasting, nonirritating, requiring no contact with the reproductive organs, applied at a time remote from the act itself. And it must lend itself to mass campaigns that are easy for governments to administer—as easy, say, as the mass vaccinations that have contributed to "death control."

Surprisingly enough, vaccination itself may turn out to be the answer. In the Salk vaccine, for example, the injection of inactivated polio virus causes antibodies in the blood stream to attack invading live polio virus; similarly the injection of sperm, ova or embryonic tissues may cause specific antibodies to form which would neutralize later "invasions"

of these materials. In tests with animals, evidence is accumulating that the method can be made to work, but it is impossible to say yet that it will work with humans.

Such approaches are known as "physiologic"—that is, events that could occur spontaneously in the body are brought about deliberately to achieve a given aim. Most present research is of this nature.

For instance, it has been known for some time that after ovulation has taken place in a female, a hormone called progesterone is secreted. This substance triggers a reaction which prevents the formation of more eggs during the monthly cycle. Since progesterone can have this egg-inhibiting effect in the latter half of every menstrual cycle, it is reasonable to suppose that a woman who received steady doses of it from some outside source—in a pill, for instance—could be prevented from ovulating. And if there were no egg there could be no conception.

This simple deduction has led to the development of several promising synthetic compounds stronger than natural progesterone when taken orally. Since 1956 doctors have managed four field trials of one of these compounds, involving 830 women in Puerto Rico and Haiti. They reported that, if the pills are taken faithfully, "practically 100 per cent contraception occurs."

This is a sensational achievement, approaching the ideal. Treatment



consists of nothing but swallowing a pill once a day, beginning on the fifth day after the onset of menstruation and continuing for 20 days. If ovulation is wanted, the patient has only to stop taking the pills.

The sample is still too small to ensure that steroid treatment will work this well conststently and, in fact, a companion clinical trial casts doubts on the "practically 100 per cent." However, assuming that it can at least be made to yield an extremely high rate, the other question then has to be faced. Is it practicable?

Although this method seems to be simplicity itself, numbers of women in the clinical trials found it beyond their mental and emotional capacity. Another drawback is cost: the pills retail at 4s. (about Rs. 3) each—which means almost Rs. 60 for a month's supply.

Neither of these points may be insoluble, of course. It may be possible to design the pill in such a way that it could be taken less often, perhaps only once a week; as for cost, no doubt mass production and government distribution could reduce it greatly.

But a good many of the women in the trials reported unpleasant side effects such as nausea, headache, dizziness. In many cases these reactions stopped when the patient became used to the pill, but the side effects caused about ten per cent of the women who started treatment to drop out. Still one more reason why the present steroid pills are a long way from being the answer to the problem is that they have to be taken under a doctor's supervision, because no one really knows yet whether long-continued use may cause serious organic damage.

The hope, of course, is for a fully effective way to control population growth. But even a contraceptive that is not wholly effective could have potential importance in the emerging countries. In India's case, a recent study shows that if the country's economic plans go forward rapidly and successfully, and if human fertility could be reduced by 50 per cent over a 30-year period, per capita income would be about 40 per cent higher than if present trends in birth- and death-rates remain unchanged.

A few months ago a study prepared for the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee suggested that the development of "a good, cheap oral contraceptive or its equivalent" be made a priority item for a proposed scientific agency to help underdeveloped areas. A special committee appointed by President Eisenhower to review America's present foreign-aid programmes recommended that the government should be prepared, on request, to help countries "in the formulation of their plans designed to deal with the problem of rapid population growth." One paper prepared by a member of a study group for this committee pointed out that "the

adoption of a presently available technique, even if only 75 per cent effective, by only 50 per cent of the married couples in a rapidly growing, economically underdeveloped population could play a vital role in minimizing human suffering."*

With the urgent necessity for finding some answer to the population problem, scientists are explor-

ing all possible approaches.

*On November 25, 1959, the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States announced their opposition to the use of public funds for promoting artificial birth control at home or abroad. Singling out the term "population explosion" as intended to frighten needlessly, the bishops denounced what they called a "systematic and concerted" campaign of "propaganda" for the use of foreign-aid funds to encourage birth control in the underdeveloped encourage birth control in the underdeveloped countries.

The bishops repudiated any assertion that artificial birth prevention was gradually becoming acceptable to the Catholic Church. But the statement made it clear that the bishops were opposing the use of contraceptive devices and drugs, and not birth control through continence during periods of maximum fertility.

Experts are decidedly optimistic. Not many year's from now, they think, there will be not one but several simple, acceptable new contraceptive methods. They will be in the form of pills and probably also of injections.

All in all, then, the chances seem to favour a positive answer to the "population explosion." One question remains: how can science, public policy and individual behaviour be brought together to regulate population? Nothing could run more danger of offending national and individual pride, personal privacy, religious beliefs and social custom. And yet nothing may be more important to the preservation of Western beliefs, specifically including Christian religious beliefs.

Condensed from Life



Verse--and Werse-

SOB STORY

Today, away from me you fly, Though, yesterday, to me you flew, A cup of coughey should. So now I am disposed to cry, Though heretofore I never crew.

COMPANION PEACE

A jug of wine beneath the bough And milk from yon contented cough And you beside me makes me glow Deliciously, from head to tow.

NOT HARD TO SWALLOW

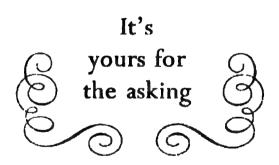
I wonder what would help my cough; At least it wouldn't bump me ough, And it *might* do me gould.

THE POINT IS MOOT

If you say, "Boot," Then why not foot? And on your feet, You should wear beet.

-Margaret Fishback~

Don't Miss the Best Thing in Life



By
Norman Vincent Peale



r's BEEN some time since I've heard anyone whistling a tune in the street. And this isn't just my own observation.

A friend of mine, a magazine editor, mentioned it the other day. He remembers his childhood as a time when people seemed to know how to get more fun out of life than they do today.

Why is this? If it is true of you, what can you do to bring the want-to-whistle back into your attitude to life? What can you do to gain the natural, unaffected joy that

comes from deep inside?

Your physical condition has a lot to do with your ability to enjoy life. Proper exercise and proper rest are essential ingredients of joyful emotions. When you feel right, your appreciation of everything expands. Dr. Henry Link, the psychologist, would never see a patient who was depressed without first prescribing a brisk walk. "This will exercise the motor centres of the brain," Dr. Link would say, "and the blood will flow away from the emotionalactivity centres. When you come back, you will be much more receptive to positive thoughts."

So, the first step in attaining this wonderful sense of the deep fun of life is to treat your body right. The second step is to think right. The positive thinker trains himself in

the attitude of joy. He expects it, and he finds it. A good friend of mine says, "I have made it a habit to expect a pleasant surprise each day, and it has seldom failed to come to pass."

Those who look forward, expecting to see great things, are going to be happy. A Roman philosopher said, "No man is happy who does not think himself so." If the mind is filled with hate or selfishness, the clear light of joy cannot filter through. It is extremely important to clean up sins and errors; then forget them and go forward. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before" (Philippians 3:13). This is to be wise.

Popular philosopher Elbert Hubbard said, "Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself." Henry David Thoreau used to give himself good news first thing in the morning. He would tell himself how lucky he was to have been born. If he hadn't been born he would never have known the crunch of snow underfoot, or the gleam of starlight; he'd never have smelt the fragrance of a wood fire or have seen the love light in human eyes. He started off each day with thanksgiving.

Giving to others is another joy producer. This may mean giving money or time or interest or advice—anything you take out of you and transfer to others, helpfully.

I recall a young businessman who was extremely ambitious. He gave to his job all he had. As a result, he developed tension and anxiety symptoms, partly because he feared he couldn't sustain the fast, competitive pace he had set for himself—a pathetic reaction often experienced by those who "get ahead."

"Why don't I get fun out of life

any more?" he asked me.

We sought the usual causes of unhappiness. We looked into his participation, or lack of it, in activities which would not "get him something."

"You're not giving a thing to anyone except your family," I said.

The church he attended got a token amount each week from him—about a twentieth of what he should have been giving on his income. He gave to charities just as little as he could get away with. Of time and thought to help others, he gave nothing at all.

"No wonder there's no fun in life for you," I said. "You've stopped the creative process. You're run down because everything has been coming in and nothing going out. You're like the Dead Sea, inlets but no outlets, and that means mental and spiritual stagnation."

We gave him this plan:

First, he was to increase his giving to the Lord's work to ten per cent of his income.

He was to look outside his family and friends for someone who needed help, someone who might never



be able to help him in return. The help might be money, or advice, or just friendly interest.

He was to stop rushing long enough to give himself to people—a few leisurely words with those who were part of his daily life: the policeman on the corner, the newspaper boy, the lift man, his own wife and children.

He was to offer to help in some of the church's financial problems. More, he was to offer to call on a few people to carry the helpful ministry of the church to them—people in hospital, for example.

"That sounds time-consuming,"

he complained.

"You must learn to give, not only money and good will, but time for the benefit of others. The result will be more than worth it! You'll get back your old sense of fun."

He followed the plan; he became active in his community. The ten-

sion and anxiety subsided.

Still another element in the joyin-living formula is to know that you are able to meet and overcome the hardships, sorrows and trying circumstances of everyday life.

On a plane a man said to me: "I was the world's worst self-defeating person. I blamed everyone for my failures—even the government. But I knew who was my worst enemy—myself."

Then he described a series of defeats and disappointments sufficient to take the heart out of any man. "At first I shied off your philosophy because I didn't go for the religious approach. I noticed that you urged your readers to read and apply the Bible to problems. Frankly, I hadn't opened a Bible for years. But finally I started reading.

"I was reading the 84th Psalm and the eleventh verse struck me: 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' 'Walk uprightly'—what did that mean? I should stand up like a man and stop moaning and being sorry for myself. *Uprightly!* Stand up to things—that was what I should be doing! And I got the idea that if I did that, God wouldn't hold back any good thing. I saw that uprightly meant no double dealing. I decided I'd straighten some things out, with God's help.

"I now see why you tie religion and practical psychology together.

Religion makes it work."

Who wants to live with joy? Who wants to feel like whistling in the street again? Pray many times a day. Soak the mind with Bible passages. See how many good thoughts you can think about people. Get outside yourself. Give of yourself to someone else; give of your resources to good causes.

It is not easy. It takes self-discipline. But there is no need for you to be unhappy. Simply do a rehabilitation job on your thoughts. Try spiritual living, really try it. You will discover for yourself that there's a lot of fun in life.



Every skipper and passenger on the North Atlantic shipping lanes is in debt to the men of the International Ice Patrol

By John Devlin

THE CUTTER Androscoggin rolled and pitched in the foggy seas on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. In the dark wheelhouse there was only the sound of the cold, wet wind humming and moaning in the rigging. Then, over the intercom, came a brisk voice: "Surface contact by radar. Bearing 100 degrees. Range 38,000 yards."

The officer of the deck went quickly into a small room jammed with electronic devices and a big plotting table. "How does it look?" he asked.

The man crouching over the radarscope peered down on the dark face of the round, television-like tube where a pencil-thin beam of white light fanned back and forth

over the target area. With each scan it brought a pulsing, greenish-white blip at the same spot on the tube.

"I think it's an iceberg, sir," the

radar operator said.

At 4.20 a.m. the Androscoggin groped its way to within a mile of the contact and hove to. Shortly after dawn, through thinning fog, the dark, sombre, ugly-looming mass of the iceberg became visible. It was 300 feet across (the length of a football field), and one of its pinnacles rose 180 feet above the sea. The huge berg was grounded on the comparatively shallow Grand Banks where the ocean is 60 fathoms (360 fcet) deep. Its weight was estimated at a million tons—almost as heavy as 14 Queen Marys!

Immediately the cutter—a U.S. Coastguard vessel and a member of the International Ice Observation and Ice Patrol Service—issued a radio warning, informing all ships about this massive booby trap lying

in wait for the unwary.

Approximately 16,000 icebergs are "calved" each year by glaciers, mostly from the eastern and northwestern shores of Greenland. They may be as small as an average house or as large as an office block; some have been reported to be a fifth of a mile long.* In spite of the help of radar, mariners who sail the world's most congested seaway—the North Atlantic route between

America and Europe—call this white, silent ghost-fleet the worst menace that they have to face in fog, storm or darkness. The mariners' best ally against their deadly enemy is the International Ice Patrol.

Icebergs are calved in warm weather, and the danger season extends from March to July or August. The Patrol begins aerial reconnaissance in January or February, depending on when it receives, from ships and aircraft, reports of icebergs approaching the critical area of the North Atlantic.

Merchant and naval vessels of 28 nations co-operate with the U.S. Coast Guard in reporting local ice conditions. At Ice Patrol headquarters in Argentia, one of the Newfoundland bases turned over to the United States by Britain in a 1940 bases-for-destroyers deal, each berg's position is marked on a big wall chart as the report comes in. From this "ice-house," as the windswept outpost 90 miles from St. John's is called, a bulletin is broadcast twice each day in Morse code to all ships at sea. Every four hours ships in the ice area report their position, speed, ice conditions, air and water temperatures, visibility, wind direction and velocity.

The Patrol was founded after the White Star liner *Titanic* collided with an iceberg on the night of April 14, 1912, and went down with the loss of 1,502 lives. She was on her maiden voyage, the world's

In the Antarctic, the other principal iceberg factory besides Greenland, the bergs may be miles long—but there is little shipping in that area to be endangered.

biggest, newest, most "unsinkable" ship, and her loss was a nightmare that shocked the world.

In November 1913 the British Government convened an International Conference on the Safety of Life at Sea; it met in London under the chairmanship of Lord Mersey, and set up a patrol service in the hazardous area. The United States was asked to undertake its management, the costs to be borne by each participating country according to the amount of tonnage it had passing through the patrolled sector.

It is the proud boast of the Patrol that, since its service began, no lives have been lost in the area it scouts. During the Second World War the service was discontinued, and several lives were lost when some ships in a convoy collided with an iceberg. In January 1959, the Danish vessel Hans Hedtoft, brand-new. "unsinkable" and specially designed to cope with thick ice fields, struck a berg off the southern tip of Greenland and went down with all passengers and crew. She was in local coastal waters, however, not in the transatlantic steamship lines covered by the Patrol.

Over the years, the Patrol has learnt a great deal about its ghostly enemy. The glaciers from which icebergs come are made up of unmelting snows that fell as much as 50,000 years ago. The sheer weight of the glaciers, always increasing, forces them downward out of

Greenland's mountains and into the sea, at speeds of up to 70 feet a day. Every so often the lip of a glacier breaks off—frequently with a great roar—and an ice ship floats free.

Bergs from the eastern coast of Greenland are caught by a current which carries them round the southern tip of the island and then north towards the Arctic Circle. En route they are joined by the bergs that are calved each year by the 20 principal glaciers on the north-western coast of Greenland.

For an average of three years the bergs drift northward and westward and then, in the embrace of the Labrador Current, southward towards Newfoundland, the Grand Banks and the steamship lanes.

Happily, most of the bergs are stopped along the way. They run aground or get trapped in coves and slowly rot away in the summer sun. Others, however, continue to drift southward. They travel at a speed of about two knots, or more than 50 miles a day, until they pass the 48th parallel at south-eastern Newfoundland. There they become the concern of the Ice Patrol.

The main tongue of the Labrador Current is funnelled through a deep-ocean channel formed by the eastern slopes of the Grand Banks and a comparatively small midocean shoal called Flemish Cap. The Ice Patrol calls this channel the "Slot" or "Main Street," and through it the icebergs stream towards the eongested shipping lanes.

7

Suddenly they meet the northward-flowing Gulf Stream, known in these latitudes as the North Atlantic Current. Its temperature runs as high as 68 degrees Fahrenheit, compared with the Labrador Current's frosty 28-to-32 degrees.

The change in the bergs is now abrupt. Before they have gone another 40 miles, rivulets of water from melting ice begin cascading over their sides. Mammoth chunks of ice split off and drift away. In a few days or, at most, weeks, a berg is destroyed, or its remnants are deflected towards northern European waters by the sweep of the North Atlantic Current.

Iceberg experts can never be sure of this, however, says Lieutenant-Commander Robertson Dinsmore, executive officer of the Ice Patrol. In 1926 the British steamer Baxtergate came upon the remnants of a berg 170 nautical miles south of Bermuda. Reduced to 30 by 15 feet and rising only three feet above the surface, the ice chunk was still powerful enough to slice open a ship.

Wherever and whenever an iceberg is encountered, it is an awesome sight—a luminous white monster if the sun is shining, otherwise a dark and sombre mass. The surface may look like polished marble or molten glass, or it may be honeycombed. Generally the North Atlantic bergs are white and opaque, with thick "cracks"—actually lines of green or blue, where the berg has frozen-in plankton, or streaks of brown mud picked up as the original glacier scraped over bare earth. Sometimes, while a berg is still unseen, its presence will be heralded by slushy bits of junk ice, up to the size of a piano, that have broken away. The berg itself may be shaped like a big iced cake, with a flat top and sheer clifflike sides; or, "weathered," it may be irregular in shape—pinnacled or steepled, U-shaped, arched or tunnelled. Dome-shaped bergs are a particular curse, because rounded summits send a ship's radar signals bouncing off erratically in all directions instead of straight back like an echo.

The number of icebergs found in North Atlantic shipping lanes averages 425 a year, but varies surprisingly. In 1912, when the *Titanic* was lost, there were 1,019; in 1924, only 11. The year 1957 was badnearly 1,200 were spotted. Then, in 1958, only one berg was sighted below the 48th parallel, and no surface ice patrol was necessary.

Last year proved to be a potential troublemaker. There were more than 700 bergs, and an unaccountably large number of them penetrated to extreme positions—east and west, as well as south. The ice congestion caused transatlantic traffic to be re-routed to the most southerly of the three steamship lanes, to which ships were last assigned in 1946. In May last year a big berg turned up even in this "safe" route. Somehow, in spite of

scouting aircraft and the probing radar of Ice Patrol cutters, the berg had sneaked through in thick weather. How many ships had swept past it in the dark of night, in fog or storm will never be known.

In a bad ice area, skippers sometimes heave to and drift when darkness falls or thick fog closes in. Most ship's captains, however, including the late skipper of the Titanic, plough along, regardless of fog, darkness and ice, determined to maintain the trans-ocean schedule set by their steamship lines.* In at least two cases, at night, an Ice Patrol cutter has had to send "Iceberg Dead Ahead" signals by blinker to freighters whose wireless operators were apparently off duty. In another case a cutter had to play its searchlight over an iceberg before an oncoming ship would change its course.

So far, no means has been found to do away with these icy enemies. Destroyers and cutters have fired torpedoes and five-inch shells at them, slung demolition mines against their underwater faces. In each case the result has been the same: a big bang—and the berg remains uncracked.

Last June "demolition" tests were carried out with incendiaries dropped from aircraft. Two hundred feet above a berg a time fuse blasted a bomb open, and 22 thermite fire bombs spewed down.

There was a splatter of explosions that shrouded the berg in smoky steam. Flocks of sea birds which were perched on the icy pinnacles flew off in alarm—then came back.

The plane dropped more bombs. The iceberg remained intact. Nature had won again.

There is a commonly held theory that the presence of an iceberg can be detected by an unusual chill in the air. Another theory is that the seawater near a berg is colder and less salty than usual. Neither theory stands up. Icebergs have no significant effect on air or water temperature, nor on the salinity of the water around them. The simple fact is that man, with all his ingenuity and resourcefulness, cannot control, regulate or entirely avoid the iceberg menace.

Tests last year by the Ice Patrol show that as a radar reflector an iceberg is only one-sixtieth as efficient as a ship of comparable size, and that even seawater is a better reflector than ice. This means that the clutter which ordinary waves reflect on a radar screen may so obscure a berg that the danger cannot be discerned at all.

So the awesome tragedy of the *Titanic* still hangs over the area swept by the International Ice Patrol. And every year on April 14 the Patrol's bulletin to all ships in the North Atlantic concludes with this message:

"R.M.S. *Titanic* 41 46N., 50 14W., 14 April 1912. R.I.P."

^{*} See "How Soon, the Next Ship Disaster?" The Reader's Digest, November 1957.

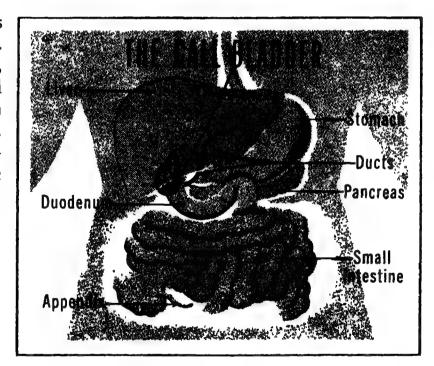
Your Gall Bladder: ANATOMY OF A HOT SPOT

By J. D. Ratcliff

This innocent-looking little sac can cause many ills— and exquisitely acute pain—but there are few ailments for which surgery is so effective

very machine has its weak spots. The most complex, most awesome of all machines—the human body—is no exception. One frequent breakdown point is the pear - shaped, little, glistening blue sac in the upper right abdomen, the gall bladder. This organ, the records hospitals many show, is an even more frequent target for abdominal surgery than

the appendix. Estimates indicate that about 25 per cent of Western adult population may have gall bladders that are faulty in one way or another. What is the gall bladder? What is its function, in the body?



The gall bladder is attached to the underside of the liver, to which it is connected by a series of ducts. The duct system also links it with the duodenum, the first looping section of the small intestine. Its main job

is to store the bile—a bitter, goldenyellow fluid essential in digesting fats—which is continuously secreted in droplet quantities by the liver.

At mealtimes, a hormone released from the small intestine carries a message to the gall bladder. Its muscular walls contract. A valve at the duodenum opens. Bile is delivered into the stream of food in process of digestion. With the help of pancreatic enzymes, it breaks down fats so that they can be picked up by the blood stream and distributed around the body.

No one is quite sure why the harmless-looking little gall bladder is host to so many ills. Some difficulties are apparently caused by hormonal disturbances. In pregnancy, for example, the gall bladder may not empty properly, and digestive upset may result.

Inflammation is more serious. Under normal circumstances, the gall bladder concentrates bile, extracting water and reducing the yellow digestive juice to approximately one-sixth of its original volume. But at times the process is carried too far. Over-concentrated, the bile becomes an irritant. The organ's walls and ducts become inflamed. This opens the way for bacterial invasion.

Infection originating in the gall bladder may spread to other organs. is inflammation progresses, walls of the gall bladder and ducts often become gangrenous. Unless the infection is brought under rapid control they may rupture and empty the

contents of the gall bladder into the abdominal cavity. Peritonitis, sometimes fatal, may follow. Surgery—usually removal of the "hot" gall bladder—can be lifesaving in this critical situation. Fortunately, after the gall bladder is removed, the bile can pass directly from the liver through the main duct to the duodenum (if it is clear of obstruction) with no disturbance in function.

Stones are a more frequent cause of gall-bladder trouble. Research workers aren't quite sure how or why gall-stones are formed. Many hold the reasonable belief that, when the bile in the gall bladder becomes too concentrated, its constituents start crystallizing. One doctor sums up this course of events: "Bile turns to sludge, sludge to gravel, gravel to stones."

Gall-stones occur at all ages, but are most frequent among the higher age groups. They appear more often in women than in men. A study of autopsy reports in world medical literature suggests that approximately one person in six in the Western world will have gall-stones by the age of 50. They are less common among the peoples of Asia and Africa.

Stones may be tiny, and hundreds may be present. Or there may be a single stone, as large as a hen's egg. They are made of three main building materials, calcium, cholesterol and bile pigments.

Generally speaking, large stones cause less difficulty than smaller ones. Being too large to enter a duct,

YOUR GALLYBLADDER



they may lie harmless and symptomless for years. On the other hand, some stones may be so tiny that they slip through the duct into the intestine quite easily. It is the middlesized stones, those large enough to block quill-sized ducts, that create the most trouble.

Such blockage can cause some of the most acute pain known to man. In lightning-like flashes, pain radiates to the shoulder, back and other body areas. The colicky attack may be over in a few seconds, or it may persist for an hour or more. The victim may be violently nauseated, sweat profusely and have difficulty in breathing. In such situations doctors can take little immediate action beyond administering morphine to relieve pain, and other drugs to reduce spasm of the gall bladder and its ducts.

Blockage often produces other symptoms. A blocked duct may, for example, back bile into the liver, which has no means of disposing of it. Excess bile may then be picked up by the blood stream and distributed about the body to produce a sickly, yellowish coloration. This is jaundice.

For years, quacks have preyed on gall-stone victims, promising to break up stones in the body. A favourite "medicine": pure olive oil. In the digestive tract, olive oil reacts with alkali to make tiny soap pellets. These pellets, the quack invites his victim to believe, are broken-up stones. Serious research workers

have attempted—with little success—to break up stones with high-frequency sound. At present there is only one way of ridding the body of these offenders—surgery.

Actually there are few ailments for which diagnosis is so positive, or an operation so effective, as for gallstones. Let's say that you have been bothered with digestive upsets and mild bouts of abdominal pain. If your doctor suspects gall-bladder trouble, he will first attempt to feel the organ. If there is blockage, the gall bladder may be distended and hard. Next, he will want X-ray studies. You will be given a few pills to swallow at night before going to bed. The pills contain an iodine compound which, discharged by the liver into the bile ducts, makes the gall bladder visible on X-ray film.

A series of perhaps six X-rays will be wanted. Towards the end of the procedure you will usually be asked to eat a fatty meal—perhaps scrambled eggs and heavily buttered toast. This should cause the gall bladder to empty. X-rays will check on the extent of the emptying.

If stones are obstructing a duct, a decision must be made as to whether or not to operate. Various considerations—severity of pain, frequency of attacks and the patient's age, for example—influence the decision. (Gall-bladder surgery can be a serious business for people over 60.)

Fifty years ago the gall-bladder operation was frequently unsuccessful because of crude techniques,

danger of infection, and the hazards of anaesthesia. The death of one patient in 16 was considered a reasonable score. Today, in proper hands, the operation is one of the safest of the major surgical procedures—except for "hot" gall-bladder operations where infection is present.

The operation takes approximately an hour. Removal of the gall bladder itself—usually the preferred procedure—presents no particular problem to the skilled surgeon. Checking for stones in ducts is slightly more difficult. The surgeon may explore the ducts with a probe. A more satisfactory method is to inject a radio-opaque dye into the duct system, then take an X-ray while the patient is still on the table.

Sometimes it is necessary to cut

out a blocked section of duct and stitch the open ends together. Often, however, the block is big enough to make it impossible to draw the ends together. There are several solutions. One is to draw up a loop of intestine, make a new opening and attach the duct stub to it.

After successful gall-bladder surgery, most patients find that they can eat normally without difficulty.

Can anything be done to prevent gall-bladder difficulties? Some doctors answer with a flat "No." Others, noting that gall-bladder trouble often accompanies gross overweight, think that diet control and exercise may be helpful.

You may, or may not, be able to prevent gall-bladder misery. But you have the consolation that if it does strike, surgery can correct it.

Cartoon Quips

HUSBAND, lounging on sofa, to wife: "I'll think about digging the garden in a little while. Right now I'm thinking about painting the fence."

—G. W.

AIRLINE-company receptionist to salesman: "Sorry, but Mr. Ellery is abroad at the moment. Would you care to wait?"

Woman golfer, teeing off, to husband: "Now tell me if you notice anything I'm doing right."

—Mirachi

Excited scientist watching microbes through microscope: "Here come the good guys! Here come the good guys!"

—Robert Day

Wife, on beach, to husband who is supposedly reading but is slyly eyeing near-by bikini-clad lovelies: "Those aren't your reading glasses!"

—Doris Matthews

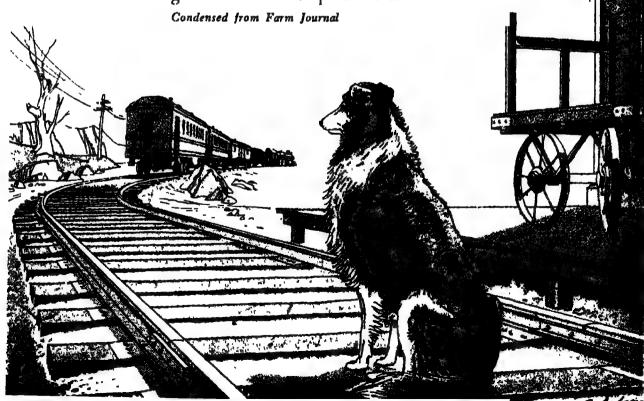
Tonstmaster at banquet: "Let's have a round of applause for the wonderful job the committee did in not being able to obtain a speaker."

-Skiles



He was an old sheep dog, and he knew that he should be waiting at his post when his master returned. The story of Shep's vigil stirred thousands of people—with results as unexpected as they are heart-warming

ONE DAY in August 1936, a hearse bearing the body of a shepherd arrived at the railway station of Fort Benton, a picturesque prairie town in Montana. Only one mourner was at hand to see the shepherd off on his last journey: behind the hearse trotted a big, shaggy, crossbred Collie. As the coffin was lifted on to the train the dog whined and attempted to follow.



THE

"Sorry, old fellow," said the station-master. "This is one time you can't go with him."

The train puffed away, and the sheep dog stood looking disconsolately after it. Then he lay down beside the tracks. That night he burrowed under the station platform to await his master's return.

The big sheep dog was to maintain an unbroken watch for his master for five and a half long years! And at the end of that time his passing would produce some thoroughly remarkable consequences.

In the beginning, the dog's vigil was routine. Rain or shine, he trotted out to meet Fort Benton's four trains a day. He eyed the passengers as they alighted, sniffed at the goods-van doors, mutely questioned each passer-by. Then he would stand wistfully, watching the train until it disappeared from sight. Some day his master would come back.

Station employees soon found that the Collie answered to the name Shep. But in general he remained aloof, as if reluctant to be distracted from his patient watching. Not until after dusk would he eat the meat scraps that station-master Tony Schanche left by his burrow. Later, in the black of night, he would trot lonesomely over a three-quarter-mile trail to drink from the river.

But even dogs can stand utter loneliness only so long. One night during a thunderstorm, section foreman Pat McSweeney found Shep crouching at his door. He succeeded in coaxing him inside.

When the bitter Montana winter came, Pat found him warm quarters in the freight store, but first the big Irishman had to stretch out on the blanket with Shep to give the dog reassurance.

Months passed, and news of Shep's vigil travelled beyond Fort Benton. Newspapers picked up the story, and mail began pouring in for Shep. Dozens of dog lovers sent him cash gifts. These the railway authorities returned.

One Christmas a bone-and-suet cake arrived from a woman in Britain. Pet fanciers from Florida to California offered to give him a home. Sheepmen in several states made good offers for the trained dog. When Shep was featured in Ripley's "Believe It or Not," an avalanche of mail came to Fort Benton, plus a flock of tourists who wanted to see the dog whose loyalty had become a legend.

All this attention affected Shep little. His purpose in life remained unchanged: his master would turn up some day, and he, Shep, would be there to meet him.

But there came a day when Shep could no longer bound out of his quarters and trot along the tracks. Instead, he padded slowly, and his hearing and sight began to fail. On some occasions, when sub-zero weather stiffened his ageing legs, he would limp to the trains.

January 12, 1942, was such a day. Shep started down the track to meet the 10.17. He stood between the rails, waiting. As the train approached, bystanders expected him to jump to safety. He jumped—but a second too late . . .

Shep's long vigil was over.

Railwaymen selected a grave site for the big sheep dog—at the top of a bluff overlooking the station.

Station-master Schanche made a coffin and Boy Scouts volunteered to be pall-bearers. Schools were dismissed that day, and townspeople, together with farmers and ranchers from miles around, attended Shep's funeral, which was held appro-

priately at the station.

The Rev. Ralph Underwood delivered George Graham Vest's Eulogy on the Dog: "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog." Then, to the sound of a bugle call, Shep's coffin was lowered into the frozen earth and the service ended.

But Shep's story was far from ended.

After Shep's burial, Fort Benton citizens erected a profile monument of him atop a bluff. Below it they spelt out the name "shep" in whitewashed boulders. Railwaymen installed a spotlight to illuminate the monument at night, and, as expresses sped through the Montana hamlet, the guards, stewards and

porters would recite to curious passengers the story of the dog's long devotion.

Eventually, train - guard Shields wrote Shep's story in a booklet which railwaymen sold. Before long, the booklet had made 200 dollars, and Shields cast about for a worthwhile way to spend it. He found it: at the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind at Great Falls.

It was Christmas 1946 when Ed Shields called at the school with his "gift from Shep" and enquired what the 100 children there needed most.

"Something that says, 'We love you," said superintendent Glenn Harris. "Toys, sweets, skates, luxuries the authorities can't buy for us."

So Shep played Santa Claus that year, and a little blind girl cuddled a doll, crying, "She's mine," and there was ice-skating on a pond behind the school, and there were toys and special treats for every child.

"Shep gave us the best Christmas we've ever had," Glenn Harris said.

In the years since that memorable Christmas, Shep's story has inspired a host of other contributions: some 50,000 dollars to date, plus substantial bequests in wills. Through the gifts—which are put into the "Shep Fund"—the school has been able to embark on a year-round programme ot extra care—a whole new therapy of love and security for its deaf and blind.

Take Tina, a teenager who had?

spells of depression and severe headaches. After a doctor had pronounced the child to be in sound health, Harris called in her housemother. "You know what ails a 13-year-old girl—something medicine can't cure," he said. "Here's five dollars to take Tina into town, and for heaven's sake spend it foolishly!" So Shep bought new bobby sox, jewellery and a dressing-table set, and before long Tina found herself feeling better. Eventually she went on to win the sewing and dressmaking contests at the state fair.

When I visited the Great Falls school recently, a sharp-looking deaf youngster came up to me to show off his new Shep-bought shoes. Afterwards, Harris confided, "Pete broke 13 windows on his first day at school here." He went on: "Quite often, institutional children are destructive, but it's hard to believe what these gifts have done for our boys and girls. We estimate that

the Shep Fund saves us probably 3,000 dollars a year in breakages."

The Shep Fund is also brifiging these children exciting adventure: trips to the state capital; weekends at some of Montana's famous dude ranches; camping in Yellowstone National Park.

As a rule, fewer than ten per cent of the graduates of state schools for the deaf are able to enter college. Yet, recently, the entire Montana graduating class of nine qualified. As a result of this achievement, Harris is now channelling a larger share of outside gifts into college scholarships. It is paying off.

As I walked down the corridor to leave, Glenn Harris proudly pointed out photos of the many honours graduates. "There's a potential in every boy and girl here today," he told me. "But first we must unlock their hearts."

Shep's big heart has helped the school to do just that.

Unsolved Problems

Now that we are starting off a bright new decade, perhaps we should pause to summarize man's progress thus far:

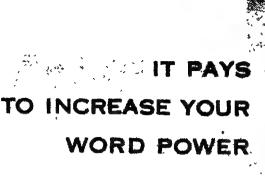
Man now knows what's on the other side of the moon but still can't tell what's in the back of his wife's head.

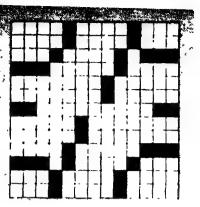
He can send a message round the world in a fraction of a second but can't speak the language of the fellow in the next country.

He can fly faster than sound but can't walk up a flight of stairs without puffing.

He can feed data into an electronic computer and tell everything about the average person except what makes him so different from everybody else.

—C. T.





By Wilfred Funk

THE FOLLOWING words have little in common except that they start with the letter t and in some cases originate from the same root. Tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) toxic—A: ill-tempered. B: poisonous. C: invigorating. D: fatal.
- (2) tenor—A: effort. B: evenness of temperament. C: kindness. D: purport.
- (3) tantalize—A: to delay. B: tease. C: flatter. D: puzzle.
- (4) tenuous—A: thin. B: long-lasting. C: unyielding. D: heavy.
- (5) therapeutic (ther a pū' tik)—A: sleep-inducing. B: speculative. C: magical. D: curative.
- (6) tenet—A: seine. B: lessee, C: opinion held as true. D: argument.
- (7) timorous—A: lightheaded. B: timid. C: wild. D: bold.
- (8) tendency—A: trend. B: persistence. C: uncertainty. D: presence.
- (9) termagant (term' agant)—Λ: sea bird.
 B: insect. C: stubborn person. D: shrewish woman.
- (10) tensile (ten' sile)—A: delicate. B: strong. C: pertaining to tension. D: concerning the sense of touch.

- (11) tumid—A: foggy. B: moist. C: warm. D: swollen.
- (12) tentative—A: grasping. B: experimental. C: intense. D: leisurely.
- (13) trumpery—A: buffoonery. B: bragging, C: worthless finery. D: noise.
- (14) tenable—A: unstable. B: slender. C: sensitive. D: capable of being held.
- (15) trauma (traw' ma)—Λ: treachery.B: injury. C: doubt. D: despair.
- (16) tender—A: to offer. B: sympathize. C: hesitate. D: give.
- (17) topography (topog' ra fi)—A: art of printing. B: physical features of a region. C: soil chemistry. D: signalling by light.
- (18) temporal—Λ: mild. B: holy. C: worldly. D: angry.
- (19) topical—A: of current interest. B: superficial. C: characteristic. D: humorous.
- (20) titanic—A: rough. B: tall. C: pertaining to the sea. D: huge.

- Answers to .

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) toxic—B: Poisonous; pertaining to or acting like a toxin, or poison; as, a toxic mixture. Greek toxikon, "arrow poison" (from toxon, "arrow").
- (2) tenor—D: Purport; sense; as, the tenor of a speech. Latin tenor, "course."
- (3) tantalize—B: To tease or torment, as by holding out false hopes. In Greek mythology Tantalus, son of Zeus, was punished for revealing secrets by being placed in water up to his chin with fruit-laden branches overhead. When he tried to eat, the fruit receded; when he tried to drink, the water receded.
- (4) tenuous—A: Thin; flimsy; as, a tenuous argument. Latin tenuis.
- (5) therapeutic—D: Curative; having healing qualities. Greek therapeuein, "to treat medically."
- (6) tenet—C: Opinion, dogma or doctrine held to be true; as, a religious tenet. Latin tenere, "to hold."
- (7) timorous—B: Timid; subject to fear.

 Latin timor, "fear."
- (8) tendency—A: Trend; bent; propensity; as, a tendency to stammer. Latin tendency, "tending toward."
- (9) termagant—D: A shrewish woman.

 Termagant, a fictitious Moslem deity represented in medieval drama as being noisy and abusive.
- (10) tensile—C: Pertaining to tension; as, tensile strength. Latin tensile, "stretched."

- (11) tumid—D: Swollen; as, a puppy tumid with food. Latin tumere, "to swell."
- (12) tentative—B: Experimental; subject to change; as, tentative plans. Latin tentare, "to try."
- (13) trumpery—C: Worthless finery; deceptively showy stuff of no value; rubbish. French tromper, "to deceive."
- (14) tenable—D: Capable of being held or defended; as, a tenable position. Latin tenere, "to hold."
- (15) trauma—B: An injury or wound; in psychiatry, a mental shock; as, to suffer from a trauma. Greek trauma, "wound."
- (16) tender—A: To offer formally; as, to tender one's resignation. Latin tendere, "to extend."
- (17) topography—B: Physical features of a section of the earth's surface. Greek topos, "place," and graphein, "to write."
- (18) temporal—C: Worldly; temporary and earthly, as opposed to heavenly; as, temporal affairs. Latin tempus, "time."
- (19) topical—A: Of current interest; pertaining to the present time or to things of local interest; as, a topical song. Greek topos, "place."
- (20) titanic—D: Huge; of great size or strength; as, the *titanic* figures carved by Michelangelo. The *Titans* were giant gods in Greek mythology.

Vocabulary Ratings

20—19 correct	excellent
18—16 correct	
15—14 correct	fair

MICRO-MINIATURES: Thumbnail Tools of Tomorrow

Engineering's new pioneers of the infinitesimal are shrinking complex mechanical and electronic devices almost to the point of invisibility

By Harland Manchester

ner of devices are now being sweated down to fantastically Lilliputian dimensions. I have seen a ball-bearing assembly which slips neatly through the eye of a darning needle; a nest of gears which operates like an automobile transmission and is about half the length of a man's thumb; a cube the size of a sugar lump which was a complete radio receiving set, except for a battery and speaker.

A few years ago this was called

"miniaturization." Now, with devices once as big as a shoe box shrunk so that they are barely visible to the naked eye, it is called "micro-miniaturization."

Chief spur to this drive towards the infinitesimal is the demand for lighter and smaller guidance, surveillance, calculating and communication devices in new planes, missiles and space craft. Since it takes a thousand pounds or more of missile to push one pound of satellite into orbit, every ounce pared from the payload counts

heavily. Ahead lies the promise of revolutions to be wrought in our earthbound machines by the incredible midgets, for engineers foresee important uses for them in factories, offices and homes.

If you place the smallest ball-bearing produced by Miniature Precision Bearings, of Keen, New Hampshire, beside a housefly, the insect looks as big as a horse. It takes 600 of these bearings—each composed of two polished rings enclosing spheres about the size of a typed dot —to fill a thimble, and 15,000 to weigh a pound. They are worth more than 150 times their weight in gold.

Handling these metal specks is an art in itself. To feed the bearing rings to the high-precision grinder, for example, the rings are loaded into drinking straws and pushed through with a slender rod. The firm makes ten million dollars' worth of midget bearings a year-500 different types, for everything from satellites to dentists' drills and delivers the finished machinery by post.

Miniature Precision Bearings got , its start in the 1930's when the late Winslow Pierce left university prematurely to become a self-trained mechanical genius. Irritated because a repairer refused to put a new jewel in his ancient watch, Pierce set out to make a minute ball-bearing to replace it. To do the job he first had to build delicate and precise tools—but, at great expense of

time, money and labour, he finally mended his watch. News of the tiny bearing spread, and when requests trickled in from makers of precision instruments, Pierce began making the midgets at the rate of a few a day. One order for a dozen came from a man named Carl Norden. More orders followed, and Pierce learned later that he was providing an essential part for the famous Norden bombsight.

In those days Pierce used old washing - machine motors alarm-clock gears to build his grinders. Mass production was impossible, and the rejection rate was high. Now, in a modern air-conditioned plant, new and fabulously accurate machines saw, grind and polish steel rods into 18,000 bearings a day. "Some of these machines are so sensitive," says Horace Gilbert, now MPB's president, "that if you turn them off for a while they seem to go into a state of shock. So we run them all the time."

Gilbert showed me a device which checks the balls for roundness. "To how close a tolerance does this machine measure?" I asked.

"Slice a cross-section of a human hair 30,000 times," he said, "and

you'll get a rough idea."

An invisible speck of dust may stop the movement of a bearing "the way a stone stops a wheelbarrow," Gilbert pointed out as he took me into the immaculate "white room" where finished bearings are assembled. Here all incoming air

is filtered, and temperature and humidity are rigidly controlled. There are no windows, for the heat of the sun would expand the parts. After chemical and ultrasonic cleansing, the parts are passed in through an air lock. The workers come in through three air locks, after thorough washing and brushing to remove fluff or dust. Gloves are worn for crucial operations, as oil from the skin may contaminate a bearing. A cough or a sneeze may send a whole batch back for re-cleaning.

The finished bearings are sealed in plastic film and sent by post to other makers of tiny gadgets. Because of military secrecy, in many cases Gilbert does not know how they are used, but many are doubtless soaring through space. When a taped message from President Eisenhower was broadcast from the Score satellite, the tape recorder rolled on MPB bearings.

The new and expanding field of micro-miniaturization has provided unusual business opportunities for inventive young people. A case in point is that of 31-year-old Edward White. Son of an electrician, he got a job at 15 in an electronics research laboratory so as to finance his engineering studies at university. Eight years ago he saw the need for miniature gears and, in a two-car garage, set to work with a gear-cutting machine and an instruction manual. Within five years his annual sales topped one million

dollars. Today, as president of the Bowmar Instrument Corporation, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, he is America's leading manufacturer of gear wheels so minuscule that they can get lost in pocket fluff.

White's smallest gears weigh about a thirtieth of an ounce and have teeth no larger than a grain of sugar, machined to a tolerance of one ten-thousandth of an inch. Nests of these tiny intermeshing gears, used to adapt the speed of a flea-power electric motor to a control device, are found in the compact "servo-mechanisms" which do such jobs as aiming guns, tuning airborne radar antennae and guiding missiles.

In his new factory White showed me a little cylinder about threequarters of an inch in diameter and less than two inches long. "That contains a complete electric motor and gear transmission," he said. "Soon we'll have one even smaller."

Shrinking such devices without sacrificing reliability is fabulously expensive and time-consuming. It has taken one firm three years and two million dollars to reduce the weight of a certain missile-guidance system from 100 to 25 pounds, and they expect to spend an equal sum getting it down to two or three pounds.

Increasingly, dimensional accuracies are called for that were once undreamed of. "Within ten years," says one manufacturer, "some components will probably

have to be accurate to a tenth of a millionth of an inch."

New records in size-shrinking are reported whenever engineers get together. A light bulb the size of a pin-head has been fabricated for use in computers. It may also be placed on the ends of dial needles in aircraft.

Within a few months, engineers expect to perfect a prototype walkie-talkie for the army, weighing only five pounds. All the parts which used to be wired together on a "bread-board" have been shrunk to paper-thin wafers a third of an inch square and stacked together in a little cube.

Although their first uses will be in military devices, these "dice" will eventually revolutionize civilian communication, allowing most electronic equipment to be reduced to one-tenth of its present size. The cubes need never be repaired—they will simply be replaced, and they use so little power that they will be able to run on tiny, long-life batteries instead of being plugged into sockets.

Another recent sensation in the radio field: several firms have developed a method of packing many electronic functions into an insignificant pellet of germanium or silicon by inserting microscopic bits

of impurities at selected spots and by scoring the mysterious midget with almost invisible scratches. These minute irregularities regiment the streams of electrons so that they will duplicate the work of familiar electronic devices, such as transistors, capacitors and resistors, which are now manufactured separately and wired together in the circuit of a radio or other instrument.

An instrument manufacturer has produced a piece of metal about the size of a match-head which will do the work of a dozen electronic devices. Another firm recently demonstrated its "tunnel diode" in a complete FM transmitter that will slip into a waistcoat pocket.

What of the future? Years ago one scientist imagined a marvellous electronic gadget no bigger than a desk which would record or photograph all the memorable facts and fancies of a man's lifetime—business records, mathematical formulae, lines of verse, conversations, addresses, Christmas lists, opinions, speculations. At the push of a button, desired information and all its associations could be flashed on a screen.

After a few weeks spent among the micro-miniaturizers, it seems entirely possible to me that the "dream desk" may one day come true.

MOTHER reports that as she was helping her blissful teenage daughter to get ready for her first dance, the girl turned to her and asked, "Mother, did they have parties like this when you were alive?"

-L. J. Stone and J. Church

THE TROUBLED WATERS OF THE NILE

The world's longest, most fascinating river has caused one of Africa's most heated international wrangles

By Gordon Gaskill

rica's heart is a terse sign which reads: Caput Nili Meridianissimum—"Southernmost Head of the Nile." Here, 6,500 feet up in Belgian territory near Lake Tanganyika, is the spot where a drop of water begins the world's longest river journey, emerging some 4,150 miles later in the Mediterranean Sea at Damietta, Egypt. And in this epic journey every drop

becomes liquid politics, for the very lives of some 30 million people depend on the Nile.

The history of this odd and fascinating river is, like its course, the longest in the world. The Nile appeared in historical writing about 7,000 years ago, and for almost every year since A.D. 641 there are records to show exactly how high the water rose at Cairo. If it failed to rise on time, terrified Egyptians threw in a

lovely virgin by way of appeasement—a custom that exists today, but with an effigy.

No one who has studied or travelled the Nile can avoid thinking it is, somehow, a living thing. Even the two great branches that form it seem alive: the White Nile definitely female, the Blue Nile definitely male. They join in a tumultuous wedding at Khartoum, in the Sudan, 1,856 miles from the sea.

The White Nile system, by far the longer of the two, wears many aliases. From that already-mentioned spring, the water, gathering tributaries during a 500-mile trip, runs into Lake Victoria, the world's second-largest fresh-water lake. Here called the Victoria Nile, the river leaves the lake over the Owen Falls power dam (suggested by Sir Winston Churchill as early as 1907, finished in 1954).

From here to the Mediterranean—about 3,500 miles—the waters are navigable for about three-quarters of their course (with a few portages round falls and rapids) in river steamers that manage to be comfortable and at the same time surprisingly reasonable.

The Victoria Nile is almost immediately trapped in the great half-swamp, half-lake named Lake Kyoga, where the waters may wander for several months before finding their exit. Then, from being spread too wide, they are suddenly constricted in the dramatic 140-foot high Murchison Falls. Here the

whole great river is forced through a narrow cleft only about 21 feet wide. The boiling chaos of water is the most violent demonstration of natural power and fury I have ever seen.

Below the falls begins one of the loveliest steamer trips on the whole river, the 180-mile stretch north to the Sudan frontier. Here the shores teem with elephant, lion, buffalo, rhino and other big game; also to be seen are myriads of crocodiles and hippopotami, pelicans, flamingos and egrets. About 20 miles below the falls, the river darts briefly into the northern tip of Lake Albert (shared by Britain and Belgium). It emerges as the Albert Nile.

At the Uganda-Sudan frontier this idyllic trip ends abruptly. Rapids bar navigation for about 100 miles—and are symbolic. This is the last point on the river where the British flag still flies; from here downstream, Egypt, the Sudan and Ethiopia have quarrelled bitterly over the Nile's waters.

At Juba, steamers begin again (now flying Sudanese flags). But soon the river meets an enemy which almost destroys it: the world's greatest, most impenetrable swamp. The Sudd, meaning "block" in Arabic, covers about 15,000 square miles (an area as large as Switzerland) at peak flood. Here the Nile spreads out on a plain with no banks. Splitting into a thousand channels, nearly all dead ends, it is lost in a vast sea of papyrus: the tall, graceful plant,

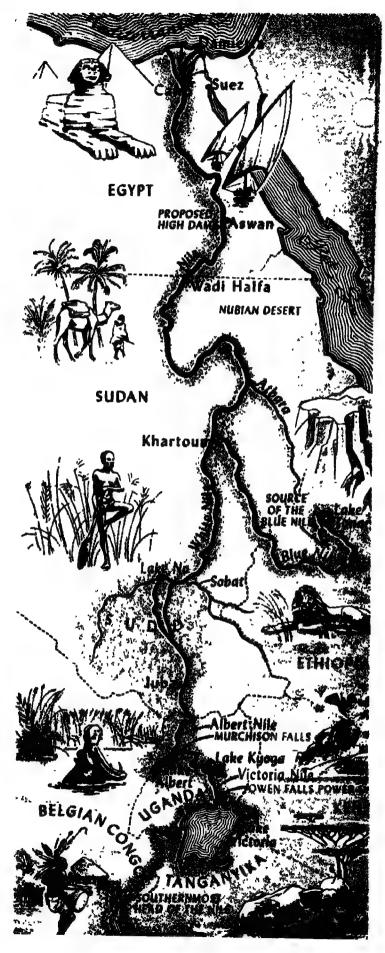
now considered useless, from which the ancient Egyptians made a kind of parchment whence the word "paper."

The Sudd steals fantastic quantities of Nile water—by evaporation and by transpiration as millions of swamp plants suck it up and "exhale" it. In some seasons as much as two-thirds is lost. To water-hungry people downstream, especially the Egyptians, this waste is horrifying.

The exhausted river staggers out of the Sudd into a small lake with the curt name of No; below this lake and on to Khartoum, some 600 miles, the river is at last officially called the White Nile.

About 75 miles beyond Lake No the White Nile gets a foretaste of things to come. In from the right roars the Sobat, the first of the three great Ethiopian - born rivers that will, eventually, form sixsevenths of the waters of the whole Nile. Half Ethiopian now, the river flows on through the country of the proud, arrogant "crane people"—Dinkas, Nuers, Shilluks—who usually stand on one leg, leaning on spears or paddles.

Now moving ever more slowly, dropping hardly at all, the river's reaches look almost like sluggish lakes.



lune

Usually these signs would hint that journey's end, the sea, was at hand. Not so with the Nile. Round a few more bends lies Khartoum, where the White Nile meets her violent bridegroom.

THE BLUE NILE is quite unlike the White, except that both are born in revered springs. Ethiopians believe that the tiny trickle, which begins the Blue Nile 9,000 feet high in the remotest part of their country, is one of the Garden of Eden's four rivers, the Gihon—which "compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia." This small stream falls into Lake Tana, the "practical" source of the Blue Nile—as Lake Victoria was of the White.

Whereas the White soon spreads into flat plainland, the Blue sinks to the bottom of a vast canyon. For about 300 miles, cliffs towering up as much as 4,500 feet dwarf the river bed. Hosts of tributary canyons feed in on both sides.

This spectacular 120,000-squaremile basin is almost uninhabited by Ethiopians and almost unknown to foreigners.* No man has ever followed the Blue Nile back to Lake Tana either afoot or afloat; probably no man ever will. Narrow gorges make trails impossible; the deep tributary canyons force long detours. British explorers tried specially-built steel boats, but the great rapids quickly capsized and smashed them.

Torrential summer rains rush almost unimpeded down the steep slopes and meet at the bottom of the canyon in a turbulent roaring mass. Each year the downstream nations wait eagerly to learn how high the waters of the Blue Nile will rise. But as long as the river is inside Ethiopia it is a mystery. The all-important flood-level is not known until the Blue Nile crosses into the Sudan, plunging towards Khartoum.

THE WHITE NILE reaches Khartoum tired and listless. Since she carries almost no silt, her waters are comparatively clear—hence her name. The Blue travels so fast that his silt has no chance to settle. Thus he arrives at Khartoum (in flood-time) a rich chocolate brown, which has been oddly miscalled "blue."

When the Blue is at his peak, about September 1, the meeting of the two rivers is a fantastic sight. The Blue leaps at his bride so violently that, for nearly three months, the White is almost blocked by a dam of rushing Blue Nile water. The pond-forming backwater of the White extends hundreds of miles up-river. What little White Nile water escapes, shrinks far ever towards

This vital gap in Nile knowledge is now being filled in, with American help, at the request of Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie. An aerial-survey film has photographed the entire Blue Nile Basin from an altitude of 30,000 feet; this month U.S. survey teams should finish the first accurate survey ever made of the area. A nine-man team from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation is expected to complete in 1964 an intensive study of the rainfall. evaporation, rates of stream flow, geology, soil, possible irrigation and crops, markets, needed spads and, above all, possible dam sites.

the left bank of what is now the main Nile, and for several miles downstream the two Niles remain intact. At last they blend—but the Nile is still only five-sixths full. The last sixth comes in about 200 miles north of Khartoum, via the Ethiopian-born Atbara River.

Now the mighty river is complete. But the sea is still nearly 1,700 miles away, and the Nile must struggle through one of the world's driest, most desolate wastes—the Nubian Desert of the northern Sudan. Here the lonely river describes a vast S, scrambling over belts of hard stone, the famous cataracts. Many are good natural dam sites. At last, still about 900 miles from the sea, the Nile roars into Egypt.

Here the flood arrives with miraculous punctuality. From the most ancient times the rise at the site of present-day Cairo has been celebrated as beginning on the night of June 17, an occasion for great rejoicing. But, though the flood's timing is amazingly constant, its volume is a yearly enigma. A fortune awaits the man who can work out a system of predicting whether the next flood will be normal, or disastrously high or low. So far, nobody else has done as well as the Bible's Joseph who, analysing Pharaoh's dreams, predicted seven fat years (that is, of high floods) and seven lean (of low).

For untold millenniums, the Nile flood has each year spread over Egypt's sultivated lands a new,

thin, vitalizing layer (averaging 1/25th of an inch thick) of Ethiopian topsoil, long the basis of Egyptian agriculture. Today the rich, black, crumbly alluvium is in many

places almost 40 feet deep.

Most foreigners will be surprised, as I was, to learn that today Egypt no longer wants Nile silt and even: considers it a nuisance. The change began about 140 years ago, and was: greatly speeded up by, of all things, the American Civil War. When the Union blockade kept Confederate cotton from English mills, Egyptians rushing to fill the breach soon discovered that they could grow more crops per year if they could lead water to their lands all the year round. Presently a system of dams and a still-growing network of canals sprang into existence; only oneninth of Egypt's 6,300,000 cultivated acres today use the old silt method, called "basin irrigation." Still, the Nile goes on bringing in about 100 million tons of silt a year, much of which clogs the irrigation canals and settles in dam basins.

Most outsiders realize that Egypt is a dry country. Few realize just how dry. To illustrate: in many parts of southern Egypt, an ordinary teacup left out of doors to collect rain-water would (forgetting evaporation) take 60 years to fill. Egypt depends, therefore, on the Nile for every drop of fresh water for every living thing—plant, man or beast. Ninety-five per cent of her people,

97 per cent of her farm lands cling to a 600-mile strip along the river, often less than a mile wide and, except for the Delta, never more than ten miles wide. The old saying, "If the Nile dries tomorrow morning, Egypt dies tomorrow night," is hardly less than the grim truth.

Hence no Egyptian forgets one basic, troubling fact: of every seven drops of Nile water entering Egypt during the flood season, six have come from Ethiopia. Little wonder that Egypt has always had a nightmare fear that somehow, someday, Ethiopia would dam or divert or diminish the Nile. There is a story that for centuries the rulers of Egypt paid tribute to the rulers of Ethiopia, to keep the latter from tampering with the Nile. I mentioned this to Emperor Haile Selassie, perhaps tactlessly using the word "legend." He corrected me sharply: "It is not a legend. It is historical truth."

In all her long history, Egypt has been able to relax her "fear of Ethiopia," and other upstream menaces, for only a little over half a century. For this brief breathing spell she was protected by two shields—held up, ironically, by Great Britain.

On May 15, 1902, Britain (then controlling Egypt) signed with Ethiopia a treaty in which Ethiopia promised that, except with British consent, she would never build or allow to be built any obstructions on the Blue Nile or other major Nile tributary. Egypt's only worry then was the Sudan. This latter fear was

allayed on May 7, 1929, when Egypt and Britain (acting for the Sudan, which she then ruled) signed the Nile Waters Agreement. This provided that, except with Egypt's consent, no upstream works could ever be built in the Sudan or in any other territory under British control. It divided Nile waters between Egypt and the Sudan, and set up technical time-tables for opening and closing dams in the Sudan—for Egypt's protection.

This accord worked like a charm until the Sudan became independent in 1956. Egypt welcomed her "beloved Arab and Moslem sister state" to independence—and then received a slap in the face from which she has only recently recovered. The Sudan calmly announced that she herself had never been consulted about the 1929 Nile Waters Agreement, thought it highly unfair and therefore considered it null and void.

What about the 1902 treaty with Ethiopia? Egypt insists that it is still in force, but there are rumours that Ethiopia does not. To find out the truth, I asked the final authority, Emperor Haile Selassie.

His answer will make bitter reading in Egypt. That old 1902 treaty, he told me, was now "obsolete and outmoded." It was made with Britain, which "in 1902 controlled both the Sudan and Egypt, and has now withdrawn from both."

Ironically, until a few months ago, the sole Nile agreement that still worked best for Egypt was the one with Britain, who continues to live up to the 1929 Agreement in the only territory left to her: Uganda. Even at the time of Suez, British and Egyptian engineers went on working together at the Owen Falls Dam in Uganda, and Britain continued to send the allotted amount of water downstream every day, for Egypt.

Elsewhere in the Nile Valley there has been little but chaos. The fiercest, most dangerous tension of all has been between the Sudan and Egypt, the two 'beloved Arab and Moslem sister states." Their troubles have stemmed from Egypt's proposed High Dam at Aswan, a mighty project to store vast amounts of water inside Egypt.

For Egyptians this would be a hedge against upstream tampering with the Nile. But High Aswan's great reservoir will extend over 100 miles into the Sudan, drowning for ever the important town of Wadi Halfa and flooding some 55,000 Sudanese from their homes and farmplots. Obviously this required the consent of the Sudan; obviously Egypt must pay flood damage and resettlement costs. The Sudan adamantly refused, until recently, to permit this "invasion" of her territory—unless Egypt would agree that

the Sudan should have a far higher proportion of river water than the 1929 pact granted her.

"It will take a hundred Solomons a hundred years to settle this problem," a Sudanese said to me wryly.

The statement sounded prophetic. For, despite years of negotiation, Egypt and the Sudan always ended up in angry stalemate. Then, in October, an unexpected spirit of compromise entered the situation. The two countries decided to "try again," impelled primarily perhaps by Egypt's feeling that she could wait no longer to start construction on High Aswan—her exploding population needs more food.

On November 8 last year an agreement was signed which was immediately hailed as a "tribute to both sides."

Egypt will keep her rights to the larger volume of water, while the Sudan will receive almost five times her former annual share (18,500 million cubic metres as opposed to 4,000 million). Egypt will pay £E15 million to the Sudan for the reimbursement and resettlement of displaced Sudanese. A joint board will administer the agreement. Thus ends another chapter in the long, turbulent history of the Nile.

Learning the Language

which means the large size in soap flakes and the small size in motor-cars (Bill Vaughan). . . According to experts, the three most difficult words to pronounce are "I was mistaken" (H. C. Diefenbach)

We Made Books a Family Affair

An example which every family can follow—with enormous rewards in knowledge and sheer fun

By John Kord Lagemann



Last Christmas was a busy time for my sons. Jay, aged 15, blew his savings on a two-week ski-ing trip. Seventeen-

year-old Kord got a holiday job in a department store and went out with his girl friend almost every evening. Yet Jay found time to read Tolstoy's War and Peace in his bunk at the ski-ing centre, and Kord got through Milton's Paradise Lost on the train going to and from work. Neither book was compulsory school reading.

When this came out casually at dinner one night, my wife Betzy looked at me and said, "Well,

it seems to have worked." She was referring to the informal reading programme that has been going on in our family for ten years.

At the start it was little more than a parental resolve that our children should not miss the lifetime boon that we had experienced—reading for pleasure. We decided that, despite television, films, organized sports and accelerated schoolwork, our boys must, somehow, make reading so much a part of their lives that they would never say, "I haven't time to read."

Most parents read to their children in pre-school days, then stop as the youngsters learn to read for themselves. We decided to keep on reading to the boys—and to encourage them to show off their newfound skill by reading to us. "I can't finish *Dr. Dolittle* now, but I'd like to know how it ends," Betzy might say. "Why don't you read the last chapter to me while I do the washing-up?" Kord and Jay were glad to oblige.

We tried, in every way we could devise, to make reading fun. All parents know what a task it is to get children to bed. One day I helped Kord to rig up a bedside table with a lamp and a row of his favourite books as a special enticement. Now, when he was tucked into bed, he was allowed to read for an extra 15 minutes before he turned off the light. Later, Jay also started a bedside bookshelt. Today each boy's book collection covers half a bedroom wall. And the habit of reading in bed and at other spare moments is confirmed in both of them.

The attitude that reading is a school chore may for ever blight a child's pleasure in reading. Betzy and I got round this by deliberately mixing reading with real-life experience. When we read about trains, I took the boys to the near-by shunting yards. A children's book on archaeology led us to explore a deserted gravel pit, where we found a few stone chips that looked suspiciously like arrow-heads. A book on birds inspired us to go bird-watching. Other books took us to

the airport, the zoo and museums.

Whenever possible we showed the boys that reading gets practical results. I played the usual amount of "catch" with them, but I also bought them books on sports that interested them, and these improved their performance more than my coaching did. Late one summer we bought a small dinghy. That winter ten-year-old Kord read volumes on sailing. Next summer when we put the boat in the water he hoisted sail and zoomed back and forth across the lake without any trouble. The following year, after more time spent with books, he was able to augment his allowance by teaching grown-ups to sail.

More important than the practical results were the character insights and feeling for life that our boys got from authors like Mark Twain and Sean O'Casey. The boys didn't just happen to pick up works like these and find the parts that had most bearing on their young lives. Their acquaintance had developed during the transition period when so many young people get permanently stranded between children's books, which have begun to pall, and adult literature, which may be too difficult. To give our boys the necessary boost, Betzy and I extended our dinner hour to include a reading session.

At first the boys put up plenty of resistance. After dinner they always had something to rush off to-television, homework, a visit. "All

right," I compromised, "we'll read for just ten minutes." We seldom read for less than 20 minutes, and often for an hour or more when the boys were held spellbound by works like Stevenson's *Treasure Island* or Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

If we started a book which didn't win the boys' interest quickly, we dropped it. Our reading session, which came to be known as "The Ten Minutes," was strictly for fun. Though the boys felt that certain authors such as Charles Darwin, John Bunyan and Ralph Waldo Emerson might be forbiddingly intellectual, they found themselves fascinated by selections we picked from Darwin's Voyage of the Beagle, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Emerson's essays on "Self-Reliance" and "Friendship."

Once, after going through the first pages of Conrad's Heart of Darkness, I paused to ask the boys if they understood. "No," said Kord. "But don't stop." Children can take in a good deal which they aren't able to give back to you in so many words. Books, like people, aren't less fascinating because they do not fully reveal themselves on first acquaintance. Later, when our sons encountered these names at school, they felt far less timid about them; they could say, "We've met before."

Sometimes, if the text for "The Ten Minutes" was easy enough, I would hand the book to one of the boys and ask him to read. Verse

especially is meant to be read aloud, and our boys overcame the usual children's prejudice against it with John Brown's Body, Stephen Vincent Benét's verse story of the American Civil War.

Once I bought four soft-cover copies of Shakespeare's comedies, so that each of us could read a different part in A Midsummer Night's Dream. We did the same with Shaw's Saint Joan, with Betzy doing magnificently in the role of Joan of Arc.

One day I happened to leave a pile of library books on a table in the living-room. With irresistible curiosity, Kord and Jay were soon thumbing through them. This gave me an idea. Every week I brought home an armful of books from our local library and simply dumped them on a table. Some of the books got no more than a quick glance from the boys. But every now and then a book would ring the bell. (I generally included one or two picture books—cartoon albums, collections of photographs to lure them on.)

I also made a practice of keeping a few books and magazines near the television set, chief competitor of our reading programme. I knew the battle of the printed word had been won in our house when I saw Jay leaning back against the set one evening and using the light from the screen to read a serious novel.

At school each of our boys was directed to keep a list of the books

he read—a practice they've continued. Occasionally we look over the lists with them. Astonishingly, the titles reveal how each found his way to a main interest in life.

For a long time Kord read books on submarines, warships, war planes. "When, oh when, will he get interested in something besides war?" we asked ourselves. Then he began bringing home library books like Winston Churchill's The Second World War and Sidney Fay's Origins of the World War. His interest had carried him on to an acquaintance with history, which he's now reading at university.

Jay's bent for science and mathematics first showed itself in an early interest in detective stories, the biographies of scientists, and books on astronomy and feats of exploration. Youngsters may gorge like this on certain kinds of books as on certain foods—and in the long run they pick what's good for them. "A man ought to read as inclination leads him," said Samuel Johnson. Too much insistence on what is good for a child builds up resistance to books just as it does to spinach.

I remember gulping when Kord,

and then Jay in his turn, explored books which dealt with themes of crime, sex and sex deviation. But, as Betzy was wise enough to insist, "Children accept what they are prepared to deal with and put the rest aside."

When a child reads widely, he encounters human problems in a form which allows him to be aware of them without being involved in them, and this gives him a great advantage over those who depend mainly on direct experience.

Many parents do not realize the importance of reading until their children are thinking of going to university. One father asked our local headmaster what was the best way for a student to do well in examinations. The answer was: "The best way I know of is to read, read, read—starting ten years ago."

Facility in reading is becoming the "open sesame" to most of the good things our children want in life.

But children don't plunge into reading in order to cash in on it years later. They read because they enjoy it, and the best way to make sure they do is to enjoy it with them.

Uplifting Words

MRS. IDA ROSENTHAL, an American brassière manufacturer, has announced that she intends to go to the Soviet Union. "Many Russian women don't wear bras," Mrs. Rosenthal said. "If they did, they would be happier and prettier. The men would be happier. Consequently the whole country would be more contented, and I think Russia's relations with the world might improve."



In 1950 Winston Churchill visited King Frederick of Denmark, and I went with him as his valet. One evening when Mr. Churchill was guest of honour at a state banquet I decided to visit a cabaret in the famous Tivoli amusement gardens, and I stayed far later than I intended.

Suddenly I saw a palace servant elbowing his way through the dancers on the crowded floor. "Mr. Churchill wants his soup," he said urgently. "The whole palace is in a panic. Come quickly." The words made me blush with shame. I had forgotten to make arrangements about a bowl of turtle soup which Mr. Churchill liked to have before he went to sleep.

I leaped to my feet and raced to a waiting royal car, the servant pounding along behind me. At the palace I took the stairs to Mr. Churchill's room two at a time. But I was too late. A figure was just disappearing into the

Guy'nor's room carrying his little bowl of soup on a silver tray. I ran forward, meaning to snatch the tray, when an attendant stopped me. "That's the King," he whispered.

King Frederick, the kitchen staff told me later, had heard the commotion and decided to serve the soup himself.

Next morning Mr. Churchill did not say a word. He just gave me a twinkling look, as much as to say that he was completely satisfied with the palace service.

> -Norman McGowan, My Years With Churchill (Souvenir Press, London)

THE PAINTER Marc Chagall, who blends Russian folklore so exquisitely with colour, has little sense of financial values. I came across him once at his studio in Vence, a village near Cannes in the South of France, paint-

ing an entire dinner service.

"It's my daughter's wedding present," he explained in his gentle voice. He added apologetically, "I wanted to get something for her, but really there's nothing worth buying in the village, so I'm making this for her instead." It never occurred to him that a 50-piece dinner service by Chagall would be worth up to £7,000 (about Rs. 1 lakh). He didn't think it was good enough. -Noel Barber

CARDINAL SPELLMAN was watching a baseball match one day when a hardhit ball struck him on the knee. One of the players quickly asked whether he had been hurt.

"Don't worry about it," the cardinal said. "A priest's knees are the toughest part of his anatomy." -Joe McCarthy

The U.S. Secretary of Defence, Thomas Gates, has little patience with red tape. When he was Secretary of the Navy a complaint came to his desk that the Navy was wasting money at an ordnance plant by burning a traffic light 24 hours a day when it was needed for only two hours. Attached to the letter was a file slip routing it to the Bureau of Ordnance with a request that a reply be prepared for Gates's signature. Irked by this bureaucratic procedure, Gates took the slip, and after the word "Reply" wrote, "Turn off the damn light."

-N.Y.H.T.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's first meeting with German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer took place in 1951. While Eisenhower, then Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe, and the Chancellor were posing for photographers, Adenauer asked: "Herr General, sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

"Just one word," said the General, flashing his farnous smile. "I know the word for ironworker—Eisenhower."

-Contributed by Arthur Settel

COMEDIAN Joe Frisco was a timid man, and when he travelled he was always afraid of being robbed. One night he arrived late in Pittsburg and booked into an hotel. Nervously, he searched the wardrobes of his room and looked under the bed and behind the curtains to make sure that nobody was lying in wait to grab his wallet. After that he double-locked the door, took a last quick look into the bathroom, turned off the lights and jumped into bed.

Then, as a final precaution, he called out into the darkness, "Well, here I am in Pittsburg, broke again!" —J. McC.

When he was mayor of New York, Fiorella La Guardia once urged the police to distinguish between juvenile delinquency and boyish pranks. He said that when he was a boy he and his friends would walk along the streets until they spied a horse hitched to a post. "We'd unhitch the horse, ride him round town and then return him," the mayor said.

"Are you trying to tell us that the mayor of New York was once a horse thief?" one of the policemen said.

"No," said La Guardia, "I'm telling you that he was once a boy."

-Leonard Lyons

THE LATE General George Patton went to see a play staged by the officers' club of one of his tank units in Germany. In one scene a young lieutenant impersonated the colourful general. Knowing that Patton was in the audience, he really threw himself into the role. When he was introduced to Patton after the play, the young officer asked him what he thought of the impersonation.

"Well, son," replied Patton, "sure as hell one of us is hamming it up!"

-Contributed by Bill Danch

Photographer Cecil Beaton took pictures of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, on her 50th birthday. In an extravagance of tact, Beaton sent her proofs so retouched that not a wrinkle showed. Her secretary returned them with a polite note that said in effect: "Her Majesty feels that, having weathered 50 years of life on earth, she would not like her photographs to suggest that she has come through completely unscathed."

--- Charlotte and Denia Plimmer



The Worst Faults in a Man

By Jean Kerr
Author of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies"
and co-author of several plays

about them. And, deep down inside, I am crazy about them. They are sweet, you know, and so helpful. At parties, men you've barely met will leap to their feet to tell you that you've got the wrong end of the cigarette in your mouth. And when you are trying to squeeze your car into a tight parking place there will always be some nice man driving by who will shout, "Lady, you've

got a whole mile back there!"

But, charming as men are, we can't pretend they're perfect. It wouldn't be good for them, and it wouldn't be true.

For one thing, most men insist on behaving as though this were an orderly, sensible universe, which naturally makes them hard to live with. Another reason they're hard to live with (I know this sounds illogical) is that they're so good. Perhaps I can clarify that by listing a few of their more intolerable virtues.

A man will not meddle in wifely affairs. He may interfere at the office, driving secretaries to drink and premature marriage by snooping in filing cabinets. At home in the nest, he is the model of patience and laissez faire. He will stare at you across the dining-table (as you simultaneously carve the lamb and feed the baby) and announce, in piteous tones, "There's no salt in this shaker." What a wife objects to is not just the notion that Daddy has lived in this house for 13 years without ever discovering where the salt is kept. It's more the implication that only she has the fortitude, stamina and animal cunning necessary to pour the salt into that little hole in the shaker.

A man remembers important things. It really is remarkable the fund of information he keeps at his finger tips: the date of the Battle of Hastings, the name of the man who invented the printing press, the formula for water. It is obviously unreasonable to expect one so weighted down with relevant data to remember a simple fact like what size shirt he takes, or what class Gilbert is in. A woman just has to go through life remembering for two.

A man will try to improve your mind. Operating on the suspicion that women read nothing in the newspapers except the fashion advertisements, the average man takes considerable pains to keep his scatterbrained wife au courant with the

contemporary political situation. We get the following dialogue:

"Did you read this morning's leader on the defence shake-up?"

"No. What did it have to say?"

"You should have read it. It was a damn good piece."

"Well what was the gist of it?"
"Where is that paper? It should be around here somewhere."

"It isn't. It went out with the rubbish."

"That's too bad. It would have clarified the whole situation for you."

"I'm sure. But what did it say?" "Oh, it was against it."

A man lets you make decisions. Because he has such respect for your superior wisdom and technical know-how, he is constantly asking questions like, "Does this child need a sweater?" or, "Is that baby wet?"

Personally, I am willing to go through life being the court of last appeal on such crucial issues as beatime (Is it?) or biscuits (Can he have another?). But, just between us, I have no confidence in a man who wanders into the kitchen, peers in the fridge and asks plaintively, "Do I want a sandwich?"

A man will give you an honest answer. If you ask, "Darling, is this dress too tight?" he'll say, "Boy, oh boy, it certainly is."

A man believes in sharing. All men are advocates of sharing—up to a point. They will agree that it is "our house," "our mortgage" and, 70

of course, "our song." It is interesting, however, to observe the circumstances under which items that once were "our" joint concern suddenly become your exclusive possessions. For instance, a man will return from a stroll through "our garden" to tell you, "Darling, I think your daffodils are getting clumpbound." Or, on another occasion, "I see that the hinge is off your medicine cabinet." In my opinion, this policy of dissociating from anything that is temporarily out of order reaches its ultimate confusion with statements like, "Hey, your man is here to sweep the chimney."

A man doesn't want you to worry. Since he supposes, and correctly, that you worry a great deal about his health, he will go to any lengths to spare you the least alarm. He will say, as though it were the most casual thing in the world, "Well, I almost fainted at the railway station today."

"What happened?"

"Nothing, nothing. I leaned against a window. I didn't fall down."

"But, darling, what happened? Did you feel faint? You didn't have a sharp pain in your chest, did you?"

"Oh no. Nothing like that."

"Well, what do you mean you almost fainted?"

"Oh, I suppose it's that foot again."

"What foot again? Which foot?" "The one that's been numb since

last summer."

"Your foot has been numb since last summer?"

"Now it's more like the whole leg."

'Good heavens, let's phone the doctor."

"Why?"

"Why? Are you out of your mind? Because there's something the matter with your leg, that's why!"

"See, there you go, flying off again. I'm sorry I mentioned it."

A man idealizes his wife. This is another way of saying that he hasn't really looked at her for 14 vears.

To get me a housecoat for my birthday, my husband will make the unthinkable sacrifice of entering the lingerie department. There, as I reconstruct the scene later, he selects the slimmest, trimmest little salesgirl and announces, "She's about your size." Naturally, I have to take the thing back and get myself a housecoat four sizes larger. On second thoughts, I shouldn't complain about that. If you stop and think, it's really rather charming of him.

LETTER from a 12-year-old received by President Eisenhower: "Dear Mr. President: I would like to know if the law makes schoolteachers get called up for military service. If they do, I know one who has not been. His name is James Smith and he is 26 years old. Thank you."



Life Among the Beatniks

Dig these crazy Beats—the hairiest, scrawniest and most discontented human specimens of all time

By Paul O'Neil

Men, who know what they want and bay for it with vehemence, America's Beat Generation finds society too hideous to contemplate

and so withdraws from it. The only way a man can call his soul his own, say the Beats, is to become an outcast.

The wide public belief that these

improbable rebels are simply dirty people in sandals is only a small, if repellent, part of the truth. In their yearning to escape stultifying submission to the "rat race" of current American society, the Beats have raised their voices against virtually every aspect of that society: Mum, Dad, Politics, Marriage, the Savings Bank, Organized Religion and Higher Education, to say nothing of the Automatic Dishwasher and the Split-Level House.

Little of this is as remarkable as the Beats like to think. Bohcmianism is not new to big American cities. The recluse and the neurotic artist are as old as time, and most of the Beats' more outrageous attitudes were trumpeted long ago by nihilists, Dadaists and a thousand and one varieties of crackpots who have bloomed so luxuriantly down through the years. There is, however, one enormous difference. Most of the forerunners of Beatdom were ignored by the public; the Beat Generation has attracted wide attention and is exerting astonishing influence.

There are few Americans to whom the word Beat, or the derisive term Beatnik, does not conjure up an image: a hot-eyed fellow in beard and sandals, or a "chick" with straggly hair, long black stockings, heavy eye make-up and an expression which could indicate either hauteur or uneasy digestion. "Beat talk," an argot stolen mostly from jazz musicians and drug

addicts, is rapidly becoming a part of American idiom. It relies heavily on such words as "cat," "dig," "bug" and "cool," and utilizes the word "like" as a means of beginning almost any sentence.

A Beat-inspired fad for public recitation of verse has not only caught on in big cities and college towns but has given the very word "poetry" a new and abrasive connotation. Cellar night-clubs, espresso bars and coffee-houses have sprung up as a direct result of public interest in the Beat Generation, and in some cases their proprietors keep a tame or house Beat on the premises to shout crude verse at the customers. A radio serial now includes a Beat character; a Beatnik has been drawn into the comic strip Popeye; and a new film, The Beat Generation, is dedicated to the proposition that Beats are terrible fellows with women.

The rag, tag and bobtail of humanity which has set off all this uproar can be roughly divided into three groups. The bulk of it is composed of those loafing misfits who emerge in any generation—shabby and bearded men, pallid and sullen girls—who startle the tourists in San Francisco, or lounge in the doorways and cheap cafeterias of New York's Greenwich Village. They are talkers, loafers, lonely eccentrics, writers who cannot write, painters who cannot paint, dancers with unfortunate malfunction of the fetlocks. Around this bohemian

cadre wanders a second group: amateur or week-end Beats who have jobs and live the comfortable "square" life but who see the "cool" state of mind on Saturday nights.

Both these groups, however, are only reflections of the most curious men of influence the twentieth century has yet produced: the Beat poets. The poets, almost to a man, are anti-social to the point of neuroticism; they are dissidefts enthralled with their own egos and intent on bitter personal complaint. For all that, America's current Beat-consciousness is their doing.

To a great extent, Beatdom is a product of post-war disillusionment and restlessness. Its chief architects are poet-novelist lack Kerouac (On the Road, The Dharma Bums) and poet Allen Ginsberg (whose Howl and Other Poems has sold 33,000 copies). Beatdom's year of emergence can be set at 1953, when Ginsberg and many other bohemians followed Kerouac to San Francisco, decided this was the place and began scratching away at works which set much of the tone of the Beat world.

Kerouac, widely heralded for coining the phrase "the Beat Generation," is a husky, dark-haired fellow of French-Canadian ancestry who in 1941, during his second year at Columbia University, abruptly walked out on higher education. Afterwards he worked as a sportswriter, a filling-station attendant, a merchant mariner and a railway brakesman, and tramped around

with other garrulous wanderers. It was this latter occupation which he celebrated in On the Road. Kerouac denies that he has ever rewritten a line (anyone who has sampled the goulash-like texture of his prose would believe him implicitly), and has thus contributed to one of the Beat Generation's guiding misapprehensions: that anything which pops into the Beat mind is worth putting down on paper.

Although Allen Ginsberg has been less publicized, his contributions to Beatdom are probably more important than Kerouac's. A slight, dark, bespectacled fellow of 33, Ginsberg displays a wildly articulate sense of terror and protest, combined with a shameless exhibitionism. Even at its most unreasonable, his writing communicates excitement like a voice yelling inside a police car. He was one of the first to insist that the Beat Generation is a religious phenomenon and that Beat (i.r. resigned, put-upon, disgusted) really stands for Beatitude.

Like most Beats, Ginsberg is a marijuana smoker, and is among the most vehement of those who insist that American citizens have a constitutional right to all the drugs they want. He also proclaims that there is a plot between the Mafia and the U.S. government to keep up the price of dope. Listening to him deliver his opinions on this subject is a little like sharing a room with a wind machine.

The lion of poetry-reading circles,

Ginsberg declaims his own startling verse with wild fervour, and hecklers attack him at their peril. At a recitation in Los Angeles a man demanded to know what Ginsberg was "trying to prove." "Nakedness," said Ginsberg. "What d'ya mean, nakedness?" bawled the unwary customer. Ginsberg gracefully took off all his clothes.

Although the general level of Beat writing is appalling, it is impossible to discount all Beat literature. The astonishing views, selfdefeating abhorrence of form, and pitiful personal lives of its authors have led a great many critics to do so, but it is too easy to forget that Edgar Allan Poe was a drunkard, Coleridge an opium-eater and Vincent van Gogh a madman, and that a great deal of the world's art has a disconcerting way of getting produced by very odd types. A few Beat writers do demonstrate that choice of phrase and those flashes of insight which bespeak genuine talent.

The Beat message is being spoken in innumerable unlikely places. Knots of self-professed Beats have come to the surface in Manchester, Paris, Athens and Prague—although the members of these non-American groups seem a little unsure of just what is expected of them. In the United States there are few colleges without a cell of bearded Beatniks, and fewer still where some overtones of Beat philosophy have not crept into the mind of students. Hairy evangelists of Beatdom have

even collected troupes of semi- or week-end Beats in the Middle West and the South. Bongo drums are beaten at Atlanta's all-night Beat parties; marijuana cigarettes are sometimes smoked; and, most daring, carefully selected negroes are invited to rub shoulders with the jeans-clad white folk. The true, hard-core Beats, however, hive almost exclusively in New York and on the West Coast, particularly in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

There are no fewer than 2,000 Beats in Los Angeles, mostly in the crumbling suburb of Venice West. They live—with such basic furnishings as a mattress, a few tins of food and a record player, recorder or set of bongo drums—in abandoned shops or cheap rooms near the hotdog stands which line the Pacific shore. But San Francisco's North Beach district must still be considered Beatdom's capital. Grant Avenue is its main street, and two dingy, placard-plastered hangouts, The Coexistence Bagel Shop and The Place, are its élite clubs.

Beat life is not nearly so enlivened by debauchery as the poets might suggest, the public might suspect or the Beats themselves might hope. True Beats seldom have much more money than is necessary for bare existence. Some get allowances from presumably sorrowing parents. Some work from time to time, usually at menial or unskilled tasks, but they almost invariably leave as soon as the rent money is put by or a foundation for unemployment pay has been adequately laid. Few can afford heroin or even whisky. By and large they smoke marijuana when they can get it, and they drink cheap wine or beer.

For all their wild talk about sex, the Beat orgy is largely a figment of their imagination. There are relatively few female Beats, and—girls being the practical creatures they are—the "pad-sharing chicks" are few and far between. The boon the Beats really seem to want from femininity is financial support. "The mature bohemian," according to North Beach principles, "is one whose woman works full time."

Talk—endless talk—forms the basis of Beat existence. Talk and the kind of exhibitionism which almost always moves the average man to uncertainty and embarrassment are the Beat's weapons against the world. Mostly he is incapable of anything else.

A San Francisco psychiatrist who has recently completed a study based on members of the North Beach community, feels that at least 60 per cent of the Beats with whom he communicated were so psychotic or so crippled by tensions, anxieties and neuroses as to be incapable of making their way in the ordinary competitive world. Another 20 per cent, he believes, were hovering just within the boundaries of emotional stability.

The Beat Generation is not alone in the United States in questioning the values of contemporary society, in feeling spiritually stifled by present-day materialism, and in growing restive at the conformity which seems to be the price of security. But only the Beats have actually been moved to reject contemporary society in voicing their quarrel with those values.

They prance and gesture, living in poverty (in the Age of Supermarkets), rejecting the worthy folk of the suburbs (in the Age of Togetherness), babbling of marijuana and mescaline and howling about their misshapen souls.

A hundred million squares must be asking themselves: "What have we done to deserve this?"

This Way Out

THE PHILOSOPHER-POET Ralph Waldo Emerson was told by a member of a religious cult that the world would come to an end in about ten days. "Well," replied Emerson, "we no doubt will get on very well without it."

--Guy Williams

WHEN I phoned a prominent specialist for an appointment, his secretary said the earliest one she could give me would be in three weeks. "Three weeks!" I exclaimed. "I may be dead by that time!" "Oh," said the secretary, "you can always cancel an appointment."

-Contributed by Carrie Clark

A distinguished foreign affairs analyst reminds Premier Khrushchev of certain distortions purveyed by the Kremlin as truth. He asks for earnest efforts—on both sides—towards the removal of the most intolerable of world dangers

WHAT CHANCE OF "PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE"?

By George F. Kennan

N THE public debate on the cold war, no term has been used more loosely, and at times unscrupulously, than "peaceful coexistence." Recently, Nikita Khrushchev defined what he understands by this term. It signifies, he said, the repudiation of war as a means of solving issues, the elimination of the very threat of war. It presupposes an obligation to refrain from violation of the territorial integrity and sovereignty of another state. It implies non-interference in the affairs of other countries; political and economic relations must be put

on a basis of complete equality and mutual benefit.

Khrushchev makes it plain that he considers that the Soviet Union abides by these principles and has abided by them ever since the revolution in 1917, whereas important elements in the Western countries still "believe that war is to their benefit" and want to inflict "capitalism" by violent means on unwilling peoples.

There could be few propositions more amazing than his assertion that the Soviet state "from its very inception . . . proclaimed peaceful

coexistence as the basic principle of its foreign policy." One can believe that Moscow today assesses somewhat differently than in 1917 the prospect for social revolution in the main industrial countries of the West. If this is so, then it would surely be better to let bygones be bygones, rather than permit the problem of coexistence in the present to be complicated by altercation over the attitudes of the past.

But when the Communists refer to the attitude of early Soviet leaders as proof of the inevitable attachment of Russian Communism to such principles as repudiation of violence in solving political issues, renunciation of interference in the internal affairs of other countries and peaceful competition between states of different social systems, then the Western scholar must protest.

Do the present Russian Communist leaders really profess to have forgotten that Lenin regarded himself as an *international* socialist leader? That he wrote on October 3, 1918, "The Bolshevik working class of Russia was always internationalist not only in words but in deeds ... The Russian proletariat will understand that the greatest sacrifices will now soon be demanded of it for the cause of internationalism"?

GEORGE F. KENNAN was U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union in 1952-3. He delivered the B.B.C.'s 1957 series of Reith Lectures on "Russia, the Atom and the West."

This is only one quotation out of thousands illustrating the devotion of the early Bolsheviks to socialism as an international cause—devotion, that is, precisely to the duty of interfering in the internal affairs of other countries.

Khrushchev's assertion also calls upon us to forget the long and sinister history of relations between Moscow and foreign Communist parties in the Stalin era. Many of us would be happy to disregard these recollections in political discussion today. But it is another thing to suffer insult to one's intelligence. Moscow must not blandly turn the facts of history upsidedown and ask that this be accepted as proof of a Russian Communist commitment to coexistence. The very cultivation of these distortions is itself a grievous disservice to any truly hopeful form of coexistence.

These statements of mine are not to be taken as implying a disposition to believe that the attachment of Khrushchev and certain of his colleagues to the principles of coexistence, as he has defined them, is insincere and conceals sinister motives. This does not necessarily follow. It is possible to conceive that the Soviet attitude in such questions may have changed; it is not possible to accept the proposition that it did not need to change in order to meet the requirements of peaceful coexistence.

The Soviet view of coexistence has stressed the West's alleged desire

to see "capitalism" triumph as a world system. But the Westerner experiences a certain bewilderment when he hears the term used in this way. If there is any recognition in Soviet thought of the changes that have taken place in the economic practices of non-Communist countries in the past half century, I am not aware of it. Contemporary · Soviet material seems to suggest that there exists outside the Communist orbit a static condition known as "capitalism" which has undergone no essential alteration since the lifetime of Marx, and to which Western "ruling circles" remain profoundly committed.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize how far from reality this seems to many of us. The principles of free economic enterprise have indeed played a prominent part in the economies of non-Communist countries everywhere. But in no two countries has this part been quite the same: elements of public and social control have everywhere modified the operation of these principles. Today there are almost as many social-economic systems as there are countries; and many of them are closer to what Marx conceived as socialism than they are to the laissezfaire capitalism of his day. How absurd, in the light of these facts, to picture Westerners as passionate devotees of something called "capitalism," and to suggest that influential Westerners desire the miseries of anpther war in the hope of inflicting

MR. KHRUSHCHEV said the other day that peaceful coexistence in his view meant the continuation of what he called the ideological, political and economic struggle between the two systems.

Whether this is peaceful coexistence or a continuation of the cold war seems to depend on the means used to wage that struggle. If the means are incitement to national or racial hatred, insurrection and revolt, it is still the cold war and we must be prepared to defend ourselves against such methods.

-Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Britain's Foreign Secretary, speaking in the House of

Commons

the capitalist system on people who do not want it!

Moreover, the question of who owns the machines is not the one that today dominates the thoughts of Western society. It is primarily the question of human freedom: of the right of people to choose and alter their own social and political systems, to select those who shall govern them, and to enjoy the civil liberties which relieve them of the fear of arbitrary injustice, permit them to practise freedom of the mind and enable them to walk with their heads up.

That the parliamentary and judicial systems of the West are imperfect, most Englishmen or Americans would readily concede. But the overwhelming majority of us believe them to embody something that lies close to the essence of human dignity. It is to this, and not to the

system of ownership and control of industries, that our deepest pride and loyalties relate. The basic issue between the Communists and ourselves, therefore, is not capitalism versus socialism but freedom versus its opposite.

This ideological disagreement, however, is in itself no reason why peaceful coexistence should not prevail. There is nothing new in the prolonged peaceful residence, side by side, of ideologically antagonistic

systems. The general attitude throughout the West today is unquestionably that, while the social system now dominant in Russia may not commend itself to us, its existence there is not our responsibility. The Soviet regime is, after all, an indigenous regime throughout the greater part of the area of the Soviet Union. The processes in which it had its origin were not democratic ones in the Western sense, but they were deeply Russian ones, reflecting some very basic realities of the Russian political life of that day. It is indeed not the business of outsiders to interfere with such a regime.

The cold war, most emphatically, does not exist because people in the West object to the Russian people's having socialism or any other system they wish. If, in fact, it were only a matter of ideologies, and only a matter of the relationship between the West and Russia proper, "peaceful coexistence" could be accepted without reservations.

But the Soviet Union is not only an ideological phenomenon. It is also a great power, physically and militarily. Even if its ideology were not antagonistic, the behaviour of its government in international relations, and particularly any considerable expansion of its power at the expense of the freedom of other peoples, would still be a serious matter to the world. And it is precisely such expansion that we have witnessed in recent years.

The extension of Russian political and military power, since 1945, into the very heart of Europe represents a major alteration in the world strategic and political balance. Communist discussion of coexistence takes no account of this situation and asks us, by implication, to pretend that it does not exist. The problem, we are told, is to "liquidate the consequences of the Second World War"—but this particular consequence is apparently neither to be liquidated nor even spoken about.

It is not just the fact of this situation that is important to the West; there is the question of how it came into existence and how it has been maintained. Peaceful competition for the minds of men, which Khrushchev asks us to accept today, had precious little to do with the means by which "socialist" governments were established in the countries of Eastern Europe in 1944 and 1945. These regimes were imposed by the skilful manipulation of highly disciplined Communist minorities.

trained and inspired by Moscow, and supported by the presence or close proximity of Soviet armed forces. They have been maintained in power by similar means.

The Communist governments in Eastern and Central Europe, therefore, represent in Western eyes the fruits of a species of conquest and subjugation, not less real because it did not generally involve military invasion in the usual sense. The thought inevitably arises: if such a thing could be done to these peoples, and if we are asked to accept it as something not to be discussed, to how many other peoples could this also be done, within the framework of coexistence?

There are more ways than outright military aggression or formal political intervention by which smaller peoples may be subjected to the will of larger ones. There does exist, after all, the science of insurrection—the seizure of power by conspiratorial minorities, manipulation of civil conflict. Who would deny that this science has had a basic part in the Communist thinking and training?

Khrushchev gives the impression that all this is not an important part of his thinking today. It would be wrong to assume automatically that there is no sincerity in this claim. (He has a point when he says that we should not look for the double bottom in every suitcase.) But, again, the historical record cannot be suddenly ignored. It will be a long time,

for instance, before the foreign policies and methods of Stalin cease to be a determining factor in Western consciousness. It is from Stalin that we learned a great deal of what we know about ruthlessness and deception in international politics.

These reflections have an important bearing on the words "peace" and "peaceful," which are used so frequently by the Communists. The kind of peace compatible with the true security of peoples is one based on the principles of genuine national freedom. Another kind of peace represents the silence that reigns under coercion. The Communists' bandying about of the word "peace" evades the fact that peoples can be oppressed in ways which do not necessarily involve the visible exertion of force—that sometimes the mere threat is enough. It evades the fact that there have been instances, as in Hungary in 1956, when the Soviet attachment to "peace" did not inhibit the use of Soviet armed forces to determine the political situation in a neighbouring country. How can people outside Russia overlook these facts when "peaceful" coexistence is discussed?

How, too, can we overlook the odd concept of truth that prevails in Moscow? We are accustomed to hearing from the Communist propaganda machine and from Soviet statesmen propositions so patently absurd or so flatly in contradiction to known facts that no child would believe them. One has only to think

of the bland Soviet distortions of the historical record on the Korean War, the Soviet action in Hungary, etc.

Is it too much to ask the Soviet leaders to drop today this Byzantine dogmatism, so out of place on the part of a great government which asks for acceptance as a mature and responsible force in world affairs? What can be the value of specific understandings if the underlying assumptions and beliefs are so grotesquely different? If the Soviet leaders really think us to be as evil as they depict us to their own people, how can they seriously believe in the possibility of coexisting peacefully with us? If, on the other hand, they are deliberately misleading their own people, how can we have confidence in them?

The demand on Moscow is not for uncritical acceptance of other points of view. But we would like to see in Soviet statements at least a reasonable effort to reconcile the picture they paint of world realities with the objective evidence they have before them.

So long as the Communist leaders continue to hold that truth consists of what is useful to their interests, regardless how preposterous—so long as they continue to deny the very existence of an objective reality and, accordingly, any obligation to understand and respect it—even those who might earnestly wish for coexistence as Khrushchev has defined it will have to restrain their hopes.

If Moscow is sincere in its quest for peaceful coexistence, and if to this end it is prepared to envisage a general revision, on both sides, of the dangerous state of world affairs known as the cold war, there will be no lack of people in the non-Communist world to lend their influence to this process. But if it is conceived in Moscow that the adjustment has all to be made on the Western side, there will be little that anyone on this side of the line can usefully do to advance coexistence.

Could we not, all of us, now put aside the pretence of total righteousness and admit to a measure of responsibility for the tangled processes of history that have brought the world to its present dangerous state? And could we not, having once admitted this, drop the argument about whose responsibility is greatest and address ourselves at long last, earnestly and without recrimination, to the elimination of the central and most intolerable elements of danger?

well-known person might have written during his life. Time was limited, but I was hardly prepared for Don's brief note: "Dear Josephine, I am sorry to inform you that I did not do too well at Waterloo. Yours truly, Napoleon."

—Contributed by Margaret Strom



By J. M. Barrie

A hundred years ago, the author of "Peter Pan" was born into a poor, proud Scottish home. This moving reminiscence recalls his childhood there

HAD A brother who was far away at school. I remember very little about him, only that he was a merry-faced boy who ran like a squirrel up a tree and shook the cherries into my lap. When he was 13 and I was half his age the terrible news came, and the face of my mother was awful in its calmness as she set off to get between Death and her boy. We trooped with her down the brae to the station. She had bidden us good-bye with that fighting face when my father came out of the telegraph office and said huskily, "He's gone!"

That is how my mother got her

soft face and her pathetic ways and her large charity, and why other mothers ran to her when they had lost a child. She was always delicate from that hour, and for many months she was very ill.

It was shortly after that first day that my elder sister came to me with anxious face and told me to go to my mother and remind her that she still had another boy. I went excitedly, but the room was dark, and when I heard the door shut and no sound came from the bed I was afraid, and I stood still. I suppose I was breathing hard, or perhaps crying, for after a time I heard a listless voice that had never been listless before say, "Is that you?"

I think the tone hurt me, for I made no answer, and then the voice said more anxiously, "Is that you?" again. I thought it was the dead boy she was speaking to, and I said in a little lonely voice, "No, it's not him, it's just me." Then I heard a cry, and my mother turned in bed, and though it was dark I knew she was holding out her arms.

After that I sat a great deal on her bed trying to make her forget him, and if I saw anyone out of doors do something that made the others laugh I immediately hastened to that dark room and did it before her. I suppose I was an odd little figure; I have been told that my anxiety to brighten her gave my face a strained look and put a tremor into the joke (I would stand on my

head in the bed, my feet against the wall, and then cry excitedly, "Are you laughing, Mother?") and perhaps what made her laugh was something I was unconscious of, but she did laugh suddenly now and then, whereupon I screamed exultantly to my sister to come and see the sight, but by the time she came the soft face was wet again.

I kept a record of her laughs on a piece of paper, a stroke for each. There were five strokes the first time I showed it to the doctor, and when their meaning was explained to him, he laughed so boisterously that I cried, "I wish that was one of hers!" Then he was sympathetic, and said that if I showed the paper to Mother now and told her that these were her five laughs he thought I might win another. I did as he bade me, and not only did she laugh then but again when I put that laugh down, so that though it was really one laugh with a tear in the middle I counted it as two.

My sister told me not to sulk when my mother lay thinking of him, but to try to get her to talk about him. I did not see how this could make her the merry mother she used to be, but I was told that if I could not do it nobody could, and this made me eager to begin.

At first I was often jealous, stopping her fond memories with the cry, "Do you mind nothing about me?" but that did not last; its place was taken by an intense desire (again, I think, my sister must have

breathed it into life) to become so like him that even my mother should not see the difference, and many and artful were the questions I put to that end. Then I practised in secret, but after a whole week had passed I was still rather like myself.

He had such a cheery way of whistling, she had told me, it had always brightened her at her work, and when he whistled he stood with his legs apart, and his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers. I decided to trust to this, so one day after I had learnt his whistle (every boy of enterprise invents a whistle of his own) from boys who had been his comrades, I secretly put on a suit of his clothes, which fitted me many years afterwards, and slipped into my mother's room.

Quaking, yet so pleased, I stood still until she saw me, and then—how it must have hurt her!—"Listen!" I cried in a glow of triumph, and I stretched my legs wide apart and plunged my hands into the pockets of my knickerbockers, and began to whistle.

After some months, her face rippled with mirth as before, and her laugh, that I had tried so hard to force, came running home again. But I never made her forget the bit of her that was dead. When I became a man and he was still a boy of 13, I wrote a paper called "Dead this Twenty Years," about a similar tragedy in another woman's life, and it is the only thing I have written that she never spoke about.



When one of our local residents collapsed, he was revived by rescuebreathing—the new method of mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration. He was taken to hospital, where he collapsed again. Semi-conscious, he heard the doctor point out to the two nurses with him that now was the time for them to learn rescue-breathing technique. At this, the patient raised a shaky finger and pointed to one of the nurses—a little blonde. "Teach her first!" he whispered. —Contributed by William Kiewel

MAJOR JOHN EISENHOWER reported that when he was an aide to his father during the war he was once sent with a message to a colonel in the front line. "My dad says to watch your right flank," he told the colonel.

"That's fine," replied the officer.

"And what does your mummy say?"

—Les and Liz Carpenter

THE PERSONNEL manager looked up at the young man seeking a job. "Tell me," he said, "what have you done?"

"Me?" answered the startled applicant. "About what?" —E. E. Renyon

A young Husband says that one morning when he was getting ready to leave for work, the hubbub in his house was even greater than usual. His two small sons were wrestling on the floor, carrying on a fight that had been only momentarily interrupted by breakfast. The dog was barking at the cat, and the baby was yelling her head off.

As he bent down to kiss his wife good-bye, she gave a deep sigh. "Darling," she said, "why don't you marry me and take me away from all this?"

—Contributed by A. B.

"My folks were immigrants," said a guest on an American television programme, "and they fell under the spell of the legend that the streets of America were paved with gold. When Pop got here, though, he found out three things: (1) The streets were not paved with gold. (2) The streets were not even paved. (3) He was supposed to do the paving."

—Will Jones

"AND WHAT do you want leave for?" the C.O. snarled to the young pilot.

"Well, sir," was the bashful reply, "a lady friend of mine is getting married—and—er—she wants me to act as bridegroom."

—The Irish Digest

A DENTIST found a badly decayed cavity in the tooth of a glamorous female patient.

"My dear," he murmured, "what's a place like this doing in a nice girl like you? —Jack Sterling

THERE WAS to be a christening party for the new baby of a soldier and his wife at their home in an army camp. Before the ceremony the chaplain took the new father aside. "Are you prepared for this solemn event?" he asked.

"I think so," replied the soldier. "I've got cold meat, tomatoes, bread, cake..."

"No, no!" interrupted the chaplain. "I mean spiritually prepared?"

"Well, I don't know," said the soldier thoughtfully. "Do you think two cases of whisky are enough?"

-- Contributed by Dan Bennett

Once when Danny Kaye was appearing in London, he spent a free afternoon attending a matinée. The play was being received with typical English reserve, and during the interval he heard three army officers discussing it in the foyer.

"Ghastly," said one.

"Beastly," agreed the second. The third didn't say a word.

One of the others turned to him. "And what is your opinion, Colonel?" he asked.

"Came on a free pass," he said. "Hardly cricket to speak out, you know. But . . ." He broke off, strode up to the box-office and bought a ticket. Then, holding it gingerly between thumb and forefinger, he returned to his fellow officers. "A real stinker, gentlemen," he said. —M. C.

"Ruтн," moaned her long-suffering husband, "you promised you wouldn't buy a new dress."

"I couldn't help it," said the modern Eve, thinking quickly. "The devil tempted me." "Then why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'?" the husband asked.

"I did," his wife replied sweetly.
"And then he whispered over my shoulder, 'My dear, it fits you beautifully at the back.' "

— Howard Bell

WHILE on holiday in the country, a schoolteacher hired a local guide to drive her to the various points of interest in the countryside. He pointed out the landmarks, at the same time giving extraneous information about each building, monument, etc. Finally, the teacher said, "It won't be necessary for you to talk."

When her bill was presented there was an extra charge. "What's this for?" she asked.

"That," replied the guide, "is for cheek. I don't often take it, but when I do—I charge for it." —Irving Hoffman

A FRIEND of ours was telling us about the ice-skating club she had just joined.

"How big is the skating rink?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly." She smiled shyly. "But it has a seating capacity for 25."

—Contributed by V. L.

A BUSINESSMAN handed a contribution to his youthful visitor, and in return got a card from a local boys' club marked "Associate Member." "Now that I'm a member," he asked, "exactly what are my rights and privileges?"

The boy thought it over, and said with a grin, "I suppose it gives you the right to contribute again next year."

---L.G.J.



Present evidence suggests that the eradication of polio is likely to be achieved by a live vaccine rather than a killed one —THE LANCET

By Paul de Kruif

HE FEAR of polio that persists despite widespread use of a killedvirus vaccine has set the stage for a new vaccine.

Unlike the Salk vaccine, which contains a killed polio virus, the new type uses a live virus weakened below the danger point. Also, unlike the killed vaccine, it is taken by mouth and, as perfected in recent months, in a single dose. Whereas three or four injections of killed vaccine are now recommended, the new live-virus vaccine may provide immunity for several years with its

one cherry-flavoured dose—which costs less than killed-virus treatment and is effective against all three types of polio.

The new oral vaccine was developed under the leadership of Dr. Herald Cox of the Lederle Laboratories division of the American Cyanamid Company. It has been subjected to far more extensive tests than has any other vaccine before being made available for general use. Before the single-dose, three-inone vaccine became available, almost two million single-strain doses

were given to approximately 700,000 people. Studies by Dr. Cox's colleague, Dr. Victor Cabasso, and his associates on successive batches of vaccine have provided evidence of their consistent safety and power.

Dr. Cox launched his research from this basis: that the best existing virus vaccines—namely those against smallpox and yellow fever—were made not from killed but from living, weakened midget microbes. In the early 1950's he fortified this basic principle by perfecting practical live-virus vaccines against rabies, dog distemper and dog hepatitis, swine fever and fowl pest.

Dr. Cox and his team struggled for 13 years to get a live vaccine that would guard against all three types of paralytic polio. Their final method of approach was suggested by the Nobel Prize-winner, Dr. John Enders, of Harvard, who found out how to trap and grow polio virus in monkey tissue in test tubes.

Strains developed by the team were the first weakened, living polio viruses ever fed to human beings, and to test their safety the first dose was taken by Dr. Cox himself, in 1950. His assistant, Dr. Hilary Koprowski, then tried feeding

PAUL DE KRUIF, a Reader's Digest roving editor, has been reporting the trials and triumphs of medicine for 40 years. He has written a dozen books (beginning with his famous Microbe Hunters), which have been published in 23 languages.

weakened live polio virus to 85 young volunteers. All the subjects became immune; none was harmed by the preventive.

Immunity to polio is made evident by the appearance of chemicals called antibodies in the blood after vaccination. When confronted with virulent polio virus, the immunized blood knocks it out, as was proved by laboratory tests. The Cox vaccine is especially potent in fighting epidemics because the immunity it confers develops rapidly. Children who were given vaccine tamed from the deadly and most prevalent Type I polio virus showed a protective level of antibodies in their blood within 15 days.

In 1957 a stern test of the Cox vaccine was begun when Dr. Mauricio Martins da Silva and his associates fed it to 25 babies. Almost all responded with immunity in their blood to all three types of virus received. The oral vaccine, though living, did not revert to virulence: though the infants excreted large amounts of tamed polio virus, no polio occurred in their families or in other contacts.

One advantage of the Cox vaccine is that immediately after it is taken it apparently starts immunity in the alimentary canal where, it is generally conceded, polio begins after entering by the mouth.

In 1958 a polio outbreak exploded in Andes County in the South American state of Colombia. Because killed polio vaccine cannot halt the spread of a polio epidemic, Colombian health officials appealed to the Pan American Sanitary Bureau for help. Under the sponsorship of the World Health Organization, Dr. Martins da Silva went down to test the Cox live-virus vaccine.

There had already been 19 cases of paralytic polio, and a real epidemic seemed imminent. Dr. Martins da Silva and Colombian health officers gave Cox vaccine to more than 7,000 Andes County children. The result was startling: no paralytic polio appeared among vaccinated children.

Soon afterwards, Nicaragua reported similar results when Cox live-virus vaccine was given to all children under ten in Nicaragua's capital, Managua. Not a single case of paralytic polio appeared in the 14 months from the end of the mass vaccination to the date of this writing. This was unprecedented: in seven previous years, the longest interval without a paralytic polio case had been 90 days. Meanwhile, there have been scattered cases of paralytic polio in outlying regions where no vaccine was given.

In Costa Rica's capital, San José, all children under 11 have been fed Cox vaccine, and there have been no reported cases of paralytic polio in vaccinated children. All children in Costa Rica—about 500,000—are being given Cox vaccination.

All clinical trials in Latin-American countries have been conducted under strict surveillance by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, local public-health officers and medical-school faculties.

Since Cox living-virus vaccination was begun in these lands, the threat of epidemics seems to have disappeared. At least eight Latin-American countries have requested more than 26 million doses of Cox vaccine.*

In June 1959, an international symposium was held in Washington, under the auspices of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau and the Sister Kenny Foundation, with 70 virologists from 17 countries participating.

The consensus of the conference was that live-virus polio vaccines are not only safe but also produce immunity. The results of other live-virus polio vaccines were reported, including that developed by Dr. Albert Sabin.

It seems that this latter vaccine, which has been widely tested in the Soviet Union, does not at present have the solid and immediate immunizing power of the Cox vaccine. Also, Dr. Sabin has found that, when Type I, Type II and Type III vaccines are fed simultaneously, one strain tends to interfere with the immunizing power of the others. He has recommended that the three strains should be administered several weeks apart.

The most practical achievement

^{*} Health authorities in Britain and America have not yet approved the Cox vaccine for sale.



of Dr. Cox and his team is their recent perfection of a vaccine which combines all three strains of the polio virus in a single dose—a development that has occurred since the Latin-American programme began.

This three-in-one vaccine has been given to 550 volunteers, with no ill effects and, as subsequent blood samples have shown, with immunizing effectiveness.

One authoritative medical journal

has summarized the situation thus: Leading virologists and epidemiologists agree that only the administration of a living and adequately attenuated virus by the alimentary canal can be confidently expected to provide a solid and lasting immunity against polio.

Until such time as live vaccine is accepted by official bodies, the current immunization programmes should not be permitted to lag.



Spellbound

EXTRACT from a schoolgirl's letter home: "We all have to have a dictionary here, so I have asked for one to be ordered for me. I hope you don't mind. Apparantly Miss Foster thinks they are essensual."

-"Peterborough" in The Daily Telegraph, London

Who's Who

My father was asked to introduce the speakers at a meeting. Because of bad weather the audience consisted of only a handful of people, but my father was equal to the occasion.

"I have been asked to introduce our speaker to you this evening," he began. "This I am very glad to do. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. John Brown. Mr. Brown, meet Mr. and Mrs. Rucker, Mr. and Mrs. Witten, Mr. Stovall, Miss Stovall..."
—Wesley Nunn

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT once asked Moss Hart to drive him to Newark to fulfil a lecture date. "I'll do it," the playwright agreed, "if you'll let me sit on the platform and be introduced to the audience. I was once an assistant in a bookshop in Newark and I'd like to show them I'm a big shot now."

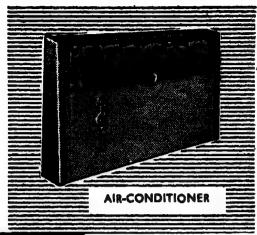
Woollcott delivered his lecture without making the slightest reference to Hart—who fidgeted in his chair behind the rostrum—then said in conclusion: "Tonight I'll dispense with my usual question period. I'm sure you all want to know the same thing: Who is this foolish-looking young man here on the platform?"

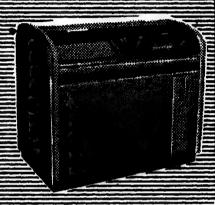
With that he retired, leaving Hart to get out of the hall as best he could.

—Bennett Cerf

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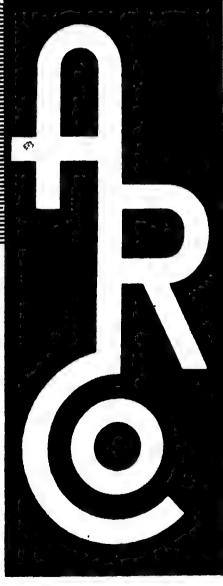
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By George Kent

Sun, Sand nd Sin: THE RIVIERA



BORDERING THE Mediterranean for 180 sandy miles and extending back into the hills for another

ten is Europe's greatest playground, the French Riviera. Here, all the year round and in abundance, are all the conventional resort sports and amusements—and, for good measure, gambling casinos, fortified villages, the toy soldiers of Monaco, a nudist colony, the scent factories of Grasse and what is probably the world's most exquisitely decorated modern chapel, designed by Matisse.

Each year a million visitors from every country on earth come to this shining strip of coast, the Côte d'Azur, to swim, bask in the sun, eat well, yield to the excitement of roulette or romance, or just simply to go sightseeing.

Not many years ago the French Riviera was the resort of the rich and exalted: tsars and shahs, kings and queens, English peers, South American millionaires and Russian



A view of Cannes

grand dukes. Even now at Eden-Roc, the exclusive Cap d'Antibes beach club, one cannot dive into the swimming-pool without splashing a six-figure bank account or at least a paragraph in Who's Who. Yet today these people are lost in the multitude of holidaymakers of more modest means. One can see the change most clearly on the beaches. Once almost empty except for a sedate sprinkling of striped umbrellas, some are now sardine-packed with bathers.

The Riviera is where the bikini

was invented, and on moonlight nights even this slender apology for a bathing suit may be discarded. If you want to see the unadorned human figure in daylight, you can take a boat to the island of Levant, where you will find men and women shopping and strolling and queueing at the post office clad only in nylon fig leaves.

Except for the tiny principality of Monaco, the Côte d'Azur is under the French flag; but the English created it, the Italians built it and the tsarist Russians gave it glamour.

Cannes was a poor fishing village when Lord Brougham was forced to stay there in 1834 during a cholera scare. At the village inn, he was regaled with a bouillabaisse made of 16 varieties of fish which he washed down with flagons of wine. He fell in love with the place, stayed and built himself a villa.

Other Englishmen followed, and suddenly there was a colony of several thousand. They imported lawns from England and brought their yachts.

Queen Victoria was not the only crowned head who made it a habit to stay there. One day, returning from a drive, she is alleged to have said, "Nothing but kings and belted earls. I was forced to stop and talk

to eight of them."

The Russian nobility discovered this door to the sun not long after the English, and soon entire families with retinues of servants were making the long journey. One year there were 25,000 of them, including the Tsar and Tsarina. At Monte Carlo, you will hear, there have never been such gamblers as the Russian grand dukes: men prepared to stake their entire fortunes, their estates, even their wives on the turn of a card.

No people ever had a greater contempt for money: certainly none spent it so freely or so capriciously. Prince Tcherkasky, renting a villa with vast grounds, insisted on seeing a new landscape garden each morning. Every night 48 gardeners

toiled, shifting old plants and putting in new ones.

In those early days the hotels closed after Easter. The doctors said, "Keep away," murmuring of miasma and malaria, and people believed them. Then, shortly after the First World War, American Red Cross nurses resting at Eden-Roc during the summer became enthusiastic. Here was climate, here was the sca; why, they demanded, did the French neglect their wonderful coast in the summer? Nothing happened until 1924, when Eden-Roc owner André Sella built an open-air summer theatre which attracted stars and celebrities from all over the world.

A couple of years later Frank Jay Gould, son of an American railway magnate, spotted a stretch of pine forest beside a perfect beach called Juan-les-Pins. He bought it and the surrounding villas, built an hotel and reconstructed a gambling casino. He poured five million dollars (Rs. 2-5 crores) into the extravaganza and began shouting—in the newspapers—for business. He got it, and the unreluctant hotel men of the other resorts followed his lead.

In recent summers Nice, with more than half as much hotel space as London, has occasionally had to accommodate people in monasteries. Cannes, with a normal population of 50,000, takes in nearly 100,000 visitors.

The Riviera is the place where skin-diving was invented, and for



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THE PURE, WHITE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

excellent reasons: the water is clear, and there are no sharks. It is also a wonderful place for a man with a boat. The harbour at Cannes is a forest of masts of motor and sailing yachts.

In the off season—that is, any month except July and August—rooms are plentiful and cheaper. This is the time of the Riviera's most celebrated festivities. There is the famous carnival at Nice, with its colourful Battle of Flowers. There is the Cannes Film Festival, attracting every big name in the industry.

The Riviera is the home of Somerset Maugham, Picasso, Greta Garbo and ex-monarchs such as Farouk and Bao-Dai.

It was in an hotel room at Nice that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote A Child's Garden of Verses, and here he received a letter from his publisher saying that Treasure Island had been accepted.

Picasso, after wandering one day in the village of Vallauris, started dabbling in china-decoration. Vallauris had once been a thriving pottery town; now its wares were almost without a market. Picasso made some plates, and people began coming to look and to buy. Today Vallauris is more prosperous than at any time in its history, with 40 potteries going at full capacity.

The palaces you see by the sea are the gambling casinos, the principal ones being those of Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo. In recent years their elegance has faded, as the men willing to gamble for large stakes have disappeared, although each year about £15 million (Rs. 20 crores) still changes hands. Signs of the times are the slot machines in the lobby of the Monte Carlo Casino and, inside, the dice tables—both designed to attract tourists of relatively modest means.

Behind the casinos the hills rise past steep gorges to ancient fortified villages with winding streets and pleasant places to eat. For colour and fragrance there are miles of flowers grown for their perfume: jasmine, tuberoses, orange blossom and roses. Each year six and a half million pounds of them are transported to the town of Grasse, where 17 factories produce the essences which in time become French perfume.

At Vence, seven miles from the sea, is the chapel in which Matisse laboured during the last years of his life—one of the loveliest examples of modern church décor. At Ville-franche-sur-Mer, Jean Cocteau took a Romanesque church where fishermen stored their nets and, with line drawings of Biblical and regional scenes, transformed it into a chapel of great beauty.

The Riviera has been called, with some truth, an irresistible combination of sun, sand and sin. The whole truth is that the Riviera is a composite of sea and islands and hills, where men and women, of whatever age, can find holiday happiness and, if they're lucky, a little more.

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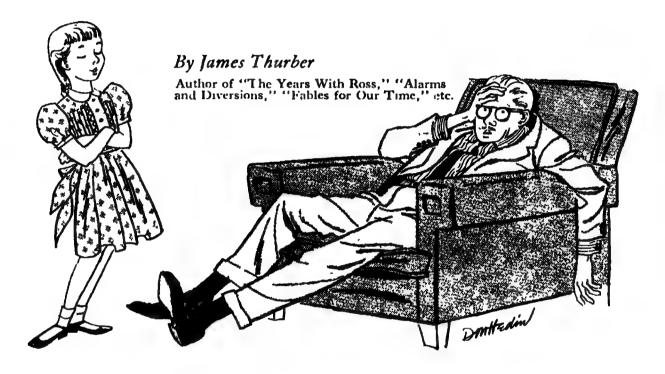
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James Thurber Versus Mandy



butterflies?" Mandy suddenly asked me one day. Her questions demand a grave consideration which her impatience with the slow processes of the adult mind will not tolerate. Mandy is eight, but I state her age with reservations because she is sometimes 14 or older, and sometimes four or younger. "I want to hang by my heels like a bat," Mandy said, "but I want to be a butterfly. Daddy couldn't spank me

A famous humorist is trapped by an eight-year-old in a battle of wits, and emerges—barely

then because I would be on the ceiling."

"He could get a step-ladder," I said finally.

"I would push it over," she said. "Bang!"

"He could call the fire brigade, of course," I suggested.

"I would push that over, too," Mandy said, adding, "bang, bang!"

"Butterflies don't hang by their heels," I told her. But she was off on another tack.

"God didn't have to give tortoises shells," she told me.

Here I thought I had her, but she does not corner easily in debate. "Tortoises are very slow," I explained, "and so God gave them shells that they could hide in, to protect themselves from their enemies."

"Why didn't He make them faster?" Mandy said. She had me there. I realized, for the first time, that if God had made porcupines and skunks faster, they wouldn't need their quills and vitriol.

"Why didn't God give us wings?" was her next question, and I began to lecture on that point.

"We have developed wings," I told her, but she cut me off with that topical sentence:

"It took God millions of years to give us wings," she said. "They are no good." To this she added, after a moment's thought, "We don't have anything."

"We have better eyesight than

dogs," I said.

"Dogs don't bump into things."

WHETHER writing or drawing, James Thurber is one of the world's funniest men. Much of his humour has been labelled "nonsense," but there is an uneasy feeling that it may be simply factual reporting, and that the inhabitants of "Thurber's World" of deranged sanity may be us.

"Dogs are guided by better hearing and a better sense of smell than we have," I explained.

"They can't see a light way way off," was her answer to that.

"No, but when the man with the light gets nearer, they can hear him, and then they can smell him," I told her.

She left me flat-footed with a quick passing shot. "This light doesn't get nearer, 'cause it's in a lighthouse."

That annoyed me, for I am a bad loser. "All right, all right, then," I snapped. "We'll move the dog nearer the lighthouse. Aren't you going to allow me to score a single point in this colloquy?"

Mandy has a standard answer for any questions she doesn't understand. "No," she said. "Why didn't God give dogs glasses?"

For days I had been practising some questions of my own for Mandy, and I served them all at once. "Why don't foxes wear foxgloves? Why don't cows wear cowslips? What was it Katy did? If cowboys round up cows, why don't bulldogs round up bulls?"

"Katy who?" Mandy asked, her quick feminine instinct for scandal making her ignore all the other questions.

"You're too young to know who she was and what she did, and I'm too old to care," I said.

"My daddy says the bugs are going to get everybody." Mandy repeated this prophetic piece of



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eschatology indifferently, as if it didn't matter.

"Your father was referring to a recent announcement by some scientists that insects are increasing alarmingly on this planet," I told her. "It is my opinion that they are increasing because they are alarmed by the steady increase of human beings."

"I want a swan to get me," Mandy said. "What do you want to

get you?"

I had to give this some thought. "Bear with me," I said. "It isn't easy to decide. It would be colourful and exotic to be got by a green mamba in the Taj Mahal, but my friends would say I was showing

off, and such an ending would also be out of character. I shall probably stumble over my grandson's toy train and break my neck."

Mandy, true to form, lobbed her next question over my head. "What

bear?" she said.

"I didn't say anything about a bear," I said.

"You said there was a bear with you," she said, "but there isn't any."

I went back over what I had said and found the bear, but ignored it. "We are getting nowhere faster than usual," I told her.

"What animal would you rather be?" was her next question.

I must have been unconsciously preparing for this one.



"I have been a lot of animals," I told her, "but there are also a lot I haven't been. I was never a road hog or a snake in the grass, but I was once a news hound."

I was all set to go farther with this line of attack or defence, but her interest, after her fashion, had wandered. "Make up a nursery rhyme," she commanded me.

I pretended to be having a hard time making up a nursery rhyme, but my anguish was rigged, for I had made one up long ago for just such an emergency, and I recited it:

Half a mile from Haverstraw there lived a half-wit fellow, Half his house was brick and red, and half was wood and yellow; Half the town knew half his name but only half could spell it. If you will sit for half an hour, I've half a mind to tell it.

"My daddy makes up nursery rhymes, too," Mandy said. I felt sure her daddy's doggerel would top mine, and it did. "Tell me one of them," I said, and she did.

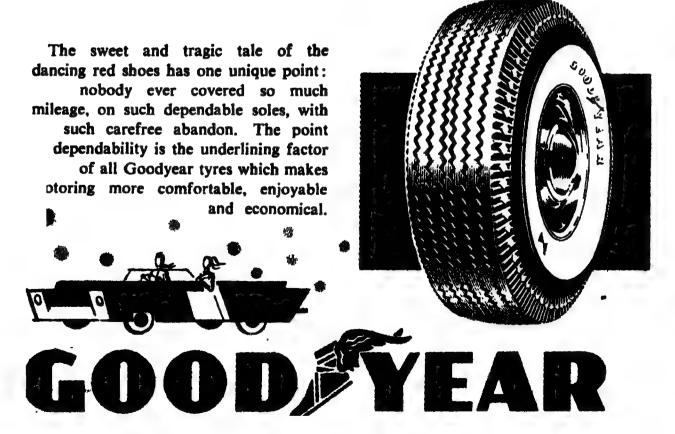
Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
Moscow jumped over the moon.

"That isn't a nursery rhyme," I told her. "That is political science."

"No it isn't," Mandy said.

"Yes it is," I said.

"No it isn't," she said.



"Yes it is," I said.

"No it isn't," she said.

It was at this point, or, to be exact, sword's point, that Mandy's mother and my wife (they are not the same person) entered the room and broke into the debate.

"You mustn't say it is, if Mr. Thurber says it isn't," her mother told Mandy.

"Are you two arguing again?" my wife wanted to know. "It's time to go."

We broke it up, but at the door I said to Mandy, "Next time I'll

explain why the wolf is at the door. It's on account of the stork.

"There isn't any stork, if you mean babies," Mandy said. I am sure she would have explained what she meant, in simple, childish dialectic, but my wife doesn't want me to know the facts of life. "For heaven's sake, come on!" she said, and roughly but mercifully dragged me out of there.

MORAL: If it's words that you would bandy,
Never tangle with a Mandy.

Fine Ideas

IN TURKEY the police do not fine a driver if he is found drunk behind the steering wheel of his car. Instead they put him in a patrol car, drive him about 20 miles out of town to a lonely spot in the country and dump him. The police claim that this method has a very sobering effect on the offender.

—F.U.

IF A CAIRO motorist commits a traffic offence, nothing happens—no ticket, no fine. That is, not until the end of the year when he goes to renew his licence and finds all his mistakes totalled up. He pays—or no car licence.

—Claire Wallace

Exchange Programme

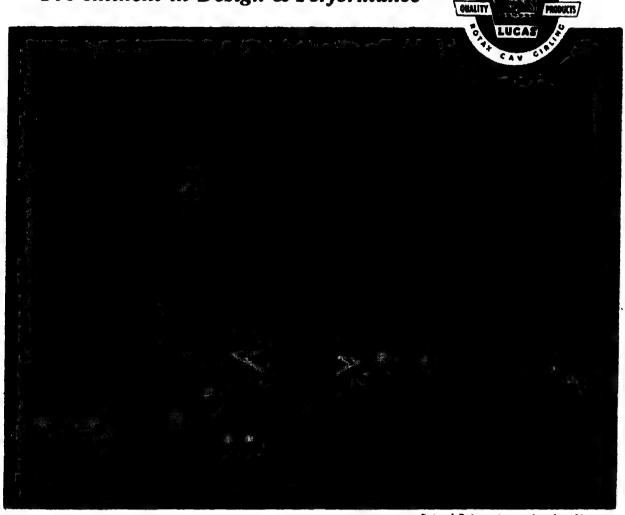
WATCHING the bears is a favourite pastime in Berne, Switzerland. In one spot two adult couples of brown bears occupy two pits separated by a brick wall. Each pit has a high tree for the bears to climb. As I watched from above one day, the male bear below me climbed the tree to a point where he could look down over the wall into the other pit. Gazing with longing at the female on the other side, he curled his lips and uttered low plaintive sobs. Meanwhile, the other male had climbed his tree to gaze mournfully across the wall at the first bear's mate.

"It's obvious," I said to the keeper standing near me, "that these two

couples are not well matched. Why don't you change partners?"

"I do," he said resignedly. "Every month." —John Phillips

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

THE DAY had been a particularly trying one for me at the reception desk in a large medical centre, where up to a thousand people a day come through the hall.

As I was leaving in the late after-

noon, a man stopped me.

"I've been here all day waiting for my wife," he said, "and there's one thing I've decided for certain—I'd hate to be married to you!"

I was floored. "Did I let my feelings show that much?" I mumbled.

"Oh, that's not it at all," he said.

"Anybody who can be so consistently kind to so many people with so many problems must be hell when she gets home and lets herself go."

-REVA CHEATHAM

My DEVOUTLY religious friend Anne was much perturbed when she heard that the neighbours were accusing her six-year-old son of breaking their window.

"He couldn't have done it," she moaned. "He hasn't been out of the

house for two days."

"Look, Anne," I said, trying to give her some of her own good medicine, "if David didn't break that window, you know it and God knows it—and it doesn't matter what the neighbours think."

"You're absolutely fight," she said. "I'm going to take a spiritual attitude and say to hell with it!"

—R. J. U.

My SMALL son's primary school teacher had a bad case of laryngitis, and I asked how she managed to control the children without the use of her voice.

"Oh, it's wonderful," she rasped. "I whisper and the children whisper back—it's been the easiest and quietest time since I started teaching."

—Lillian Sheehan

DURING A meeting of our discussion group the conversation drifted to the question of academic education versus

on-the-job training.

When a young doctor said he had learned as much since leaving school as he had at university, a car mechanic next to him remarked, "Yes, doctor, but it's a little simpler for you than in my business—you have only two models to work on!"

-Mrs. Stanley Richardson

As I LEFT the house to go to the bank I picked up a couple of small pieces of cowboy equipment my children had left in the garden and stuck them into my handbag.

When I fumbled for my chequebook at the cashier's window, a toy revolver fell out and clattered on to

the counter.

Well, I finally got my cheques cashed. That is, after the alarm, stopped ringing and the police signalled, "All clear." —DOROTHY HUNDEL

A CITY GIRL, I was a fish out of water when I started my nursing career in a country district. Among other things the endless look-alike of country roads baffled me and kept me lost a good part of the time.

One day, after a fruitless search for Beech Tree Road, I stopped at a small shop to ask directions—and air my

views about unmarked roads.

"Young lady," the shopkeeper said with patient emphasis, "if you would only just open your eyes, you'd see the beech trees all the way down that road. It would be a downright in the hang a sign on the good Lord's landmarks."

—B. M.

ARRIVING at the oil field after a long drive, my husband Bill and his partner decided to stretch their legs by racing to the well. Bill was ahead, and as he looked back to see how much lead he had, he stopped dead in his tracks. Running up behind him at breakneck speed was the whole drilling crew.

"What's the matter?" he yelled as

they approached.

"Look, mister," one of the men panted, "in this business when you see someone running like hell, you run too —and ask questions later."

-EILEEN LAWS

AT A race-course I found myself sitting next to a genial, incorrigible punter. Armed with a number of form sheets, pencil and paper, he would make all sorts of calculations, then dash off to place his bet. But this was not his day, and all he got for his pains was more sun tan. However, before placing his bet for the last race, he took a note from his pocket and stuffed it in his shoe. Noting my curiosity, he smiled.

"Mustn't lose that," he said cheerfully. "That's what I give the wife out of my winnings when I get home."

---JOHN GREW

AT A Bank Holiday party we asked the couple who were house guests of our neighbours how long they were staying. "Well," said the man thoughtfully, "the estimated number of deaths by road accidents for this week-end is 68—and we're not leaving until the quota is filled."

—E. K.

I was annoyed when my wife told me that a car had backed into her, damaging a bumper, and that she hadn't taken its number. "What kind of car was he driving?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I never

can tell one car from another."

At that, I decided the time had come for some tuition, and for the next few days, whenever we were driving, I made her name each car we passed until I was satisfied that she could recognize every make. She could, too. About a week after the first incident, she came bounding in with a pleased expression on her face. "Darling," she said, "I hit a Ford!"—MURRAY PETERSEN

My Husband and I were among the thousands who visited an air base when it was opened to the public. He wanted some technical data on the exhibits, so we went up to an information desk which, to our surprise, was manned by a girl who couldn't have been more than 15 years old. I asked her what qualifications she had to fill such an important post.

"Well," she said confidently, "I know where the cloakrooms are." —J. V.

Riddle of the Quick-Frozen Mammoths

By Ivan Sanderson

Explorer and naturalist, author of "Animal Treasure," "Living Mammals of the World," etc.

Huge prehistoric animals have been found fully preserved in the Arctic.

How did they die? Here is a provocative theory to explain this eerie catastrophe

Nobody, as far as I have been able to ascertain, seriously wants to quick-freeze an elephant. But the idea seems to have piqued the curiosity of some people in the frozenfood business since I started asking if they could tell me how to do such

Condensed from the Saturday Evening Post



a thing. The reason for my question · is simply that we already have lots of quick-frozen elephants; the flesh of some has retained its full flavour, and I want to know how the job was done.

About one-seventh of the entire land surface of our earth, stretching in a great swath around the Arctic Ocean, across northern Siberia, Alaska and Canada, is permanently frozen. Most of this territory is covered with a layer of stuff usually composed of sand or silt, but also including a high proportion of loam, all bound together with frozen water.

The list of animals that have been thawed out of this layer, whole and in fragments, would cover several pages. It includes the famous woolly mammoths and woolly rhinoceroses, horses like those still existing wild in Asia, giant oxen and a kind of huge tiger. In Alaska it also includes giant bison, wolves and beavers, and an apparently quite ordinary lion.

The riddle is: When, why and how did all these assorted creatures get killed and quick-frozen?

When Western scientists first became aware of this matter, they summarily dismissed it with the statement that "the animals fell into the ice." Those who murmured that one cannot fall into ice were hushed by dismal accounts of Swiss mountaineers falling into crevasses in glaciers.

It came to light, however, that there are not—and never were—any

glaciers in Siberia except on the upper slopes of a few mountains, and that the animals are never found in mountains, but always on the level plains and only a little above sea-level. Further, it was pointed out that none of the animals has ever been found in ice. They are

all in the layer of silt.

It was then explained that the animals fell into rivers and were deposited miles away in deltas and estuaries under layers of silt. That sounded splendid at first, but then the next lot of riddles appeared. These animal remains are not in deltas or estuaries. Almost without exception they are stuck in the plateaux that occur all over the tundra between the river valleys. The animals could not have drowned, for many of them are perfectly fresh, whole and undamaged, and still standing or kneeling. The water theory had to be abandoned.

Next, several versions of the "mud theory" became popular. There are certain kinds of clays found on the tundra sticky enough to hold a man by the legs. Russian scientists suggested that a few feet of this substance could hold a mammoth until a gigantic blizzard blew up and froze him in the goo for ever. But there are always, it seems, some spoil-sports in mammoth hunting: they pointed out that no such substance has ever been found holding, or lying under, any frozen animal.

About 60 years ago a mammoth



he fled. Chicory flower turns on its stem towards the sun and follows it all day long, closing its calyx when the sun sets. The flower of Chicory is a symbol of faithfulness.

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was found sticking head-first out of a bank on the Beresovka River in northern Siberia. This Beresovka corpse was sort of squatting, raised on one foreleg in front, with the other held forward as if about to salute. Much of the head had been eaten down to the bone by wolves, but most of the rest was perfect. None of its two-foot-long shaggy fur was rubbed or torn off.

Most important, the lips, the lining of the mouth and the tongue were preserved. And on the tongue, as well as between the teeth, were portions of the animal's last meal, which it had not had time to swallow. The meal was composed of delicate sedges and grasses and—most amazing—fresh buttercups.

Perhaps none of these things sounds very startling at first, but if you examine them one at a time you find that they add up to an incredible picture.

Freezing meat is not quite so simple a process as one might think. To preserve it properly, it must be frozen very rapidly. If it is frozen slowly, large crystals form in the liquids in its cells. These crystals burst the cells, and the meat becomes dehydrated and unfit to eat.

At minus-40° Fahrenheit it takes 20 minutes to quick-freeze a dead turkey, 30 to preserve a side of beef. But these are mere bits of meat, not living temperature of about 98°.

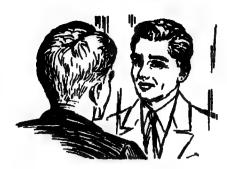
Unless we have tremendous cold outside, the centre of the animal

we are trying to freeze will remain comparatively warm for some time, probably long enough for decomposition to start. Meanwhile, the actual chilling of the flesh will be slow enough for large crystals to form within its cells. Neither event occurred with most of the mammoths. although one of them has been found by the radiocarbon dating method to be just over 10,000 years old. The flesh of many of the animals found is remarkably fresh. Frozen-food experts say they must have been frozen at well below minus-150°.

Further, several studies indicate that mammoths were not specially designed for the Arctic; nor did they live in Arctic conditions. The Indian elephant, which is a close relative of the mammoth and just about the same size, has to have several hundred pounds of food daily just to survive. But, for more than six months of the year, there is nothing for any such creature to eat on the Arctic tundra. Yet there were tens of thousands of mammoths.

Only little flowering buttercups, tender sedges and grasses were found in the stomach of the Beresovka mammoth. Buttercups will not grow even at plus-40°, and they cannot flower in the absence of sunlight. Therefore, either the mammoths made annual migrations north for the short summer, or the part of the earth where their corpses are found today was warmer at the time of their death—or both.

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Here, then, is the amazing picture; vast herds of enormous, well-fed beasts placidly feeding in sunny pastures, delicately plucking flowering buttercups. Suddenly they are all killed without any visible sign of violence, and before they can so much as swallow a last mouthful of food. Then they are quick-frozen so rapidly that every cell of their bodies is preserved, despite their great bulk and their high temperature. What could possibly do this?

Fossils of plants requiring sunlight every day of the year—which is far from the condition prevailing round the poles—have been found in Greenland and Antarctica. This alone proves that at some time in the past either the poles were not where they are now, or those portions of the earth's surface that lie round the poles today were once elsewhere.

Astronomers and engineers concur in stating that the axis of the earth itself cannot ever have shifted, because the earth is a vast fly-wheel, and even if any force great enough could be found to so shift it, it would fly apart. Therefore, the crust of the earth, which is relatively thin (estimates range from 20 to 60 miles), must have shifted.

If the crust does come unstuck from the spinning body of the earth, parts of it will drift towards either pole. However, the circumference of the earth at the Equator is 42 miles longer than the circumference of the earth measured through the

poles. This means that any portion of the crust heading for the Equator is going to have to stretch, while any moving towards a pole will have to contract. What must happen then?

The crust of the earth is like toffee in that it can be stretched slowly but will break if pulled too fast. If a part of the crust goes up over the rise of the Equator too fast, it will crack. Both around the Equator and towards the poles, where the crust is squeezed most, every available volcano may well be set off.

Volcanoes, when in eruption, spew out not only lava but also masses of dust particles and gases. This sudden extrusion of dust and gases might be so heavy as to cut out sunlight altogether for days, weeks, months or even years if the movements of the crust continued. Winds beyond anything known today would be whipped up, and cold fronts of vast lengths would build up, with violent extremes of temperature on either side. There could be 40 days and nights of snow in one place, continent-wide floods in another, roaring hurricanes, seaquakes and earthquakes. But perhaps most important might be the gases which would probably have been shot into the upper atmosphere.

If these volcanic gases went up far enough, they would be violently chilled by the "cold of space." Then, as they spiralled towards the poles, as all the atmosphere does in time, they would begin to descend. When they came upon a warm layer of air, they would weigh down upon it and eventually fall through it, probably with increasing momentum and perhaps in great blobs, pouring down through the weakest spot. These blobs would displace the air already there, outwards in all directions with the utmost violence, and they might well be cold enough—below minus-150°—to kill and then instantly freeze a mammoth.

Consider now our poor mammoth placidly munching away in his meadow, perhaps even under a warm sun. In a matter of minutes the air begins to move in that peculiar way it does today at the end of the Arctic summer, when the first cold front descends and the temperature may drop 60 degrees in an hour. The mammoth feels a violent tingling all over his skin and a searing pain in his lungs; the air seems suddenly to have turned to fire. He takes a few breaths and expires, his lungs, throat, eyeballs, ears and outer skin already crystallized.

In a few hours he is a standing monument. Softly the snow comes to bury him. Later, floods of melt water bring down great quantities of silt which gradually dissolves the snow below and eventually envelops the quick-frozen mammoth.

In Alaska, just outside the area where the blob descends, his distant cousin is still chewing away. The

sky here probably clouds over; it may even start to snow—something the animal has not before encountered in September, when he is in the north on his summer migration. He starts to pad off for cover. But there comes a wind that rapidly grows in fury and explodes into something unimaginable. He is lifted off his feet and, along with bison, lion, beaver from ponds and fish from rivers, is hurled against trees and rocks, torn literally to bits and then bowled along to be flung into a seething cauldron of water, shattered trees, boulders. mangled grass, shrubbery and bits of his fellows. Then comes the cold that freezes the whole lot and finally, when the catastrophe is over, the snow to cover it all.

This is the state of affairs we find in Alaska, where mammoths and other animals were literally torn to pieces while still fresh. Here may be the answer to our riddle of why we find mammoths with buttercups in their teeth in one place, shredded but still-edible mammoths in another. And here may be clues in solving a thousand other riddles, some of which are of vital importance to our own well-being and future. At the same time, they may be a warning of most unpleasant things to come—if a similar convulsion of nature should occur again.

"LIVE DANGEROUSLY!" is advice we don't hear much any more since it turned out that there isn't any other way.

—Bill Vaughan

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My Most Unforgettable Character

By Eddie Cantor

when Will Rogers crashed to his death in Alaska on a round-the-world flight. So sorely missed is Will's way of making people laugh at themselves that anyone with the slightest hint of his sharp, dry humour is quickly dubbed "the new Will Rogers."

Impossible! Will was irreplaceable.

I first met Will Rogers in 1912 when we were on the same variety bill at the Orpheum Theatre in Winnipeg, Canada. Right away J knew that this Oklahoma cowboy was like no other actor I'd ever met. He actually enjoyed listening as much as talking. Before I knew it, I had told him how I'd grown up in a New York slum tenement, how I'd got into show business, and on and on. I think I realized then that the day was to come when I would love him more than any other man I'd ever known, with the kind of deep and admiring love I might have had for a father or elder brother.

Once, trying to muster nerve to make a radical change in my act, I asked his advice. He gave me that wonderful squinty smile of his and said in his casual way, "Why not go out on a limb? That's where the fruit is." His own success as a performer, and as a man, was the result of a lifetime "out on a limb"—never hesitating when instinct impelled action, and always saying just what he thought.

Born William Penn Adair Rogers in Oologah, near Claremore, Oklahoma, he was proud of his Red Indian descent. In the early days he billed himself "The Cherokee Kid," and later originated the classic comment, "My ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower—they met the boat."

By the time I met Will he had already made a name for himself. He was the ridin'est, ropin'est, broncobustin'est cowboy anywhere. Will was punching cattle in Ladysmith, South Africa, back in 1902, when he first turned his hand (literally his rope) to performing in Texas Jack's Wild West Circus.

It was at the old Hammerstein Theatre in New York that Will began talking in his trick-roping act. One night when he found himself caught in the lariat he drawled, "A rope ain't bad to get tangled up in if it ain't around your neck." His casual humour was a hit. Soon he was ad-libbing about what he'd read in the papers, and his fame as a homespun philosopher began to grow.

There was an enduring quality about what Rogers said or wrote:

"Our foreign dealings are an open book—a cheque-book.

"I reckon some folks figure it's a compliment to be called 'broadminded.' Back home, 'broadminded' is just another way of sayin' a feller's too lazy to form an opinion.

"Too many people spend money they haven't earned to buy things they don't want to impress people they don't like."

A little while ago, watching television, I was startled to hear a joke Rogers had ad-libbed to me back in 1917. While we were standing together in the wings, looking at the Ziegfeld Follies girls, Will whispered, "Eddie, it's too bad that those gorgeous gals 20 years from now will all be five years older."

Perhaps his best-known quip was made at a dinner in New York. I sat on the dais next to Will, who was toast-master. All of us who were to speak had agreed that each would "get on and off" in eight minutes. The first two men stuck to the schedule, but the third kept rolling along for 45 minutes before he wound up with, "Mr. Toast-master, I'm sorry if I overstayed my time, but I left my watch at home."

Rogers hunched forward, furrowed his brow and said, friendlylike, "There was a calendar right behind you."

Will poked fun at people only if they were riding the crest of the wave and could take it. He was prompt to defend someone he felt was getting a bad break. When the Duke of Windsor, then the young Prince of Wales, went to the United States, humorists made much of the fact that he seemed to be for ever falling off a horse. Will's only comment was, "I see pictures showing that every time the horse falls, the Prince falls, too. What should he do—stay up in the air?"



Every season has its kindly aspects summer none the least. The grand cycle of seasons breaks the monotony of existence and brings new enjoyments for us with every change. In it there is also a test of our endurance, to use our skill and make odds even against hard weather.

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This uncommon man with his laugh-wrapped common sense did much to steady his country in time of trouble. After the crash in 1929, when thing were going from bad to worse, President Hoover was blamed for everything from athlete's foot to the entire Depression. Rogers came to his rescue by throwing him a line: "You'd think Hoover got up one morning and said, 'This is a nice day for ruining the country—I think I'll do it today.'"

With his daily column in hundreds of newspapers, his stage and radio appearances and his films, Will had enough success to swell any man's head. But he continued to wear a wrinkled off-the-peg suit and a ready-made shirt. He used his time and money for more important things. During the First World War, a good part of his salary went to the Red Cross. He always had indigent actors on his payroll—and paid them so well that some refused small parts in pictures and plays because it would mean less than they were getting from Rogers. As a speaker he received hefty fees which he turned over to various charities.

He never had a written contract with Florenz Ziegfeld. In 1915 they just shook hands and that was it. Until Rogers, Ziegfeld looked upon all comedians merely as parsley around his main dish—the girls. Will didn't hesitate to kid him about this. The first words he uttered on a Ziegfeld stage were:

"Y'know, folks, I'm just out here while the girls make a change. Imagine, changing from nothin' to nothin'!"

On one of Will's radio broadcasts he announced a surprise guest, "the President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge." Then, imitating Coolidge's voice, he began: "It gives me great pleasure to report on the state of the nation. The nation is prosperous on the whole, but how much prosperity is there in a hole?" Many listeners thought it really was the President and were incensed later when they learned that it had been Rogers. Will felt badly about the misunderstanding, but the President enjoyed the joke and invited him to the White House for dinner.

Just before Will was to meet Coolidge, one of Will's friends bet him that he couldn't make the dour Cal laugh in two minutes.

"I'll bet he laughs in 20 seconds," answered Will.

Then came the introduction: "Mr. Coolidge, I want to introduce Mr. Will Rogers."

Will held out his hand, looked confused and said, "Excuse me, I didn't quite get the name."

He won his bet.

During the White House dinner, Mrs. Coolidge said there was only one person who could do a better impersonation of Calvin Coolidge than Will—and that was herself. She went into a monologue that won Will's applause. "Yes, that's B·O·A·C

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mighty fine, Mrs. Coolidge," he conceded. "But think what you had

to go through to learn it."

Will liked making films because it gave him a chance to spend more time with his family. By 1934, he was the top favourite on the screen. One of his great hits was State Fair, in which a prize boar called "Blue Boy" was used. On the last day of shooting, the studio suggested that Rogers buy the boar for the family larder. Rogers declined. "I wouldn't feel right eatin' a fellow actor," he said.

Blessed with rugged health, Will never thought of consulting a doctor, much less an eye doctor. One day his fellow star, Thomas Meighan, saw him holding a paper at arm's length. "For heaven's sake, Will, take my glasses," he said. Will put them on, finished his paper and walked away with the glasses in his pocket. He used them from then on.

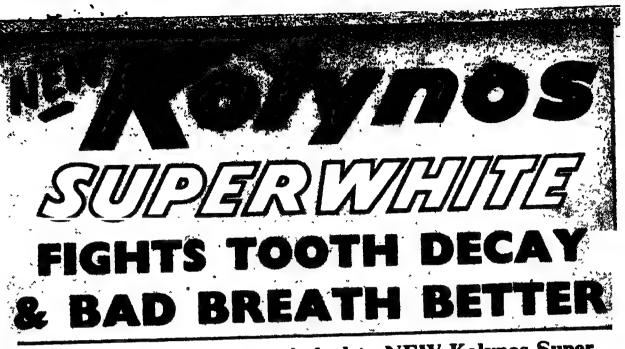
Rogers got into his famous gumchewing routine quite by chance. One matinée, by mistake he walked on-stage chewing gum. The audience burst into laughter as Will parked the gum on the proscenium arch. When he'd taken his last bow and was about to walk off, he got another laugh as he retrieved the wad and said, "It ain't that I'm stingy, but there's a lot of mileage left in this."

In my 50 years of show business I never met a man with a quicker mind than Will's. One noon he was

walking through the dining-room of the Hotel Astor when a critic who had often taken Will to task about his bad grammar invited him to lunch. "No thanks," Will said, "I already et." In good fun the critic corrected, "You mean you've 'already eaten.'" Will grinned. "I know a lot of fellers who say 'have eaten' who ain't et."

When Eugene O'Neill's play Ah, Wilderness! opened in San Francisco, Will played the lead. His performance had the audience throwing their hats in the air and the critics their adjectives even higher. But during the play's run something happened which, I feel sure, indirectly led to his death. Will received a letter from a clergyman: "Relying on you to give the public nothing that could bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of a Christian, I attended your performance with my 14-year-old daughter. But when you did the scene in which the father lectures the son on the subject of his relations with an immoral woman, I took my daughter by the hand and we left the theatre. I have not been able to look her in the eye since."

This so disturbed Rogers that he finally withdrew from the play. He also asked to be released from his commitment to do the screen version for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, promising to do another film in its place as soon as a suitable script was found. While waiting, Will accepted an invitation from the famous



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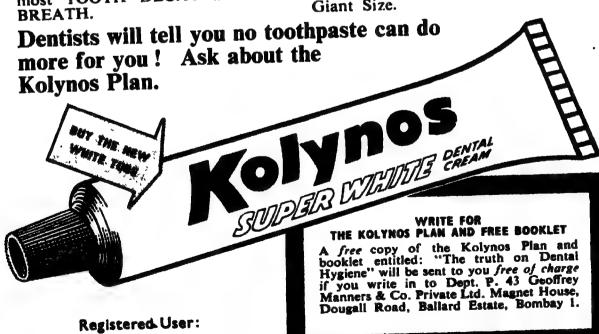
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pilot, Wiley Post, to fly round the world—the trip which ended in the death of both men.

Not long after Will was killed I went to Claremore, where a Will Rogers Memorial Museum had been established. As I walked through the museum I was struck by the church-like silence. Most of the people were speaking in whispers. It was a moving tribute to a man whose goodness had been as eloquent as his wit.

In glass cases were mementoes which Will had given some of his friends and which we, in turn, had sent to the museum. I lingered in front of one containing a heavy silver filigree belt and gun. I remembered how happy I was the day he gave them to me and how sad I was when I sent them off.

Set apart from the rest of the treasures was the most poignant object of all: his typewriter, with a page still in the roller. The smashed keys told the story of the crash more graphically than if they had tapped out the words. Will had been typing his daily column when the end came. It's small comfort, but at least he died doing what he liked best—writing and flying.

As I left the building I looked back, and there was Will—a likeness so real you could hardly believe it was bronze. The sculptor had captured everything—even to the twinkle in Will's eyes. He almost seemed to be speaking. And in a way he was, for carved at the base of the statue were the words that are the key to his personality: "I never met a man I didn't like."

76/

Applied Psychology

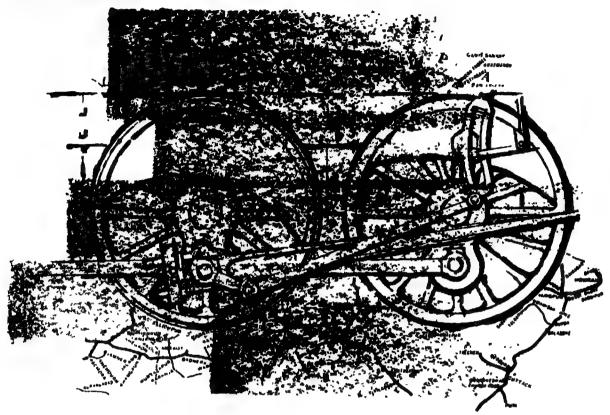
OUR PSYCHOLOGY teacher, discussing conditioned responses, eagerly described a project he had undertaken. By playing recordings at family meals, and thus associating great music with the pleasure of eating, he hoped to make his children music-lovers. But one practical student had a query: "Supposing every time they hear good music they feel hungry?"

--Contributed by R. G.

LECTURING on the penalties of being unobservant, our professor told us about a girl in one of his classes. "She was attractive and seemingly intelligent," he said, "but so unobservant that she actually said the moon rises full, goes into a half-moon midway in the sky, turns into a crescent and then disappears." He paused, looked thoughtful for a moment, then added, "She was engaged before the term was over. One of the boys took her out and showed her the moon."

—Contributed by G. D. Hake

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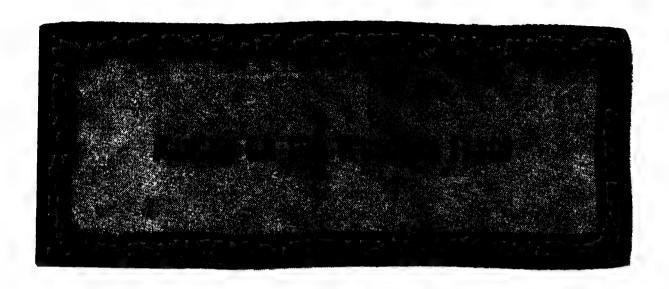


At the other end of the line, the Bombay Works of G.K.W. produce such smaller and lighter items as: safety pins, cotter pins, machine screws, tinmen's rivets and even hypodermic needles—with the emphasis on Nettlefolds wood screws, which have far the largest sales of any brand in India.

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CALCUTTA BOMBAY DELHI MADRAS LONDON

In front of them, only carnage and horror; behind the lines only spiritless defeatism... So the proud troops of France decided they had had enough



By R. Ernest Dupuy

On April 16, 1917, the French Army launched an offensive to end the First World War. Conceived and directed by General Nivelle, the hero of Verdun, it carried the hopes of a France already bled white. It was her supreme effort—it could not, must not, fail.

Fail it did, smashed to red froth against a prepared German line. Six days later French veterans were screaming, "We are betrayed! They are assassinating us! Long live peace!"

The leaping flame of panic swelled to a mutiny so vast that in six weeks there faced Germany's

might nothing but the crust of a baffled, beaten army. Behind that crust three of France's best army corps were frozen in sullen rebellion, while the spindrift of mutineers, thousands upon thousands, some on leave, some deserting, thronged roads and railways, bound for home to force peace at any price. And Germany did not realize!

These are the bare facts. Throttled at the outset by expert censorship, the story was for years buried in the secret archives of France.

Early in 1917, Nivelle, appointed Generalissimo, had set himself to end the war in one coup. In theory, it was a perfect plan. Lloyd George was sold on it; Haig acquiesced.

Detailed battle orders were issued to the French units. French morale rose.

But actually the odds were building up against Nivelle, as follows:

- 1. Lack of surprise. French enthusiasm over a spring offensive became common gossip. The Germans captured a complete divisional operations plan.
- 2. The Russian Revolution, releasing more German divisions for the Western Front and sapping Allied morale.
- 3. Défaitisme in France: class warfare; subversive activities among dissatisfied labour; thousands of slackers in safe jobs.
- 4. Political squabbles. Painlevé, opposed to the offensive, became Minister of War.
- 5. German propaganda from aircraft, couched in excellent French, spreading discontent among the French troops.

Facing these odds, Nivelle went ahead against a foe who knew every move, held all the vital terrain. The French were stopped in their tracks—stunned, bewildered.

On that fatal morning of April 16, there were at headquarters a dozen or more senators and deputies, hurried out from Paris like some jaunty picnic party to see the great finale. These French politicians who had never seen red war at close range were thrown into panic by the horrors they witnessed.

They used the telephone to Paris, clamouring that the slaughter must cease.

Meanwhile units relieved from the line, having been cut up by continued assaults against impregnable machine-gun nests, knew the attack had failed. Someone had blundered. Furious, heartsick, they gave tongue. "Long live peace! They are assassinating us!" Not mutiny yet, but close to it. The 2nd Division, reeling back after leaving 3,300 casualties, considered that their artillery had let them down and said so. Veteran troops these, remember; not raw recruits appalled by their first losses.

To make matters worse, these troops within a week found themselves ordered back into the line. One division refused to march. On May 8, the offensive was entirely called off. On May 15, Nivelle was formally relieved of command and Pétain was appointed in his place. The news flew through the ranks. The troops, sure now that they had been let down by chiefs in whom they had believed, were told that they would have a chance to rest. But they did not.

May 20, it would seem, was the real mutiny day. There is no indication of concerted action. It was just that Jean and Jacques had finally decided they had had enough.

In one cantonment behind the Vesle, mutineers organized themselves on a crest defended by their own machine guns, and declared that they were finished. At Soissons, two regiments seized a train with the intention of moving on Paris and forcing the government to make peace.

Other mutineers seized a village, set up a communist government and placed before the high command a series of demands to be put into effect before they would return to the lines. These included higher pay, more leave, and assurance that all enemy trenches and barbed wire would be entirely destroyed before any attacks were launched. An infantry regiment seized a convoy of motor lorries, mounted machine guns in them and started a march

on Paris. Red flags blossomed here and there. Men gathered in noisy groups, listened to soap-box orators, called for soldiers' councils and refused to fall in when ordered.

In rear areas, conditions were worse. As the offensive died down, liberal leave had been granted—the primary method to restore morale.

When the leave trains jolted through stations to the interior, the men began to drink. Exhortations of malcontents did the rest. Trains became caravans of rioting hooligans. Entire populations were terrorized. Officers were powerless; police were cowed.

At the Paris railway stations,



they're angels when its. ...

serious outbreaks occurred, mutinous soldiers and Parisian communists joining forces. Local authorities all along the railways called frantically to the army for troops. Trade unions began to strike, swelling the tumult. The Ministry of War was besieged with requests for Senegalese riflemen and cavalry to aid the police.

Pétain had in his hands a mutinous army, in front of him an aggressive enemy, behind him a cesspool of dissension. Pétain's estimate was that the army must have complete rest. A tentative plan for another joint offensive was discarded on June 3. "At that moment," declared Painlevé, "there were no more than two divisions between Soissons and Paris on whom we could count absolutely."

Pétain demanded that the British Army should keep the Germans busy, to give the French time to reorganize and, as he put it, "wait for the Americans and tanks." Haig responded with the Messines offensive.

Pétain started on a flying tour of his entire army. Foch installed proper surveillance over men on leave.

Thousands of men were in confinement or under arrest for mutiny; commanders were calling for Draconian action. Pétain asked for repeal of the laws permitting



appeals against court-martial convictions and of the Presidential power of commutation of death sen-

tences. He got it.

Thus Pétain, on June 9, held in his hand the power of life and death; the news jolted the army like a cold shower. Then he acted. Approximately 150 death sentences had been imposed upon ringleaders. Twenty-three of these were shot, the remainder commuted by Pétain to imprisonment.

But—they were whisked away in strictest secrecy. Jean and Jacques vanished into thin air.

Where were they? "Who knows? Shot, perhaps!"

Gossip did the rest. The mutiny

was over by June 15.

Throughout it all, the steel grip of French censorship and counterespionage was so firm that the German high command was not convinced that there was anything seriously wrong with the French Army until the middle of June. By June 20, German intelligence reports all added up to the same thing and von Ludendorff struck along the Chemin des Dames. But it was too late; the poilu was himself again.



Noughts and Crosses

CIENTISTS have long had the problem of handling large quantities of noughts, to represent both very large numbers and very small ones, and the difficulties have increased as rapidly as science has advanced. We have all become acquainted with the idea of adding prefixes to convey such meanings. For example, in measuring the power of nuclear bombs the megaton equals the explosive power of a million tons of TNT, the prefix "mega" meaning million.

But now the U.S. National Bureau of Standards has announced that it is standard to use the prefix "giga" to denote units of 1,000,000,000,000 and the prefix "tera" for units of 1,000,000,000. A giga-volt, for example, is 1,000,000,000 volts. For fractions, the Bureau advocates the use of prefixes "nano" and "pico." A thousand millionth of a second, for instance, is one nano-second. A pico-second would be 0-000,000,000,000

second.

Certainly these advances in science will have easy application in the everyday world. The accountant working out the government budget will find it easier to write 40 giga-dollars plus 45 giga-dollars equals 85 giga-dollars than to write out nought after nought after nought... But the politician will reap the greatest benefits. Think how much easier it will be to sell the voters on a new spending splurge by explaining that it involves only one giga-dollar and, after all, what's a giga-dollar or two. At least up to the point that a dollar won't be worth a nano-dollar.





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Points to Ponder

W. Somerset Maugham in A Writer's Notebook:

When I was young I was amazed at Plutarch's statement that the elder Cato began at the age of 80 to learn Greek. I am amazed no longer. Old age is ready to undertake tasks that youth shirked because they would take too long.

—Heinemann, London

Max Eastman:

A simple experiment will distinguish two types of human nature. Gather a throng of people and put them on a ferryboat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have climbed upstairs in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they cross over. The rest have settled indoors, to lose themselves in apathy or tobacco smoke. We may divide the passengers on the boat into two classes—those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across.

Abraham Lincoln:

When I'm getting ready to reason with a man, I spend one-third of my

time thinking about myself and what I am going to say—and two-thirds thinking about him and what he is going to say.

Phyllis McGinley:

God knows that a mother needs fortitude and courage and tolerance and flexibility and patience and firmness and nearly every other brave aspect of the human soul. But because I happen to be a parent of almost fiercely maternal nature, I praise casualness. It seems to me the rarest of virtues. It is useful enough when children are small. It is important to the point of necessity when they are adolescents. The young on their way to maturity long for privacy, physical and spiritual. They resent being too well understood, and they abhor having their emotions dragged into the light. Mothers who can forbear to pry and question, who have the self-possession to let children weather their own storms, who, above all, respect confidences but do not demand them, will find those same confidences being given without demand. And their children will be stronger persons. Or so one hopes.

Sidney Smith:

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

André Maurois:

We learn rather late in life to admit that we do not know that which we do not know, that we have not read those books we have not read. But once we have made up our mind as to this, what a relief it is! era er i ur i de er ekli eta i i dakti ekare-erdizanatur ir Malikusk sesida.

Ashley Montagu:

A meal is not simply food but also the spirit in which it is eaten. Mealtimes should be the occasions for the happiest kinds of exchanges and learning—for cheerful, not solemn, communion. A bad meal can be redeemed by good conversation, but a good meal can be irretrievably ruined by bad conversation.

Hal Borland:

Man is a natural fire tender, has been since the cave man who first tamed fire. Not long ago I inspected a supermodern house with glass walls on all sides, no partitions, automatic central heating—and a fireplace in the middle! The hearth fire is as antiquated as the stone arrowhead—yet we cling to it, generation after generation.

The reasons are all twined with intangibles as thin as wood smoke. The man who builds a hearth fire wants to see the flames leap at his command and feel the glow and hear the simmering log. Don't ask me why. I'm a prejudiced witness. My hearth fire is going right this minute.

Van Wyck Brooks in From a Writer's Notebook:

What curious tricks our minds play on us. Looking up from my desk, I saw a fly crawling on the window-pane. Then I saw that he was between the window-pane and the storm window outside it, and I knew he could never escape. At once I began to sympathize with him, toiling over this desert of glass with nothing to eat or drink, and at last I walked over to the inner window and raised it. "To open the window and let a wasp out—ah, is this not happiness?" a Chinese writer

once exclaimed. And who forgets Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy*—when, catching the fly that tormented him, he thrust it out of the window, saying, "Get thee gone, poor devil! Why should I harm thee? The world is surely large enough for thee and me."

But how short-lived in me was this noble feeling. No sooner had I opened the inner window than it struck me that this fellow creature had become simply a fly in my study, and I knew he would soon be buzzing about my ears. All my tender feelings suddenly turned cold—I forgot Uncle Toby and the Chinese poet—and before I knew what I was doing I had crushed that fly.

—Dent, London

Richard Evans:

Those who gaze too much upon the \cdot past, who think too much about what might have been, are running something of the same risk as the driver who keeps his eyes too much upon his rear-view mirror and is inattentive to the road ahead. Experience is a great teacher; it is the road we have been over. But the wrecks in the rear aren't the ones we are now trying to avoid. It's the curves ahead that count now. Whatever mistakes we have made, our only way out is ahead. This is life's inflexible formula. What has been and might have been may well serve as a warning—but what may yet be is our cause of first concern.

Shakespeare said, "What's past is prologue."

George Eliot:

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other?



Upside-Down in Japan

It's a delightfully mixed-up country—where many things seem to operate in reverse. This American visitor came away wondering which side is up after all

By George Nelson

o go to Japan and fall in love with it at first sight is, one suspects, about par for the course. It took me somewhat longer, but when the inevitable surrender came it was more than a case of mere infatuation.

Japan's cultural contributions

have been known to the West for a long time: her prints, flower arrangements, gardens, architecture, calligraphy and poetry. What I did not know was that behind these expressions is a logic that is not our kind of logic.

I remember two conversations which occurred within a day of each other, one with a distinguished elderly Japanese, the other with a distinguished foreigner who had spent much of his working life in Japan. Both men told me essentially the same thing: that the most significant difference between Japan and the West is that we operate on the basis of 90 per cent intellect and 10 per cent emotion, while in Japan the proportions are exactly reversed.

We learned as school children that everything Oriental was backwards. Japanese saws and planes, for instance, cut when you pull instead of when you push. Once you have tried these marvellous tools, however, you are not quite so sure who

is "backwards."

And so it was with many things: I am not so sure any more, after a series of thoroughly educational shocks, that we know all the answers.

That is what most of these little stories are about.

▶ Privacy. Nothing compares with the shock of discovering that a highly cultivated nation such as Japan

DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDGGGGGGGGGGGGG

George Nelson is an industrial designer who visited Japan as a working guest of the Japanese Government.

does not share many of our most cherished notions regarding personal privacy. I don't care how much briefing you may have had: the first time you find yourself in your room in a Japanese inn surrounded by giggling maids who are taking your clothes off is a moment to be remembered.

You take a deep breath and make a fast re-evaluation of attitudes. Also, how are you to know that the giggling of those pretty little maids is not because they have you at their mercy? They giggle all the time and at practically anything, but you do not discover this until later.

When I made a trip to Kyoto, an acquaintance, the editor of a Japanese publication, arrived with his secretary at my hotel less than 24 hours after my arrival. Summoned to his quarters for tea, I entered a large room overlooking the river, where I encountered quantities of half-unpacked luggage. I'd seen the editor and his secretary not long before, and we fell into animated conversation. As the talk went on, the secretary decided to get out of the Western suit in which she had been travelling and change into a kimono. What followed was one of the most mobile changes of costume I have ever witnessed.

Japanese rooms generally have screens scattered about, and these were used when strategic garments were removed. There was nothing familiar or immodest about the proceeding. She merely wanted to

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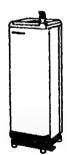
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Calligraphy lesson in Tokyo

Dave Forbert

change her clothes without missing any of the conversation. I recall a vague feeling that I was beginning to understand something. Two nights later the feeling was no longer vague.

I was returning to my room, after cleaning my teeth in the central washroom, when I noticed a light coming through a carved wood grille high in the corridor wall. I peered through the grille, and there, exposed in all its details, was my room.

Then I realized how privacy is achieved. There are no locks on the sliding doors, and the maids are constantly popping in and out. I had wondered how it happened that a

maid never entered at an awkward moment. It was the grille. If a glance through it showed the moment to be unpropitious, she went away.

I learned that privacy is not a matter of walls and locks on doors. Privacy is in the mind. It was like having a millstone, that had been there for years without my knowing, gently lifted from my shoulders.

Reserve. If it were possible to set a Western residential street alongside its Japanese counterpart, one of the profound differences between East and West would immediately become apparent. Our house fronts are there to be seen; front gardens are visibly in use; garages and their collections of miscellany are on view. Our street is electric with silent messages: the Smiths are leaving for the week-end; the Browns are redecorating their living-room; the Joneses have a new lawn-mower. A Japanese street is only fence and trees. Nothing tells you whether the owners of a Japanese house are at home or away, whether their taste is good or bad, their bank account fat or thin.

Once, in Kyoto, I had booked a room at a small inn. The taxi driver had trouble in finding it, and on arrival it was easy to see why: all that was visible from the street was a narrow, cluttered alley between two shops. But beyond the entrance gate was an exquisitely peaceful and beautiful interior; in my room, spotless straw matting was on the floor, a balcony opened to a glorious view of the river. Who would have guessed that all this lay beyond an all-but-hidden entrance? That is precisely the point: you aren't supposed to know.

We in the West seem to prefer to have our experience in one fast gulp. Everything must be visible instantly: we have no patience with an experience that unfolds in its own way, and at its own pace. Reserve in Japan has little to do with a desire to hide anything. It has more the meaning of "in reserve." Behind the fenced borders of a Kyoto street there is mystery, but it is a perfectly proper mystery, offering no end of delightful surprises when penetrated.

Furthermore, there is no end to the mysteries, nor to the surprises.

▶ Unpoliced Thought. Some of the old ideas of Japan may be more subversive than the new ideas of the U.S.S.R. Take the idea of "nothing." On my return home a news-. paper editor asked me about Japanese "progress" in the use of major appliances. I had two items of news for the editor: Japan, like any other industrial nation, manufactures major appliances; however, standard equipment for preparing a meal (often excellent) is one water tap, two gas burners and a dozen lumps of charcoal. Money has something to do with this, of course; but there is also a deeply rooted feeling that there are special values in the idea of "nothing."

A widely admired garden near Kvoto consists entirely of rocks and an expanse of raked sand. From the viewpoint of the nurseryman this is "nothing" indeed. For the West, "nothing" is a lack, the absence of something. The Orient takes another point of view. The ultimate in luxury involves the fullest employment of all the senses, and requires little in the way of apparatus; the less the better. For rapt contemplation a blossom is better than a bouquet, a leaf is better than a tree. In such a view, a multiplicity of possessions can be an actual deterrent to enjoyment. So can too much comfort.

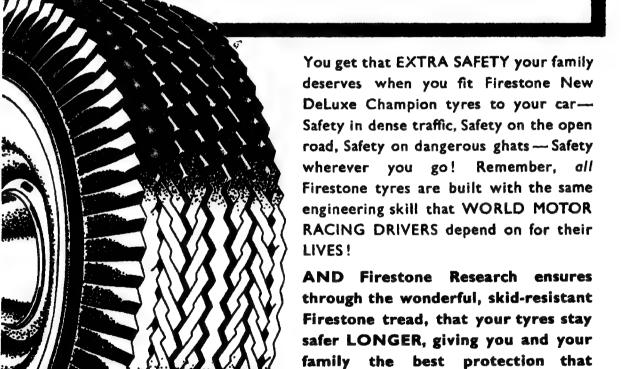
▶Information by Foot. A character in a book I once read claimed that he obtained his most significant

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information through his feet. I had occasion to remember this character on many walks through Japanese gardens. You can get information through your feet.

The great Japanese gardeners used the texture of paths to control the attitude of visitors. A smooth, level path leaves one free to enjoy the garden. But one can also be lulled into too relaxed a state. So presently there is an interruption: packed gravel gives way to round stones or a couple of steps in an artificial slope. The walker stops, perhaps sees a special little view he might otherwise have missed and begins to sense things in a different way. A walk in a garden is an experience that unfolds with a calculated rhythm, as in music. It is another instance of Japan's ability to do a great deal with very little. ► Affirmation. If Russians are associated with nyet, then hai is the word for the Japanese. Hai means "yes," but "yes" in Japanese can mean anything. This is difficult for a foreigner; but it is not much easier, I am told, for the Japanese.

If you tell a shop assistant that your purchase must arrive by such and such a time, he will answer "yes." This does not mean that the package will arrive, though the shops are good about this kind of thing. It might mean, "I heard you." Or, "It is gratifying to learn that you have such a definite idea of a proper time for delivery." Or, "There isn't a hope of our doing

what you ask, but who am I to commit the unparalleled rudeness of telling you so?"

Some years ago the late Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, explained to me why he always had good relations with his clients. The secret, Wright said, was to say, "Yes." Thus, if a client expressed a desire for a rectangular living-room and Wright had something else in mind, he might say, "Yes-and think how much better it would be if it came out circular." But let us not be too hasty in awarding Wright the credit for this ploy. It just happens that he spent four years during the building of Tokyo's Imperial Hotel—in Japan.

be used to describe the Japanese woman, that word would be "inferior." Her social status is always below that of men. In the hierarchy of the family, a boy child outranks his mother. Out for a Sunday walk with her husband, a wife is expected to walk several paces behind him.

I observed that wives did not come to parties; there were always plenty of girls about, but no wives. I was taken to a spa one week-end by a young man who arrived at the hotel with girls, but no wife. During explorations of night life in Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto I noticed that my married hosts felt no qualms about not rejoining their spouses for a day or two.

Didn't they like their wives? I asked. They liked their wives very



much. Didn't their wives get angry with them? Puzzlement: right has a woman to get angry with a man? What did they tell their wives when they disappeared for a night or a week-end? They told them they wouldn't be coming home. What else?

Presently I began to comment on these observations in public lectures, and predicted that the status of Japanese women would soon have to approach women's position in the West. The audiences listened, politely amused. Then one day I was invited by an outstanding architect to dinner in a restaurant.

I fell into his trap. When I arrived, I found him talking with some other men and several attractive, smiling women. He said, grinning broadly, "Allow me to introduce my wife." The others followed suit, laughing openly. "We heard your last lecture," said my host. "It seemed to bother you that we never take our wives out for a good time. So today we brought them. Do you feel better now?"

All the evening I watched the women, puzzled. They were intelligent, educated, sophisticated. They were also delightful, kneeling gracefully, tranquilly talking and cating. I looked at their faces, which were serene, secure, fulfilled.

Inferior? Something 18 very wrong somewhere.

▶ Gift. The delights of shopping in Japan are due as much to the hospitable shopkeepers as to the goods.

I devoted every free moment to assiduous, sometimes reckless shopping, and thus enjoyed a series of agreeable social experiences, one of which in particular stays with me.

I collect miniatures (objects made at a scale of one inch to the foot) to use as decorative props for scale models of interiors. Tokyo friends who knew of this interest turned up one Sunday morning with the news that they had discovered the finest miniatures shop in all Japan. It was fine indeed, and I discovered there one item after another to buy, most of them made by the proprietor himself. His wife came in presently to see what was going on. Both were enchanted to see a customer spending so much money, and they were emphatic in saying so.

Not to be outdone, I indicated through one of my companions that while I was notorious in my native region as the most miserly of characters, such was the quality, craftsmanship and beauty of their products that I was now throwing the habits of a lifetime to the winds. In no time at all the place was waistdeep in compliments, and when my friends finally dragged me out, sevcial things had been added to my

purchases as a gift.

A few days later another friend, a young importer named Sasaki, said to me casually, "I hear you bought a lot of stuff on Sunday." I admitted to having been carried away by the sight of so many nice things in one shop. He said, "Those people never



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give anything away, yet when you left, they gave you a gift.

"Do you remember what you

said?"

"I must have said, 'Thank you.'"

"Let me refresh your memory. I have heard that the owner said he was making you a gift because only a true artist could have such a sensitive appreciation of another artist's work.

"You replied that you were grateful for the compliment, but that both of you knew the real reason he was giving you a present was that he was sorry for a worn-out, ageing designer of no consequence who was losing all his hair."

The Tokyo grapevine, as usual, was accurate. Sasaki kept eyeing me. "A Japanese of good breeding might have said what you did," he went on. "But how did you know that was the right thing to say to the shopkeeper?"

I hadn't known; it was strictly

impulse.

The gift had actually been two gifts: some pretty little objects, and another glimmer of understanding.

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Laughing Is for Fun

I have been eavesdropping on laughter in such public places as restaurants, where you can hear the laughter of others and can study it objectively because you're not in on the joke. I've been surprised at how phony and unpleasant much of it sounds. The sad fact is that laughter has been debased, like applause, and many of us today are laughing not out of fun but out of politeness, or nervousness, or for the purpose of making friends and influencing people. If we want to recall what laughter can be, we should listen to ourselves laugh when we're alone reading something funny or listen to the laughter of children at play, the finest and truest laughter in the world.

Learn not to laugh except when the laughter comes welling up, unbidden, for that is the only genuine article—the good warm laughter of fun.

—H. Allen Smith

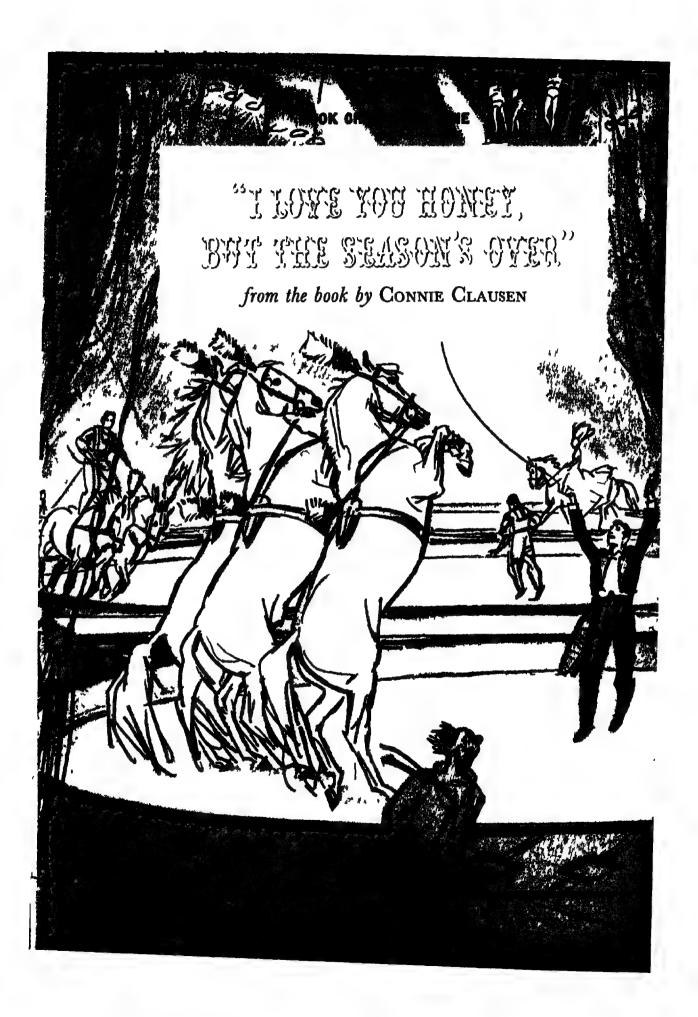
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MY HUSBAND was toying unconsciously with the telephone one evening while trying to remember a number. Suddenly his face flushed and he hung up quickly. Thinking he might be ill, I rushed over to him: "Are you all right, dear?"

He grinned sheepishly. "The operator just asked me," he confessed, "if

my mother knew I was playing with the phone."

-Contributed by Mrs. C. S. Mercer



When Connie Clausen, aged 17, stepped inside the Ringling Brothers' circus tent she found herself in a gaudy, slapstick world. From then on, for a season, her life was filled with humour and heartache, beauty and ballyhoo, sawdust and sequins. She fell head over heels in love with elephants, she had a circus romance with an acrobat, and she became a performer in her own right. Out of her rich experiences with the men, women and animals of the Big Top she has created an amusing, poignant story that is as colourful as the circus itself. To read "I Love You Honey, but the Season's Over" is the next best thing to running away to join "The Greatest Show on Earth."

"I LOVE YOU HONEY, BUT THE SEASON'S OVER"

THE LAST thing I ever wanted was to join a circus. Then John Ringling North stopped me in the street one day—my

family lived in Sarasota, Florida, winter home of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey circus.

"I'm looking for a girl to play Alice in Wonderland in our big parade," he said, after he'd introduced himself. "You're perfect for it." I was 17, and had long blonde hair. "How would you like to travel with the circus?"

"I'm sorry," I told him (and I was sorry, for he was a distinguished figure in tailored breeches, tweed jacket and riding boots), "but I don't like circuses. And anyway, I'm not at all athletic."

"You don't have to be," Mr. North assured me. "All you have to do is to sit on a horse-drawn float and pretend you're Alice.

"If you change your mind," he added, "come out to Quarters. But

don't cut your hair."

Nothing might have come of this encounter if I hadn't made the mistake of telling my family about it. Daddy reacted as if I'd struck oil. "A chance to star in The Greatest Show on Earth!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Why, of course you're going!"

Daddy was a lifelong circus addict. He had been a country postman in Menasha, Wisconsin, but for years he had taken us down to spend our holidays in Sarasota. And as soon as he could manage it, he retired from the post office, sold all his Menasha property (he had always "dabbled" in the estate business) and bought a lodging-house in Sarasota, which he promptly filled with circus tenants. The circus remained his unfulfilled dream, and he tried to communicate his enthusiasm for it. But neither my sister, my brother nor I was having any.

When I met Mr. North I was in Florida only for a brief February holiday. I had a steady job in a mail-order firm at home in Wisconsin, and wanted to get back to it. Certainly I had no thought of joining the circus. But this time Daddy's fervour was irresistible.

"I'll drive you out tomorrow

morning," he said. "After all, all you have to do is sit on a beautiful float and smile."

"My Daughter's With the Show"

The GATEMAN at the circus Winter Quarters waved us through when Daddy explained—I think it was the happiest moment of his life—that Mr. North had personally asked me to report.

"One of Mr. North's discoveries, eh?" the gateman sneered. "Well, she won't last the day. Wanna bet?"

Scorning to answer, Daddy drove Mother and me down the long entrance in silence. The grounds before us had a desolate, somehow eerie appearance. A long string of silver train coaches stood motionless on weed-grown tracks, like oversized toys. Over to one side a red railway carriage had gay red and white awnings, and a door marked "OFFICE."

"Probably where Mr. North works," Daddy said wistfully, but he didn't have quite enough nerve to try that door.

We parked farther down the line and, finding no activity out of doors, walked over to a huge, barnlike structure and pushed open the heavy door. The odour of animals and disinfectant was overwhelming. The entire length of the building was lined with cages. Lions, tigers and leopards stared at us with resigned loathing as we passed, and an anguished roar echoed forlornly along the concrete walls.

Outside, on the other side of the building, we found more animals. A hippopotamus emerged slowly from his tank, and briefly opened bloodshot eyes. Llamas, camels and zebras strolled about their enclosures with kingly hauteur. A giraffe stretched his long neck over a fence and, above us, monkeys leaped from tree to tree, chattering mysteriously.

"That must be the practice tent," said Daddy, indicating a vast canvas top ahead. Countless winds had whipped it to shapelessness, and innumerable rains and burning suns had faded it to a dirty, uneven grey.

Inside the tent, a myriad ropes dangled everywhere, and it was strangely quiet. Perhaps the damp sawdust that covered the entire arena muffled sound. High above, men and women swung back and forth on trapezes. They looked ridiculously small, and at first I thought they were children. Beneath them were the traditional three rings, separated here by two wooden stages. Clusters of girls dressed in shorts or in long, black tights, stood talking on the stages, or sat smoking disconsolately along the ring kerbs. Everyone seemed to be waiting for something. Occasionally one of the girls struck a half-hearted ballet position or fell into an apparently boneless back bend.

"What if they expect me to do things like that?" I asked Daddy.

"They won't. You were hired for

your long hair-not your talent."

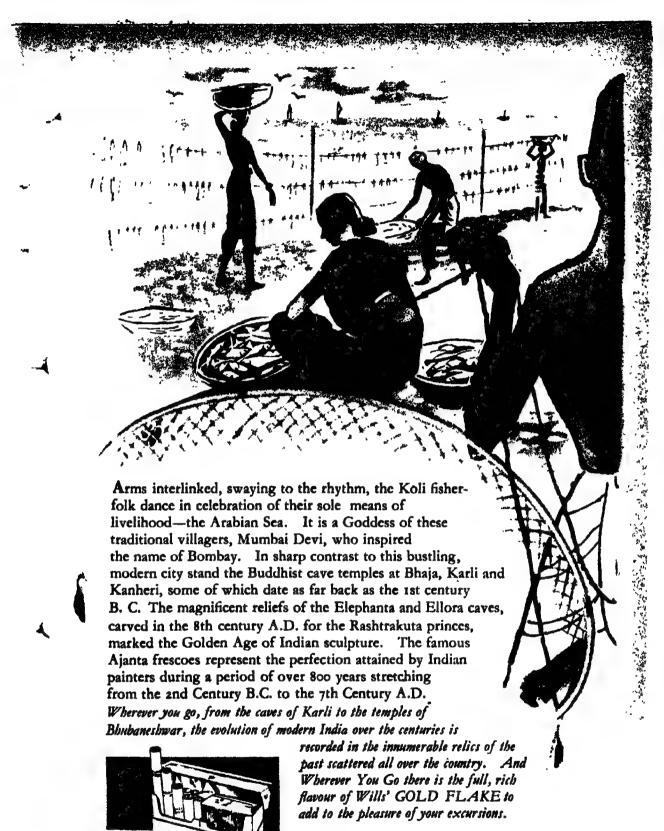
I went up to a group standing round a long canvas-covered rope hanging from the top of the tent. A striking young girl with high cheekbones and magnificent dark eyes was effortlessly climbing the rope, hand over hand. About 12 feet up she stopped, casually wrapped one leg round the rope and released both hands. She took out a cigarette and lit it.

Someone yelled, "Hey, Anne, get rid of that cigarette quick. Here comes Barbette."

Anne took one more puff, then carelessly tossed the butt away just as a startling-looking man appeared. He was dressed in a full-length suède coat, silk gaberdine slacks and a printed cravat. His features were delicately modelled, his feet incredibly small, and he seemed to glide into the tent rather than walk. I had never seen anyone like this before.

Taking Anne's rope, he called out sarcastically, "Have you quite finished smoking, Anne? Good. We'll go through the routine now if you think you can concentrate today. One ... two ... three ... four ... arabesque ... five ... straighten out ... point your toes ... six ... think, Anne, think ..." With every count, Barbette's expression grew more tormented.

Presently he told Anne to get ready for the spin. She slipped her wrist into a loop, fastened a safety catch and nodded. Barbette, looking



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they're good

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like a demented puppet master, began swinging the rope and Anne's stiffened body started to twirl. As the rope circled faster and faster, she spun so wildly that I could no longer bear to look. Finally Barbette slowed the rope to a stop and Anne slid nonchalantly to the ground.

"Gee," I said, "you must have trained for years to do that."

"Two weeks, honey. You'll be up there yourself in a few days."

"Not me. I'm only here to play Alice in Wonderland in the parade."

"Oh, you're in Spec [circus language for "Spectacle"—referring to the big parade numbers]. Everybody does that. No one does just one thing in a circus, though. And Barbette's vowed to have every girl in the air by opening night."

"Don't scare her to death the first day, Anne," said a blonde girl next to us, who told me her name was Mary Louise. "But Anne's right. You'll have to learn a lof of things if you're going to stay with the show.

"Don't worry," she added reassuringly. "We'll limber you up. C'mon, you can touch your toes, can't you?" Mary Louise put a firm hand on the back of my neck and pushed down. Even with her help I could scarcely get lower than my knees.

"What have you been doing all your life—sleeping? Well, keep trying. Fifty times," she added firmly.

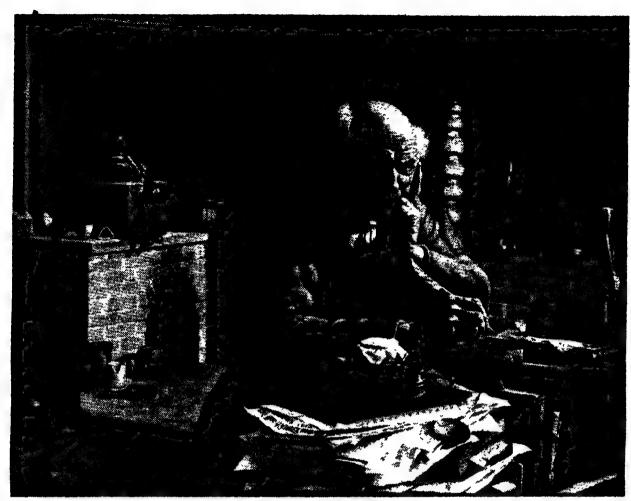
I tried, my bones cracking like pistol shots with every bend. Then Anne took over, and gave me a painful ballet exercise designed to stretch my leg muscles. After watching me for a while, the girls decided that there wasn't any part of my anatomy that didn't need stretching. Before long I'd drawn an audience full of suggestions on exercises that would get me into condition. If the gong hadn't sounded for lunch, I might never have walked again.

I limped over to my parents. "You can leave now," I said. "Just send a stretcher for me at five o'clock."

On the way to lunch, the girls told me about themselves. Mary Louise, who looked like a pretty schoolteacher, actually hoped to become a trapeze "flyer." Anne had joined the circus by accident. A professional swimmer, she'd been hired to appear in a water show. By mistake she had arrived at Madison Square Garden in the midst of circus rehearsals, the personnel director had pushed her into a line of girls doing Spec, and she'd been with the circus ever since.

The cook-house was a narrow stucco building that looked like a prison mess hall. A curtain divided the interior into two sections. Anne explained that one side was for the workmen, the other for performers and management.

"There's a strict class system," she said. "Performers are supposed



PARACELSUS—Stormy Petrel of Medicine—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

In the Renaissance laboratories of Swissborn Paracelsus (1493-1541) were produced many things: chemicals, complex medicines, serious medical writings, mysticism, and abusive attacks upon medical colleagues, religionists, and politicians. A controversial figure, he was forced to move frequently and travel widely. His contributions, however, were important. He helped guide medical men away from the mistakes of Galen and Avicenna; directed their thoughts toward rational research; and advocated the use of pure chemicals in medical practice.

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The table conversation was full of gay accounts of disaster—"I passed out cold in the spin yester-day"; "I think I've broken something in my foot"—which I found disconcerting. But the beef stew was good, and I returned to the tent stuffed and ready to go to sleep.

Instead, Mary Louise turned me over to a tall girl with bulging thighs; she had studied ballet, and I spent the rest of the afternoon practising the basic ballet positions. At five o'clock we were told we could leave for the day. I hadn't yet seen Mr. North; but apparently somebody assumed that I had a job, for I later found myself on the payroll.

"You'd better get to bed," Daddy said when I got home. "You have a lot more days of rehearsal ahead."

The next morning the doctor assured me there wouldn't be anything ahead if I moved from my bed for the next five days. I had pulled several ligaments and strained every muscle in my body.

A Long Way From Home

"I know all the things you can't do," director John Murray Anderson said, glaring at me before all the assembled performers. "Let's find something you can do."

I had returned to the circus only to escape Daddy's taunts about being a coward, and now I wished I could disappear into the sawdust. It would have been no use reminding the director that I looked like Alice. He didn't need an Alice. The Spec theme had been changed from "Children's Stories" to "Holidays."

Suddenly, Mr. Anderson's expression brightened. "Say," he asked, "you can walk, can't you?"

"Why, yes," I said eagerly.

"Good!" he said in mock relief.
"You will be a drummer girl in the Independence Day section." And I joined three other girls who had been chosen as drummers.

Mr. Anderson had a deft way with impossible problems. He'd just been hired from Broadway, and from the moment he entered the tent everyone loved him. He had the white hair and pink cheeks of a roguish grandfather, and once he had called us to attention, he never stopped talking. He wore a neck microphone, and his hoarse voice went on interminably, giving orders, scolding, despairing and somehow pulling a show together.

He didn't have an easy job. Most of the 1,600 people employed by the circus—including grooms, menagerie men and prop men—had to be rehearsed and costumed for the parade. They, as well as 300 animals, had to be taught to move in and out of the tent on cue. The foreign performers often couldn't understand English, and rehearsals were constantly held up while an interpreter told the Chinese wire-walkers where to stand, or asked the Hungarian tumblers to slow up their entrance.

Many of the old circus families resented the new and lavish production numbers. "Johnny North is ruining the circus," they'd complain. Mr. North was convinced that The Greatest Show on Earth needed more showmanship, and had brought in such Broadway directors as Anderson and George Balanchine (who had been hired to put on an elephant ballet). He also commissioned Norman Bel Geddes to design the show, and for glamour he had hired a bevy of young girls whom he billed as the Fifty Beautiful "North Starlets." To my astonishment I turned out to be one.

I don't know how we, or Mr. Anderson, ever survived those first days of rehearsal. We began at 9 a.m. and finished about 6 p.m., usually with half the Starlets in near-hysteria. After their long winter lay-off, the highly bred circus horses reared at every new sound, and went into a frenzy every time they smelt a tiger. The zebras kicked viciously at anyone who passed, and the camels not only kicked but were also deadly accurate spitters. Only the giraffe appeared to enjoy performing. Perhaps with his perspective it was easy.

While we rehearsed the Holidays parade, I managed to avoid Barbette. He prided himself on his ability to train any girl, however inexperienced, to perform on the web—the canvas-covered rope used for the aerial ballet—and I didn't want to break his record. But one day he caught up with me. "You've never been up, have you?" he asked.

"Well, no; you see, heights make me dizzy..."

Before I could say more, Barbette slipped a broad loop round my head and against the back of my neck. He signalled a prop man, and I was lifted into the air by a pulley. I screamed and clutched frantically at the rope dangling before me.

"Wrap your leg round the web," Barbette ordered. "You won't fall. Don't use your hands to hang on."

I tried it. The rope cutting into my leg was so painful that I forgot to be afraid and loosened both



hands. Then I made the mistake of looking down, and the tent started to whirl round and round.

I grabbed with both hands and legs and hung on with all my strength. Wrapped securely round the rope, I refused to budge, no matter how Barbette pleaded. At last he screamed, "For God's sake, some-body bring her down!" It took three prop men to do it, but once on the ground I knew I'd won the battle. Barbette looked at me coldly and said, "I can do nothing with you. From now on you will be a web sitter. Do you understand? A web sitter."

A web sitter guides the rope and keeps it steady while the girl above performs the ballet. All the web sitters were men. I was to be the sole exception.

Anne came up and patted my shoulder encouragingly. "Don't feel bad, honey, somebody's gotta do it."

In my humiliation, I secretly vowed I'd learn web (though I knew this was impossible), and I pictured my triumph when Barbette saw me.

There was no doubt about it: I was catching the fever. I may have resisted the circus, but it was a long way from Menasha, and I was getting "with it," even if my only contribution to show business so far was walking and sitting.

Elephants I'll Never Forget

THE LEGEND that elephants never forget is full of loop-holes. Some elephants have fabulous memories;

others find it difficult to remember they are elephants at all. But one thing is certain: no one who has ever worked with elephants can ever forget *them*. Without exception, these people remain elephanthaunted for life. They wear elephant-hair rings, collect elephant models, and repeat endless elephant stories with a far-away look in their eyes.

I became an elephant girl only because of George Balanchine. Balanchine's good looks and soft-spoken courtesy were so appealing that, when he asked for girls to learn the elephant ballet, every one of the 50 Starlets put up a hand. I was one of nine girls selected to learn the act. Anne and Lynn, a tall blonde girl with blue eyes who was Mary Louise's sister, were also chosen.

The moment we saw the elephants lined up outside the Elephant Kraal, we knew we'd made a mistake. There were 35 of them, and they all looked angry. Standing before them was a tall, muscular man with hard, bright eyes. He looked angrier than the elephants.

"That's Walter McClain," Anne whispered. "He's the boss elephant man, and he hates having girls in the act."

Balanchine and McClain led us to an outdoor arena with three rings. One of the bull hands pointed to the biggest elephant. "Why don't you use Ginny?" he asked me. "See how big her head is? You couldn't fall off if you tried."

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From the centre ring McClain bellowed, "You mount when the elephant lowers her head, and you grab hold of her strap and ride her up. Like this," headded, demonstrating.

Ginny did her share, and I certainly tried often enough, but I simply could not learn to stay on her. After a few days every inch of my body ached, and my legs and arms were bruised to a mottled purple. I still can't explain why Balanchine didn't dismiss me, unless the bull hands found me a perfect audience for their stories and protected my job. At first I listened to them because I thought it might help me to get over being afraid of elephants. Later I listened because I couldn't stop.

The first thing I learned was that all the "bulls" were females. "Males are too tough to handle when they get in heat," one of the men explained. Without males, the female elephants turn to each other. "They fall in love and pick mates," the hand continued. "Some of them get so attached, they've been known to die of a broken heart if their mate gets killed."

I learned to recognize each bull by name, and became aware of their different temperaments. There are clever elephants and stupid ones. Some showed great affection for their keepers; others missed no opportunity to strike out at their jailers with their trunks. Smartest of all was Ruth, the leader. None of the bulls would cross a bridge on the

way from the lot to the trains unless Ruth tested it first. She was only a medium-sized bull, but she could always be counted on to calm a restless colleague, or stop a runaway. It was not uncommon to see an elephant twice her size submitting meekly, as Ruth administered a spanking with her trunk.

The bull hands lived 24 hours a day with their charges, and cared for them with a devotion that bordered on mania: They slept a few feet away, shared food and precious whisky rations with them. Some clephants like alcohol even more than their keepers do. Once attached to elephants, a man seldom left the show. The circus offered many of these men anonymity, a satisfying home, the somehow rewarding companionship of the bulls, and refuge against whatever they were running away from-reform schools, prison records, broken homes, wives, responsibilities.

One bull hand I liked was called the Professor—an English teacher who had deserted his classroom one day after a casual visit to the circus. He said he had fallen in love with the elephants at first sight. Unfortunately, he was a drunk, and often he would nuzzle up to Ruth and cry like a baby over his shattered life. He also recited Shakespeare to her by the hour, and claimed that Ruth was the only female he ever knew who really understood Hamlet.

Dooley, the bull hand assigned to Ginny, was an ex-convict—he'd

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served a stretch in Sing Sing prison—but he was invariably kind. I had such difficulty in learning the routines that poor Ginny actually used to behave as though ashamed of me. But Dooley said that she was a big ham, and I should ignore her reproachful looks.

"That elephant is so smart," he said, "that she knows all about the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." He picked up one of the hooks used to guide the bulls in the ring. Ginny took no notice of it.

"She ain't hook-shy out here. She knows there ain't an S.P.C.A. member for miles around. But let me get in front of an audience and touch her, and she'll start to howl and whimper like she's being murdered. She can produce real tears if she feels like it. What a phoney!" Dooley concluded admiringly.

Another story Dooley loved to tell about Ginny concerned Nellie, her mate. Nellie had started to get skinny, and no amount of feeding would fatten her up. The hands thought she was working too hard and tried to remove her from the working bulls who helped to set up the tent, but Nellie refused to leave Ginny's side.

One job Nellie and Ginny did was coupling heavy equipment wagons. At the signal to push the wagons together, Nellie would work quietly, but Ginny always strained forward, squealing and grunting in supreme martyrdom. One night Dooley accidently turned his torch on the heads of the two bulls. To his surprise, he found that Ginny's head never touched the wagon she was apparently pushing, but instead remained an almost imperceptible



distance away from it. All her mighty grunting and straining was a hoax. Nellie was doing all the work alone.

"I didn't give a damn if the whole S.P.C.A. organization saw me," Dooley said. "I gave Ginny the beating of her life."

Thereafter he watched Ginny all the time, and soon Nellie started to

fatten up.

Word From "Bad News Mary"

WHEN Balanchine began staging his Ballet of the Elephants, Anne, Lynn and I learned some sickening news.

"You just can't win," Lynn complained. "Here we went through all that torture learning to do the elephant act, and now they expect us to dance, too."

For days we had congratulated ourselves on our vision in volunteering to work the bulls, and thus escaping the ballet part of the number. Then we found we were to make our entrance dancing, together with the other girls. We also had to pirouette madly on and off the ring kerbs, while our elephants executed a few fancy steps of their own.

I hated ballet rehearsals so much that I began to look forward to being curled up in Ginny's trunk. At least it got me off my feet! Balanchine was a practical man. He made our routine as elementary as possible, but we still looked awful. Even the trained dancers found it difficult to be graceful. The ground was rough, stones and sawdust got into our ballet slippers, and if we weren't constantly alert we were likely to dance right into one of the piles of elephant manure that regularly dotted the track.

The fourth big production number, "Fiesta de los Toros," called for still more dancing. Dressed as Spanish bullfighters, we made a dramatic, heel-stamping entrance to flamenco music, then plunged into a wild cape-twirling exhibition. To my surprise, I found I had a knack for cape twirling. But as my sense of direction was never good, I made several enemies among neighbouring twirlers by smacking into them whenever Balanchine called out a change of position.

It was "Bad News Mary" who told us about Finale. She was a vetcran performer who was always the first to pass along the darker rumours of circus work. "We've got to climb ladders—real high ones—and ride horses, too." Unfortunately, Bad News was always right. And no one even asked if we could ride.

"Get on your horses, you stupid, lazy girls," Mr. Anderson shouted, the day Finale rehearsals began.

Gertrude, the horse assigned to me, had once been the star of a Wild West circus. She was too old for trick riding now but, refusing to retire gracefully, she made no attempt to adjust herself to her position as just one horse among many.

I think she regarded Finale as her



last chance to stage a come-back. There wasn't much horsemanship involved in Finale. All we had to do was to trot slowly round the tent, stop at a designated position, dismount and climb our ladders. But as Gertrude naturally refused to stop there, I always had to run like mad to get into place for the climb.

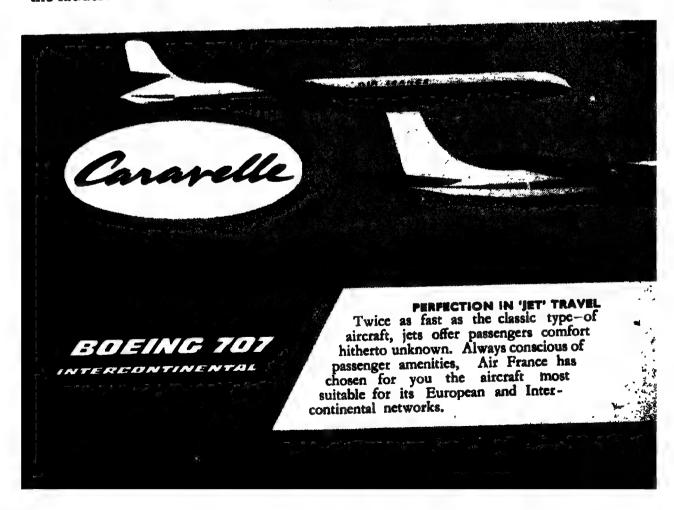
Our ladders flanked a huge blowup of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the idea was for the girls to form a living frame for the President's picture. The band struck up the American national anthem, a flag was lowered from the top of the tent, and we Starlets smiled and smiled as we clung to the sides of the ladders. "It lacks something," Mr. Anderson said. "I've got it. We need electric sparklers! They can be wired to the ladders and the girl can set them off when the flag is dropped."

Mr. Anderson got his sparklers. And we got electric shocks almost every time we touched them, for they were always developing shorts. You could hear the screams even above the national anthem.

But Finale was still my favourite number. At least it didn't require dancing.

The Virgin Car

When the time came to leave for New York—the circus season always opened at Madison Square Garden



—the unmarried Starlets were assigned to travel in carriage No. 82, otherwise known as the "Virgin Car." Mary Louise warned me that it would be "a little crowded," which proved to be a wild understatement. There wasn't room for anything, particularly since Lynn and I, being First-of-Mays (as new girls with the circus were called) had to share a lower berth.

The prodigious task of transporting 1,600 people, 200 horses and nearly 1,000 wild animals was accomplished with 90 carriages and wagons, made up into four sections which were always scheduled to leave at staggered intervals. My family came down to see me off, and

when Daddy saw those red-andsilver circus trains glistening in the sun, I thought he'd explode with excitement. "What a wonderful sight!" he kept repeating, and I had to admit it looked like a setting from a spectacular musical. I almost expected everyone on the station to form a group and burst into song.

The newly painted carriages were as gaudy as any gipsy caravan, and the circus band, dressed in vivid red-and-gold uniforms, played stirringly. An unexpected elephant's trumpet set off a chain reaction of animal sounds; from the wagons came a frenzied pounding of horses' hoofs; the lions, waiting impatiently in their cages to be loaded on to the



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wagons, answered with a tortured bellow; and from a siding far down the tracks a group of chimpanzees added their shrill cries to the din.

Chattering relatives and friends crowded the station, and lines of Air Force cadets from a near-by base waited to say good-bye to this Starlet or that. The local Catholic priest, followed by a retinue of white-smocked altar boys, paraded solemnly along the carriages, blessing their occupants and praying for a good season. Presently the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and as we pulled out of the station Daddy looked wistful and forlorn.

"It isn't fair," I thought. "He should be on this train. Not me."

During the three-day trip to New York we were supposed to subsist on packed lunches put out by the circus canteen. Much of the time Lynn and I could find nothing to do except sit in our berth and think how hungry we were. During one stop, we walked down the cinder path beside the train in the hope of finding someone with extra food. Suddenly from one of the carriages came the delicious aroma of spaghetti.

"I'll bet that's Mamma Cristiani cooking for her family," said Lynn. "There are so many, they have that whole carriage to themselves, and the married ones have two more."

Just then a young man stepped out on to the platform. He was unbelievably good-looking, with light olive skin, thick brown hair and the physique of an athlete. He stared at us for a moment with dark, solemn eyes. Then he smiled. "You are hungry," he stated. I couldn't seem to speak, but Lynn said, "We're starved." He smiled again.

"I am Paraito," he announced. "Come with me."

In the carriage, dozens of Cristianis were seated round an immense table. All had the same proud features, like the faces on ancient Roman coins. Paraito introduced us first to Mamma, a queen of a woman who was obviously the blueprint for this family of Titans. She was over 60, but her unlined face and the blaze of her eyes gave an impression of superhuman vitality that defied time.

Papa, a small, wiry man, was every bit a king to Mamma's queen. His sharp eyes missed nothing, and wore the shrewdly humorous expression of a wise clown.

Paraito then introduced the rest of the family: "Cosetta, Ortans, Oscar, Lucio, Daviso, Mougador . . ."
The rich dark names flowed on like poetry until we could no longer keep up with them.

During the meal that followed, I 'learned one of the primary rules of life and love in the circus: don't get mixed up with anyone in a family act unless you have talent. Circus families are fussier than royalty about the girls their sons date.

"You are perhaps a flyer?" asked Cosetta, Paraito's eldest sister.

"Oh no. I get dizzy in the air."

"You ride, then? Or you are one of those dancers from New York?" "Well, no..."

"If you cannot fly or ride or dance, then who hired you?"
"Mr. North," I replied.

"Ah!" said Cosetta, with a significant glance at Mamma.

"I work elephants," I said defensively. Cosetta shrugged and exchanged another look with Mamma.

Later, when Paraito walked with us back to our carriage, he apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "But Cosetta thinks you're my new girl and..."

Paraito saved us from starvation on that trip. At every stop thereafter, he appeared at our door and gave us some food. Each time he was accompanied by a different Cristiani. I began to suspect that everyone in the circus was related to the Cristianis, and that they were all in league to preserve Paraito from an impractical marriage.

Blue Sawdust and Sequins

Madison Square Garden I found unimpressive from the outside; inside, however, it was magnificent. As I visualized its tier upon tier of seats filled with people, I felt suddenly faint with stage fright. After all those knee-skinning, back-breaking hours of rehearsal, I was actually in show business.

Anne, Mary Louise, Lynn and I climbed to the second balcony and stared at the mammoth spider's web of wire ropes that criss-crossed the vast amphitheatre. There was a clean, uncluttered beauty in the countless, but always purposeful, geometric patterns. Opposite us, on the highest tier, electricians began testing spotlights, transforming the



arena into a fairyland of colour. Far below us, circles of red canvas brightened the rings, and a thick carpet of bright blue sawdust covered the entire track. We seemed centuries away from the tired practice tent in Sarasota.

A family of trapeze artists appeared below and began climbing the shaky rope ladders to their platform. Watching their intense concentration as they practised, I glimpsed that intangible element that gives the circus its eternal appeal. There was something aweinspiring about men and women transcending their physical limitations through fierce, self-imposed pushing discipline, and strength and courage to the utmost extreme to pit themselves against death itself. The star performers had seemed remote and not quite human to me. Now, when they were without make-up or costume, without music, lights or the distraction of an audience, I saw the strain in their. eyes as they attempted a new trick, and the flicker of fear at a near-miss.

In the centre ring, the Wallendas, the family of German high-wire artists, climbed to the taut steel wire that stretched above all the other rigging. Beneath them, blue-uniformed prop men scattered about the rings, checking every stake and knot. When the Wallendas' dance on the wire began, the blue figures on the ground assumed a new importance. A great many circus falls, I had learnt, were the result of

faulty equipment and rigging.

My concentration was shattered by John Murray Anderson, who now appeared, mike in hand, and still gravel-voiced. The Garden no longer seemed strange after he showed us how the entrances and exits corresponded to those rehearsed in Florida; told us we were all stupid and lazy and that we'd never be seady to open in three days; and, finally, sent us off to the costumiers for fittings, with threats of torture if we didn't report at nine sharp the next morning, ready for heavy rehearsals.

Opening Night

During the three days of rehearsal before opening night, the performers grumbled, caught colds and talked longingly of the day when we'd go under canvas. To complicate things further, a new number was added to the show: an Opening Pageant that duplicated the Street Parade of former years, with its gilded animal cages, tableau wagons, girls on horseback, and even an authentic steam organ. As an elephant girl, I was to ride round the track on Ruth, dressed at Cleopatra.

From the time they came to the Garden, all the animals were down-right mutinous. My Finale horse, Gertrude, danced and reared out of control every time she heard the band. The elephants trumpeted incessantly. The big cats strained against their cages and roared savagely during the wild-animal-act

rehearsals. The girls who rode elephants or horses had to mount them on a steep ramp that connected the lower level to the arena. Most of our crises with our unwilling beasts occurred here, and we all grew to dread it; at least one Starlet was thrown or kicked during every runthrough.

When the Cristianis rehearsed, I could see why they wouldn't want Paraito to marry anybody who would be a dead weight on their family act. They entered the arena in a long procession. Then three of the girls broke ahead of the group. Papa, Daviso and Mougador followed, each carrying a slender whip and leading a horse.

Each walked to the centre of a ring, released his horse and sent it galloping around in a circle. The girls stood poised for a moment. Then, in a single graceful leap, they were seated in side-saddle position, legs crossed and toes pointed. After this, they began an equestrienne ballet, moving effortlessly, even while somersaulting through a hoop on the horses.

Then the main act began. A dapple-grey Percheron burst into the ring, followed by eight Cristianis. Lucio, dressed as a hobo, trailed behind. The powerful horse seemed to fly round the family, and the Cristianis flew with him. First one, then another, would spring on to his back until at one point all of them rode together, Lucio clownishly dangling from the tail end.

It was easy to see why they stopped the show year after year. Every gesture was instinctively theatrical, and even now they won applause from the prop men and the other performers, who usually watched their fellow artists in sullen silence. As they left the ring, and we returned to rehearsal, Paraito caught my eye and winked.

On opening night, by the time the ringmaster announced the Ballet of the Elephants, I found myself trembling with excitement. Under the blue spotlights, we danced on the sawdust like dolls miraculously brought to life. Curiously, I was without fear. It's difficult to be afraid of an elephant when she starts looking like a stylishly stout middle-aged woman, and that's exactly how Ginny looked, in a pink ballet skirt, with a huge satin bow perched over her left ear. She made little bossy sounds at the end of each trick, and the routines went so smoothly that Dooley stared up at me in amazement.

By Finale time I was giddy with confidence. I strode up to the ramp where Gertrude was waiting, tossing her silly head, and planning heaven knows what devilment. "Gertrude," I said, looking her squarely in the eye, "you are not going to turn Finale into a private audition tonight! You are going to walk round the Garden, just like the other horses. Do you understand?"

I don't know whether that did it or not, but for once she went



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through Finale as subdued as a wall-flower. I felt like Joan of Arc as I dismounted and climbed my ladder. Then I reached for the sparkler—and let out a yell that Dooley claimed could be heard right down in the basement. My hand froze on the handle, and shock after shock raced through my body until I was certain that I was electrocuted. Finally someone turned off the power, the flag unfurled, and the last strains of the national anthem signalled that the show was over.

Under Canvas

"Heave IT!... Heave!... Shake it!... Break it!... Let it go!" the negro canvasmen chanted as they staked out the Big Top. In their hands the heavy hammers became as light as wooden toys. When they stopped for a moment to laugh and joke, a high singsong voice rang out in mock reproach, "Move along, man! What you think this is? Sunday off? We in Bal-ti-mo' now, and this ole rag got to rise!"

Behind the pounding beat of the canvasmen and their endless chant rose a whole orchestra of sound. A clang of steel from the blacksmith's tent; the hiss of water trucks wetting down the site; a rattle of chains from the working bulls; Ginny's martyred trumpeting as she pulled the Big Top poles into position, and the shrill answering whinnies from the ring stock tent. Tractors whirred by, manoeuvring the cage wagons into line, and the cats strained tight

against the bars as cage. boys removed the covering tarpaulins.

It was this tumult of sound, this kaleidoscope of rising tents, that formed my first impression of the circus under canvas. These, and the odour of freshly brewed coffee from the cook tent, and the clean smell of the hay stacked in bales before the menagerie tent. After five weeks in New York, and a sixth in Boston, we were at last under canvas.

I'd never seen a circus set-up, and I found it almost unbearably exciting. "It's beautiful," I said. "No one told me it was going to be so beautiful." Beside me, Mary Louise groaned: "If you say once more that this crummy lot is beautiful I'm going to be sick. Let's go and have breakfast."

At the cook tent, the waiter brought us bacon and eggs, the best flapjacks I've ever tasted, and cup, after cup of steaming coffee. We ate two helpings of everything, ignoring the locals who peered at us under the lifted sidewall, as though they'd bought a ticket to see us eat.

Afterwards, I curiously examined the Big Top. The poles—big, straight, round ones in the centre, slender, slanting ones at the sides—gave the interior the cockeyed dimensions of a surrealist painting. Against the great sky of canvas the riggers leaped recklessly from bar to bar, or crawled crazily on all fours across the wires, like show-off monkeys at a zoo. Beneath them the seat men were putting up the tiers of

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seats, grimacing tiredly as they worked. Some of the drunks had already collapsed under the reserved seats. They lay there with mouths open, limp as animal skins, even when the seat boss cursed and tried to kick them back to their jobs.

"Dressing tent's up," Mary Louise called from the performers' entrance. She led me to a medium-sized tent containing dressing quarters for both men and women—the two separated by the wardrobe department, which occupied the middle of the tent. Mary Louise pulled back the flap to the women's entrance and we walked in.

Our trunks had been carefully placed according to protocol in a

series of aisles. Each aisle was, in effect, a street, divided into little cliques of four to six girls. Mary Louise, Anne, Lynn and I had been placed side by side in the third row of the second aisle.

As I walked back to my trunk, I almost stumbled over two buckets of water. "What are these for?" I asked.

"You bath in 'em, dear," Anne replied. "Soap up in one, rinse in the other. Go easy with the water, though. You wash your clothes in 'em too. The water man brings only two buckets to a girl."

I tested the water, and screamed: "Bath in this? . . . It would be suicide. The water's ice-cold!"



"That life's on the road, dear," Mary Louise said dryly.

Men Wear the Trousers

Circus men want their women to be women, and pretty old fashioned ones at that. Especially Italian circus men—as I discovered after Paraito and I began to have regular dates And the women acted accordingly. No matter that a circus wife has just completed a somersault on a slack wire (that could cut her in two if she missed), when she steps off that rigging she becomes a weak and helpless female.

I listened to the married girls in the dressing-room, who began three out of four conversations with "Herman says," or "Hans thinks," or "Antonio believes." At first I used to ask, "But what do you think about it?" "Who, me?" would be the answer. "Well, as I was saying, Herman thinks..."

This attitude was a revelation and a shock to me, as were also the circus males' domineering possessiveness and jealousy. "Where were you between shows?" Paraito would ask.

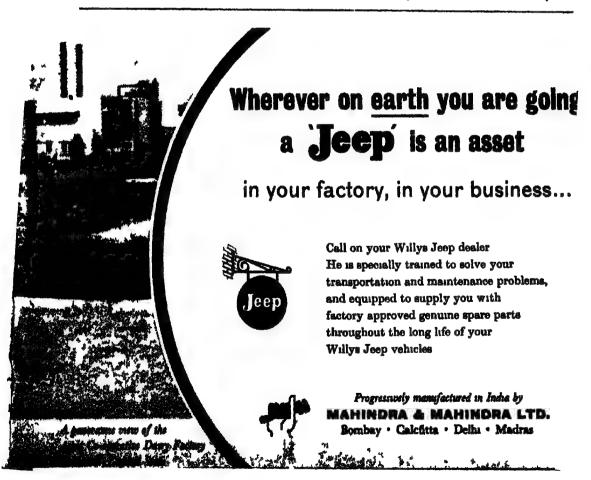
"I went to town"

"How did you get there?"

"Dawson drove me in the bus."

"Oh! I knew it! You weren't alone!"

But there were many compensations. Since Italian girls are chaperoned, by the whole family if



necessary, until they marry, it was inconceivable to Paraito that I should be out on my own with no one to watch out for me, and his attitude was fiercely protective. As he put it: "How can I take advantage of you when you have no mother to report to, no brother to guard your honour, no father to outwit? It would not be good sportsmanship." And by now the other Cristianis had started to draw themaround me protectively. They didn't really approve of me, but since Paraito had chosen me, I was entitled to their moral support.

Cosetta started to drop into our dressing tent. She'd look suspiciously at the other Starlets, then address me in her deep, imperious voice: "You are all right? The girls, they do not fight with you?" I'd say, "I'm fine." But Cosetta would look round again, doubt all over her face, and say, "You have any trouble with them, you tell Cosetta!"

Hortense and Corquita began dragging me to the Big Top between shows to teach me how to do a back bend, a forward flip and a cartwheel. They were entirely unsuccessful, but they refused to admit defeat. "Mamma thinks it's just puppy love," Corquita once said, in confidence, "but she's not taking any chances. Let's try that back bend once more."

Trouble Comes in Threes

ONE STIFLING, humid night, everyone in the elephant ballet was

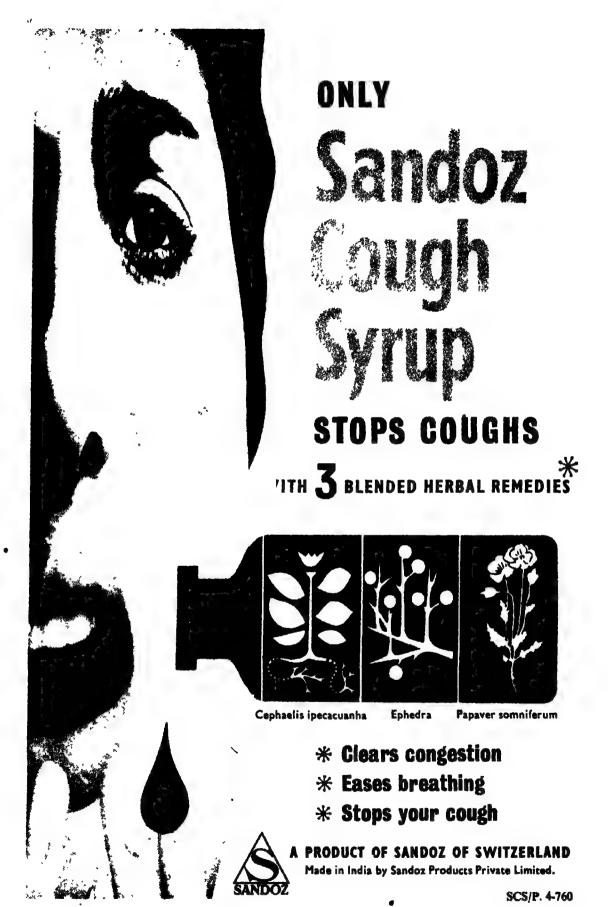
standing under the canopy that led to the Big Top, waiting for the ringmaster to signal our entrance. The hot, thick air numbed our senses, or we'd have realized that a summer storm was about to break. The elephants fanned their ears, and restlessly thumped their trunks on the ground. But even the bull hands were caught in the torpor; they hardly bothered to keep the bulls in line.

I was leaning against Ginny's leg when there was a sudden, overpowering gust of wind. In the next second I felt a sharp thrust of hands against my back, and I was lying face down in the dust. There was a terrible rumbling sound that I thought was thunder, until I saw the big, grey legs moving within inches of my head. The elephants were stampeding. (Only the presence of mind of Tony, one of the bull hands, saved my life, I learned later; he pushed me violently out of the way.) Then a tent pole hit the back of my head, and I felt the canopy cover me like a shroud.

When I came to, I was in the Cristiani wagon. Paraito was bending over me. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"I'm fine," I said. I could hear the rain pounding on the wagon and the wind tearing around the Big Top. "What happened?"

"We caught the edge of a hurricane," he said. "But the bull hands stopped the stampede, and the Big



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Top is safely tied down now."

I convinced Paraito that I had only been stunned, and he walked me to the dressing tent. One sidewall was gone, clothes racks lay in the water and the girls were dressing for Fiesta by kerosene lanterns.

The show continued with no further mishaps, and the storm wore itself out that night. But an atmosphere of tension permeated the dressing tent. "Accidents always happen in threes," the old guard muttered darkly.

The next evening, as we started to dress for the opening Pageant, one

of the Starlets fainted. By the time the Opening was over, girls were dropping to the ground like bombed insects. Then the men started to drop, too. The show doctor said, "Food poisoning," and within an hour 600 circus people were carried off in ambulances.

Lynn and I had not eaten in the cook tent that day, and we doubled or trebled in every number. Somehow the show went on to the finish, and we hurried to the hospital to see Mary Louise and Anne, who were in pretty bad shape. We were told it would be a day or two before



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the girls could be released. But circus performers would rather die than miss a show and, except for a few serious cases, nearly everyone was back for the next day's matinée.

But tension in the dressing tent was worse than ever. "A storm, food poisoning... What next?"

The matinée passed without incident, and when night fell our spirits were raised by a bright full moon. The circus had been pitched along the banks of a river, and when I took my position on Ruth's head I could see the tents mirrored in the shimmering water.

Then a scream tore through the night. Men came tearing out of the tents, and in minutes the Back Yard was filled with police.

One of the canvasmen had stabbed another over a dice game. The victim was dead. His attacker had fled and was hiding somewhere on the show grounds. The show's "fixer," whose job it was to keep the circus out of local difficulties, was talking to a policeman at top speed. The circus hated this kind of trouble.

Suddenly I saw a man run towards the river. He was trying to swim for freedom—but with that bright moon he might as well have been running in a spotlight. There was a splash, followed by two shots. Then someone said, "They got him ... the poor devil."

As I stared at the water, still festive-looking with its mirrored circus tents, I imagined that it turned red with blood. But there was no time for panic. In a little while the evening show would go on. And after that it was moving night. Tomorrow we'd be in a new town. The cycle of three was completed and the tension gone; soon it would be as though nothing at all had happened.

The Canvas Cocoon

AFTER a two-week run in Philadelphia, we began a series of one-night stands: moving into a town, unloading, setting up, playing a matinée and night show, tearing down; reloading and travelling 50, 100, even 200 miles during the night to the next stand. It is little wonder that we lost all sense of time or place.

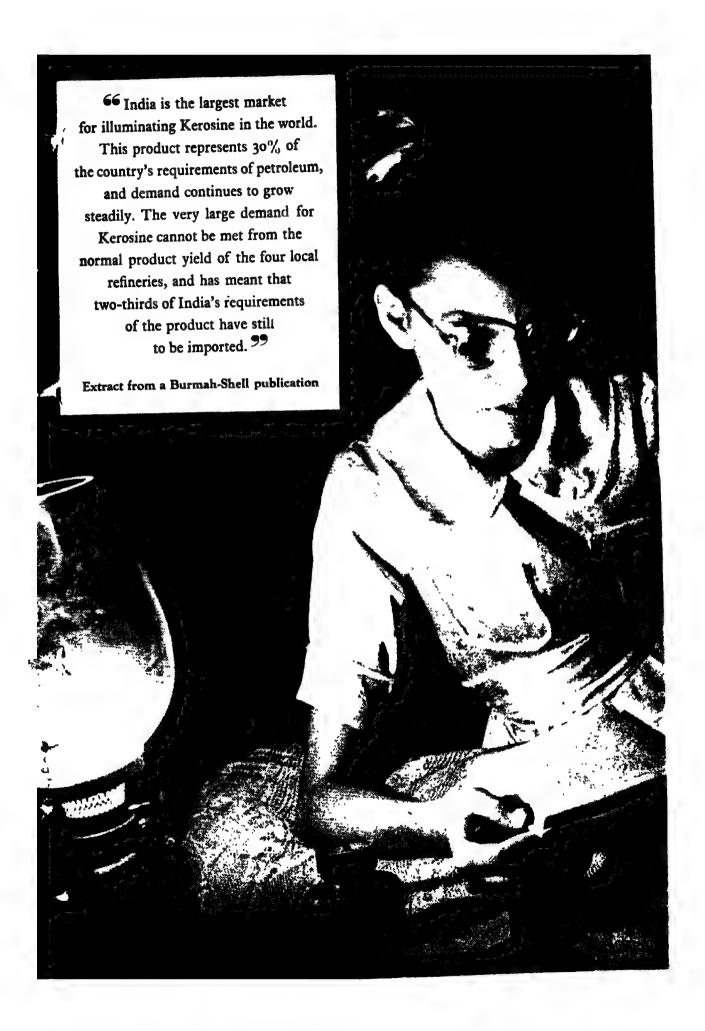
Everything we did on those onenight stands was fun, and each night I could scarcely wait for the next day to begin.

Curiously, it was the Professor who forced me to think beyond the next day's stand.

"Get out of here, kid, before it's too late," he said one day. "It's a big adventure now, but you can't live in a cocoon for ever, and that's what the circus is—a canvas cocoon."

"But I like it!" I told him.

As the season rolled on, I became more and more hopelessly elephant-happy. But I discovered that the men who worked around horses tended to be horse-happy, and that the keepers of the big cats had eyes for no other animals but their own. It was the same with all the keepers, including a few individualists who warmed only to animals everyone



else avoided: the man who talked for hours to the hippo (who often dived into her tank in the middle of his kindest words); the gorilla keeper who cared for the dangerous Gargantua; the reptile fanciers, the camel fans and the zebraphiles.

But no matter how often the other keepers boasted about their various animals, I was still irresistibly drawn to the elephants. I could almost share the mystic feeling about them which I discovered in Tony, the youngest of the bull hands. "What's the matter with Ruth?" I once asked Tony. "Her eyes are watering."

Tony paused awhile, then looked at me with an expression of patient sadness, as though he knew he would not be believed. "Ruth is

crying," he said.

"Animals don't cry," I protested. Tony just kept looking at me with those terribly patient eyes. "All right," I said, "she's crying. Why?"

"She's crying because she's an elephant, that's why. She knows she's a whole lot brighter than most humans, but she's trapped in that big animal body, and she can't get out. So she cries sometimes."

Suddenly I saw Ruth as Tony did—and it seemed possible that a highly intelligent spirit was struggling to emerge from that massive body.

Fire!

IN August a four-day stand in Cleveland allowed us the luxury of staying at an hotel. On the second morning an upset stomach drew me out to the site to see the circus doctor—and thus made me witness to a disaster that gives me the shivers whenever I think about it.

It was early, the tents had gone up the day before, so there was little activity on the ground when the cry of "Fire!" sounded. Suddenly, ahead of me, I saw a bright puff of flame along one of the sidewalls of the menagerie tent. In another moment the entire tent was blazing fiercely—and men were running from everywhere, trying to save what animals they could.

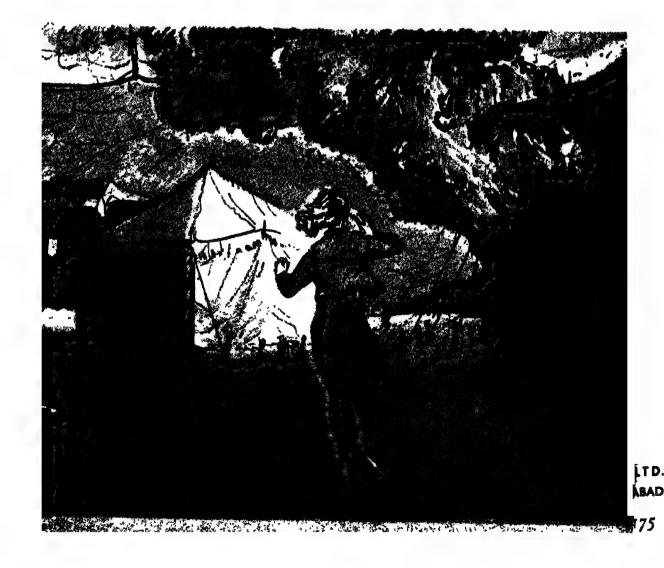


In less than five minutes it was all over. The tent had burnt to the ground, and the show fire-trucks were spraying the smouldering straw. The Cleveland police arrived and held back the civilian crowds that seemed to spring from nowhere. The circus veterinary surgeon ran on to the site, his face stricken.

By then, some 65 animals had either been burnt alive or been so badly injured that they had to be shot. Most of the big cats perished. Their straw-filled cages had been virtual pyres. More than a dozen monkeys and two camels were dead.

The camels that were saved had to be pulled out by force, and the zebras had simply galloped round in wild circles, refusing all assistance.

These details we only learned later. But we did see the elephants filing out of the still-smoking area. Some had great patches of skin hanging in shreds on their sides and legs. Others had scorched trunks, or ears nearly burnt off. Yet there wasn't a single protesting trumpet. The elephants walked as trustingly as children, though the bull hands who led them were almost blind from smoke and tears.



Someone said, "Four bulls missin'," and I watched in anguish as the elephants passed. Ruth, of course, was in the lead, and the flames had not reached her. Then followed Modoc, Jewel, Trilby, Emma—my heart sank; there was no sign of Ginny or Nellie. Surely, if Ginny were alive, she would be hollering her head off.

Then I saw them, the last of 50 elephants to pass. Nellie came first; her head and trunk were badly burned. And behind her—the last elephant in line—was Ginny, her trunk clasped about Nellie's tail. She must have been suffering tortures from her burns but—amazingly—big, loud-mouthed Ginny, the chronic complainer, made no sound.

"Will she be all right?" I asked Dooley, who was stumbling along beside her.

"I think so," he said hoarsely. "But she needn't have been burned at all."

Ginny had pulled up her stake right away, he explained, and could have run out of the tent. But Nellie couldn't get loose, and Ginny wouldn't leave her. If Walter Mc-Clain hadn't got to Nellie when he did, both elephants might have burnt to death.

The decision to put on a show that night was made after much agonizing hesitancy, and only on the grounds that it would probably be best for the animals. The lions who rode in the Parade wagons were missing, as were many other animals. But when we made our entrance, the audience stood up and cheered. Every seat was taken.

The show went smoothly, but when the time came for the elephant ballet, I know all of us had the same thought: What if the elephants stampede? All the bulls went through their routines quietly, however, without missing a cue. Ginny and Nellie worked next to each other, their burns glistening with ointment. (Nobody had expected either of them to perform, but Dooley said they had lined up with the others, and seemed anxious to stay in the act.)

Afterwards, I sought out Dooley. "Ijust can't get over what Ginny did in that fire," he said. His expression was both awed and contrite. "And to think I called her a phoney!"

End of the Season

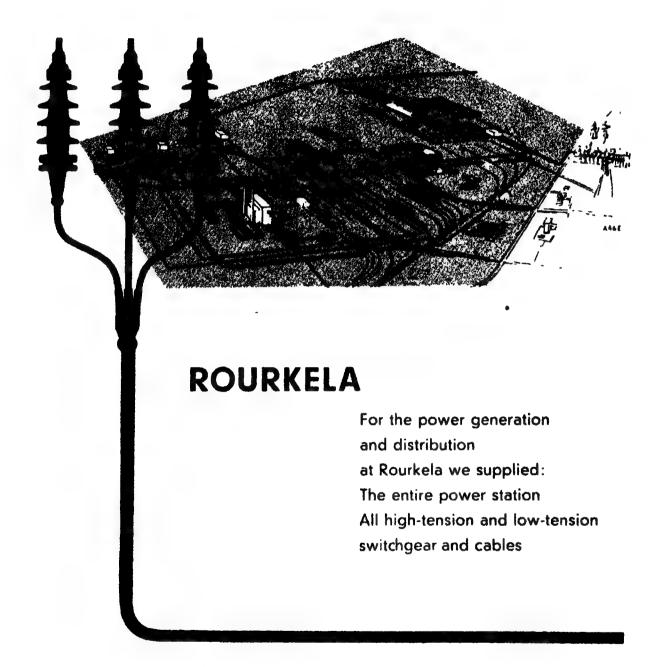
"IF HE hasn't proposed by the time we leave Chicago," the girls in the Virgin Car agreed, "you're gonna get the I-love-you-honey-but-the-season's-over treatment the day the show closes."

I said, "But why Chicago? Why not Des Moines, or Dallas?"

"After Chicago we're on the home stretch... thinking about next season," Mary Louise said. "Besides, we're there two whole weeks, and a lot can happen in that time."

None of it happened to me. Between shows Paraito and I ate in cosy, candlelit restaurants, or went to smoky little supper clubs after the

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night show. But we might as well have eaten in the cook tent, or sat on the railway tracks drinking coffee. It would have been more private and probably more romantic. Because everywhere we went, Paraito's unmarried sisters went, too.

They had finally given up teaching me acrobatics, and when Paraito invited me to a family gathering on the last night in Chicago, I could sense Mamma's fear that her son might marry a girl who could not pull her weight. Every time she glanced at me, she raised her eyes heavenwards, as though imploring her special saint for a miracle that would bring Paraito to his senses.

Her prayers were answered. At Rockford, Illinois (the first stop after Chicago), Paraito and I agreed to putaside all thoughts of marriage. Both of us could see it wouldn't work. I just wasn't ready to be a Cristiani. I wanted to be me for a while longer. And Paraito pointed out something else. "You still see us from the outside," he said gently. By "us" he meant the whole circus, not merely his family. "You see us too well, perhaps."

My own family drove over to see the last show of the season, at Tampa, Florida, on November 30. By then I had come to a hard decision.

When I left the Big Top after the matinée, Mary Louise asked, "What's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Mary Louise, I'm not going

"Oh, is that all? The girls all say that at the end of every season."

They didn't mean it, but I knew that I did. For the Professor was right... Paraito was right. I could not stay in the circus—not for a lifetime.

The last performance of the season was almost as exciting as the first had been. In the dressing tent we laughed constantly. There was no more old guard and new. All guards were forgotten. In the elephant ballet our costumes were limp, our ballet slippers no longer pink.

But Ginny (whose burns were by this time nearly healed) was as hammy as ever. She trumpeted boastfully after every trick, begging the audience to notice her, and Nellie followed her every move with adoring eyes.

I savoured it all with intense and melancholy pleasure—the splendour, the colour, the companionship. For I knew that in a few hours it would all be gone, and that I'd never see it again except as a visitor . . . an outsider.

When I left the dressing tent for the last time, I went over to say good-bye to Ruth, who was in harness. But even then the men were already tearing down the Big Top. A tractor rumbled past, and the driver yelled out, "You wanna get killed? Get with it, girl. Get with it!"

I walked to my family's car. The season was ever the mp.